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THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

BY

ERNEST CHESNEAU.

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TRANSLATED BY

LUCY N. ETHERINGTON.

WITH A PREFACE BY PROFESSOR RUSKIN.

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PREFACE.

I AM most happy in the privilege accorded to me by the author of this book to introduce to the public of England—interested as they all are commercially, in the estimate of English Art formed by foreign States, and as they all ought to be, morally, in the impression which that art produces on the minds of its foreign purchasers—a piece of entirely candid, intimately searching, and delicately intelligent French criticism — mostly praise, indeed, but scrupulously weighed and awarded, of the entire range of English painting, from the days of Sir Joshua to our own.

Every nation is, in a certain sense, a judge of its own art, from whose decision there is no appeal. In the common sense of the phrase, it "knows what it likes," and is only capable of producing what it likes. But every well-educated nation also derives a more thrilling, though less intimate and constant, pleasure, from the just appreciation of the art of other climates and races. To take an extreme instance: how much vivid and refining pleasure have not we English taken in Chinese porcelain, just *because* we were incapable ourselves of making,

with all the British genius we could concentrate upon that object, a single pattern of prettily-coloured cup and saucer.

Hitherto the action of all Governments in the encouragement of National Art has been resolutely wrong, in one or other of two opposite directions. Either they have endeavoured to protect their own clumsy workmen from the competition of more dexterous neighbours by laying duties on foreign art—as at present the Americans, in a state of hitherto unprecedented egoism and stupidity, and formerly the English, at the time when my father, in constant mercantile relations with Spain, used to see the most superb fifteenth and sixteenth century Spanish plate dashed to pieces and beaten flat by the axes of the Custom House officers, lest it should perchance be bought by London citizens, in preference to the articles offered by the goldsmiths of Cheapside—or else they have hoped to teach the native artist foreign tricks of trade, and filled—as now the universal repertory at Kensington—their museums and workrooms with miscellaneous types of unexplained design, from which the incapablest of their own craftsmen might filch absurdities enough to provoke demand when trade was slack, or content a fashion when taste was rabid.

We are still, I fear, a long way behind the time—but it will come—when governments will recognise and cultivate the essential genius of their people, aiding

them, by wisely restricted collection and discriminate explanation of examples, to adopt whatever excellences of method may assist them in their proper aims, and to take refined and sympathetic delight in skill which they cannot emulate.

After being for at least half a century paralysed by their isolation and self-sufficiency, the British schools of painting are now in the contrary danger of losing their national character in their endeavour to become sentimentally German, dramatically Parisian, or decoratively Asiatic. It is good for us to hear this acute and kindly Frenchman assuring us that we have some metal of our own, and interpreting to his own countrymen some of the insular merits of a school which hitherto has neither recommended itself by politeness, confirmed itself by correctness, nor distinguished itself by imagination.

My own concurrence with M. Chesneau's critical judgment respecting all pieces of art with which we have been alike acquainted, has been enough expressed in my terminal lectures on the Art of England. My confidence in his power of analysing the characters of English art least known in France is sufficiently proved by my having commissioned him to write a life of Turner, prefaced by a history of previous landscape, which Mr. Josiah Gilbert's work, just published by Messrs. Murray, amplifying, but by no means clarifying my own statements on the subject, will not in any respect supersede; to

which I believe my own revision will have little to add in order to make it a just and sufficient record of my beloved Master.

In his estimate of other really great painters, I am always disposed to follow M. Chesneau, as far as my knowledge permits. But I find him too ready to forgive the transgressions of minor genius, and to waste his own and the reader's time in the search for beauties of small account, and the descriptions of accidental and evanescent fancy. There are many painters named with praise in the following pages of whom there is really nothing noteworthy, except the local or temporary causes of their ever obtaining any public attention. But I hold myself on this the more bound in honour to invite public attention to the opinions of a critic who says the best that can be said of men whom I have myself treated with remorseless contumely; praying, however, the reader to observe that in these cases I have by no means changed or withdrawn from my own opinions, though I am glad to admit that art which is uninteresting to me may be useful and helpful to other people.

Of the illustrations of the volume I will only say, and I think it is no small commendation, that they have been prepared with honest endeavour to represent as much of the character of the paintings as could be interpreted by woodcut, and not with the view of producing merely attractive or brilliant effects on their own independent terms. The render-

ings of Hogarth are in this respect both wonderful and exemplary; and those from Sir Joshua and Gainsborough are intelligent and accurate, so as really to represent the supremacy of those two painters in the English school. Scarcely any attempt has been made to obtain the characters of Turner;—but his pictures must be themselves seen,—the reader who will not take the pains to visit them need not hope to be otherwise rightly informed about them, even by the most ingenious of critics or industrious of engravers. Even greater injustice, though inevitably, is done to the pre-Raphaelite pictures, which, as a rule, depend on their colour far more than Turner does; for Turner is essentially a chiaroscurist, while the best pre-Raphaelite work is like so much coloured glass.

But in the meantime, I think M. Chesneau may be well satisfied in presenting the English public with a list, indexed by unaffected illustration, of the artists whose work deserves their recognition and memory; criticising that work with absolute frankness and willing admiration, and leaving the reader to perfect his knowledge by pilgrimage, now so easily accomplished, to the collections which gift and bequest are gradually rendering, not only in the metropolis, but in several of our great commercial centres, representative not only of the Art of England, but of the art and craftsmanship alike of the past and present world.

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, *7th December*, 1884.

INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM HOGARTH and THOMAS BEWICK (1753, 1828) are the two first artists who unconstrainedly express themselves in their art in a truly English style. English by birth, as well as in feeling and temperament, they are proud of their nationality; British to the backbone as the bulldogs and oaks of their own country, they love to proclaim the fact by the choice of their subjects, which are rendered by the one in steel engraving and oil painting, by the other in wood engraving and drawing. It is from Hogarth, the elder of the two, that English painting may be truly said to date.

One must not, however, for a moment suppose because there were no genuine English pictures before the latter part of the eighteenth century, that painting had, until this period, remained a sealed book in England, or that Englishmen had never devoted themselves to the art. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Hogarth's talent—that is to say, the expression of his genius—did not altogether unfold without aid from external influences. The great satirist was taught, like others, to draw the different

features of the human face—an eye, a nose, a mouth, an ear—and to connect these component parts into a whole, and this education was imparted to him by an Englishman and a Londoner. Like other students, the painter of the "Marriage à la Mode" had attended the Art School in St. Martin's Lane, so that instruction was not lacking in London at this date, and consequently, so far as implements were concerned, Hogarth was not forced to invent.

In those days, as at present, Great Britain had much intercourse with other nations—indeed, there was no people more given to foreign travel. The nobility of this rich monarchical country have always been maintained in splendid state, and English princes, ambassadors, lords, and prelates, frequently crossed the Channel and visited foreign courts. Thus they not only acquired a greater refinement in manners and taste, and a larger acquaintance with art and its many valuable collections, but on their return they brought with them celebrated artists whom they introduced to and patronised at the English court. Besides the decoration of royal palaces and castles, and the adornment of mansions belonging to the aristocracy, these artists were engaged in painting innumerable portraits of all the great men in the kingdom. This constant succession of foreign painters, which was slightly checked between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, created a very decided although superficial, art movement in England—

a movement more or less animated according to the agitated or peaceful state of the times. It was not of English character, and it was only of the shallowest nature, and yet a certain amount of interest is attaching to it. Frequently as it has been treated in the biographies of the various masters of every school that contributed to it, we will nevertheless briefly touch upon it in these pages.

It is generally the case that special historians, to whatever nationality they may belong, show their self-love—a love of their own race, or rather locality—in striving to prove that their national art is of earlier origin than that of all other countries.

Hitherto, French writers have had the sense to desist from engaging in so fruitless a task. But if there exists one country more than another where such an illusion would be absolutely untenable, it is, one is tempted to think, certainly England. The first man, however, who, a hundred and fifty years ago, undertook the task of gathering materials from British soil for a history of art, gave way to the promptings of this pride of race in a simple, artless fashion, at which one cannot restrain a smile. It is indeed true that honest George Vertue feels himself bound to maintain that painting "flourished" in England before the period of the renaissance in Italy; nor does he hide from us the effort that it costs him to establish his statement. George Vertue, the engraver (1684—1757), left about 500 portraits of English celebrities of various times,

which are executed with a hard, sharp graver, but are, nevertheless, remarkable for their precision and the accuracy of their drawing. He was also an antiquary, or what we should call in these days an enthusiastic archæologist. In his research after art relics of a bygone time, and his efforts to discover original historical portraits, he had recourse to the private galleries in the ancestral residences of the nobility, to the universities, and to various town records, from whence he gathered a considerable number of valuable documents relating to the lives of artists who were born or who had lived in England. These forty volumes of unpublished notes, collected by the old engraver, were later selected, arranged, and classified by Horace Walpole, who completed and finally published them, and whose clear and intelligent mind rejected the patriotic illusions of George Vertue, and treated the work accordingly.

Legend relates that the venerable Bede (673—735), a monk possessing much and varied learning, discovered and taught, in the commencement of the eighth century, certain processes of painting to the monks of the Yarrow monastery; but history cannot vouch for the truth of this, as no relics have been handed down to us. It may be that this monastery was the cradle of that school of illuminators who, until the time of the Reformation, continued to illustrate missals, breviaries, psalters, and religious books of all kinds. Their first attempts were in capitals, and ornamented, painted,

and gilded letters; then followed more elaborate surroundings of flowers, foliage, and landscape; and finally miniatures representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments, with, usually, portraits of the persons to whom the book was to be presented. These miniatures, at least until the fifteenth century, are more remarkable for their brilliance of colouring and gilding than for the intelligence of the faces or the accuracy of the drawing. Waagen the historian, however, mentions several manuscripts which form an exception to this rule, particularly Father Godeman's breviary (tenth century); a history of the English nation (thirteenth century), by another monk, who is said to have long resided in Paris; a volume dedicated to Queen Margaret, more curious for its choice of subjects than for its executive skill, and which contains the histories of Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Ogier the Dane, Renaud de Montauban, King Ponthus, and Warwick; a psalter of the fourteenth century, of very realistic character; and lastly, a religious poem of the fifteenth century, in the French style of the period. Just at the time when it was discontinued, manuscript painting had received an inspiration from Flemish art.

The first documents in which authentic traces of works of art are discovered belong to the reign of John, who ordered repairs to be made in 1209 and 1210 at Westminster Palace and the Tower of London. In the time of Henry III., and during the

whole of his long reign (1216-1272), signs can be recognised of the improvement and extension of the royal taste. By the king's commands, the ceilings of the apartments in each of his castles were decorated with paintings and historical scenes; the chapels received pictures of saints and evangelists, and were further beautified by stained windows.

If English history boasts of princes who possessed greater wisdom and heroism than Henry III., there were none who showed a fuller appreciation of the beautiful. He greatly improved all the royal residences, and completely metamorphosed Kenilworth; at Westminster alone he spent £30,000 sterling in artistic decoration, an enormous sum at that time, during the first forty-five years of his reign. The political history of Henry III.'s reign is certainly not of an elevated character; nevertheless Art owes a debt of gratitude to this prince for the numerous splendid palaces which he erected, and the powerful impulse which he gave to her various branches by summoning artists of all kinds to his kingdom. These were Italians for the most part, such as the Florentine Gulielmo and Pietro Cavalini, painter, sculptor, and worker in mosaics. The latter erected a monument to Edward the Confessor, and also one to Henry III. himself, for which the first bronze statues ever cast in England were executed.

Under the reigns of the two first Edwards all art progress is in abeyance; one can hardly quote the

construction of the palace and hall of Lichfield by Archbishop Langton, who had the ceremony of the coronation of Edward I. painted there. Painting on glass alone was retained by a warlike and ignorant nobility, who still further obscured the scanty light which the necessities of defence allowed to penetrate to the interior of their massive keeps by the interposition of heavily emblazoned painted windows. In their costumes, in their arms, in their gold plate, they displayed ostentation without taste, pomp without elegance. Iron was in their hands but an implement, a means of defence or attack; gold, the special means of display to which, however, we owe the introduction of the art of enamelling in England, where from this period Greek artists in enamel were established.

This condition of things was not appreciably altered until the reign of Henry VII.—that is, not till two hundred years later. Artists took refuge, as we have already said, in the illuminating of manuscripts; some tried their hands timidly at portrait painting. Of these a few names remain, such as the painter-poet, Thomas Occleve (about 1420), in the reign of Henry IV.; William Seburgh, John Brentwood, and Christian Coleburne, in the reign of Henry VI.; but almost all their works have disappeared. But engravings have preserved for us two interesting miniatures representing tournaments of the time of Henry VI., carefully drawn, and of a "Dance of Death" painted on the wall of a cloister of old St. Paul's, and in their

treatment showing the same style as the works then to be seen in the cloister of the Church of the Holy Innocents in Paris. Of the reign of Edward IV. there survive some very indifferent portraits of this monarch and his queen; and also of Jane Shore, which is preserved at Eton, and which, in presence of another portrait of the same lady, hardly justifies the enthusiasm of Sir Thomas More or that of Horace Walpole, who speaks of the marvellous beauty of the favourite as represented in a third portrait of her which he had seen in the Countess of Cardigan's collection.

After the reign of Henry VII. (1485—1509) our field of study is a little extended. Not that this monarch was himself in the least degree sensitive to the attractions of Art—his insatiable avarice, even more than his cruelty, prevented that. What freak of fortune pitched Gossaert—called also Mabuse, or Jean de Maubeuge—into England one knows not, nor the precise date when he came. In the year 1495 this artist painted portraits of the Princes Arthur and Henry, also the Princess Margaret, then children; an "Adam and Eve" for the Whitehall Gallery; and a picture of more importance, which represented the marriage of King Henry VII., painted in his early style, a little crude, with a fine perspective of a church interior. Mention is made of the residence in London of a Holbein at that period, who seems to have been from all accounts a relation

—an uncle, perhaps—of the great artist who adorned the reign of Henry VIII.

Splendid, wealthy, generous, this prince, after the pattern of Francis I., attracted foreign artists to his court: Italians—Jeronimo of Trevisi, who was killed at the siege of Boulogne; Antonio Tito, Bartolomeo or Luca Penni, who painted for Windsor the "Battle of the Spurs," the "Fêtes of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the "Siege of Boulogne"; Flemings—Johannes Corvus and Gérard Horrebout, of Ghent, whose daughter Susannah was herself a very clever miniature painter. He equally encouraged English artists, and bestowed the title of "Serjeant-Painter" upon Andrew Wright and John Brown, who have not become celebrated. Another Fleming, of Leyden — Lucas Cornelis — painted an interesting series of sixteen portraits of the Constables of Queensborough Castle, from the reign of Edward III. to Sir Thomas Cheyne, Knight of the Garter in the third year of the reign of Henry VIII. The most precious are those of Robert de Vere, Regent of Ireland, and of George, the ill-fated Duke of Clarence.

But by far the most illustrious of the painters whom the king's liberality persuaded to remain in England was Hans Holbein the younger. The Earl of Arundel, as he was returning from Italy by way of Basle, saw some of his works, was delighted with them, and urged him to accompany him to England. At first Holbein

declined the invitation, but in 1526 he decided to accept it, and set out, bringing with him a letter and the portrait he had painted of Erasmus, which the latter was sending to the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. The Chancellor at once settled him in his house at Chelsea, where he lived for three years, and produced admirable portraits of his protector and his friends. The king, when on a visit to Sir Thomas, noticed these portraits, made inquiries about the artist, and attached him to his service, gave him apartments in the palace, and a salary of 200 florins over and above the prices to be paid for his pictures. Holbein painted a number of portraits of the king, and probably of all his wives—though no portrait of Katharine Parr by his hand is known—and the princes and princesses of the Royal family, as well as the principal personages of the Court. After the death of Lady Jane Seymour, the artist was sent to Flanders to take the portrait—which he executed in three hours—of Christina, Duchess Dowager of Milan, widow of Francis Sforza. Charles V. was then urging Henry VIII. to take her for his fourth wife, but afterwards dissuaded him. The lady took a witty revenge by writing to the king that "she had only one head, but if she had two, one of them would be at his Majesty's service." Holbein was afterwards despatched by Thomas Cromwell to take the portrait of Anne of Cleves with the same object. In obedience to the minister, he so flattered his model that the king, who

had been taken in by it, was furious, when later he saw her landing at Dover, and cried out, "She is a great Flanders mare!" and wanted to send her back to Germany. The Protector's great uncle paid for his trick with his head, but Holbein incurred no responsibility. He remained at the English court till his death by the Plague in London, in 1554. Recent historians place his death as early as 1543.

Holbein practised all kinds of painting: it was in England, and under the tuition of Lucas Cornelis, that he learned to work in water colours, in which he soon reached the highest perfection. His miniatures, generally painted on a deep-blue ground, have at once the strength of oils and the most refined delicacy. It was for a long time a tradition that he painted with his left hand; but this is at least controverted by a portrait of himself, which passed from the Arundel to the Stafford collection, in which he has represented himself holding the brush in his right hand.

It is hardly necessary to say that there are a number of Holbein's pictures in the English collections. There happen to be none in the National Gallery, but in Hampton Court alone there are as many as twenty-seven, almost all of them in "Her Majesty's Gallery." The most remarkable of his portraits are those of Henry VIII. and his family, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth as a child and as a young girl, two of Erasmus, Frobenius Reskemeer,

Henry Guildford, Lady Vaux, the Earl of Surrey (life size), the King's Jester laughing behind a window, the artist's father and mother, his own portrait in youth and in age. The subject-pictures attributed to him are probably not by his hand; thus "The Battle of the Spurs" and "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," painted before Holbein's arrival in England, have been rightly credited to Tito Delmintrato or to Luca Penni.

The celebrated exhibition of art treasures at Manchester, in 1857, drew some beautiful Holbeins from private collections; the portrait of a young man holding a book, painted on a gold background, belonging to Lord Ward; "The Prodigal Son," belonging to the Royal Institution of Liverpool; a portrait of a man, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle; and that of Dr. Stokesly, Bishop of London in 1530, from the Queen's collection at Windsor.

The Louvre possesses some of his English works—the portrait of Archbishop Warham, that of Nicholas Kratzer, Astronomer to Henry VIII.; those of Ann of Cleves, of Thomas More, of Richard Southwell, and two anonymous ones. Holbein has painted some subject-pictures besides a great number of portraits; a "Joseph of Arithmathea," for Whitehall Chapel, and the "Resurrection of Lazarus" for St. James's, both destroyed by fire; "Edward IV. presenting the Charter to the Lord Mayor of London," "Henry VIII.

presenting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company," "Riches and Poverty" for a merchants company. In addition, he made an infinite number of goldsmiths' designs, of all sorts of jewellery, book-bindings for the use of the king and his queens. He modelled some statues, and even made some architectural designs, notably that of one of the gates of Whitehall, destroyed in the eighteenth century; and an ornamental fireplace for the palace at Bridewell. If Holbein possessed great influence upon art at his time, it was not directly exercised, for he had no pupils, unless we except Christopher Amberger, of Augsburg.

Among other artists patronised by Henry VIII., no other painters' names are found but those of Theodore Bernard, of Amsterdam, the master of Michael Coxcie; of John Bell and Jean Maynard, who are little known; and of Williamson, Symonds, Flower, and Hoone, painters on glass.

During the minority of Edward VI., and the turmoil of the wars of religion, men's minds were occupied with other things than art matters. However, Holbein was still living, and drew many portraits of the young king.

For the latter's amusement, no doubt, it was that Marc Willems, of Antwerp, pupil of Michael Coxcie, painted the head of the prince on a long wooden panel, with comic deformities necessary to make the picture take natural proportions when reflected in a cylindrical

mirror. Along with the name of Marc Willems the records of expenditure mention those of John Bossam, Hans Huet, and William Stretes.

The reign of the Roman Catholic queen, Mary Tudor, although shorter than that of her brother, is more interesting, as far as the history of art is concerned. Her favourite painter was Antonis de More (Antonio Moro), who had been recommended to Charles V. by Cardinal Granville. The emperor sent him to England to paint the portrait of the queen, who was then betrothed to his son Philip, afterwards Philip II., and he remained there up to the death of that princess. Many of his English portraits are extant, painted in a charming realistic style, at once full of dignity, and splendid examples of colour. Unfortunately, he very often neglected to write on his paintings the names of their subjects, contrary to the excellent custom of the time, so that his works have lost part of their interest—I mean their historic interest. Next to him we must mention Joas Van Cleeves, of Antwerp, who went mad with pride, and died after having painted a "Judgment of Paris;" also Nicholas Lizard, a Frenchman, Sergeant-Painter to the queen, who designed a "Story of Ahasuerus" in pictures. The reign of Queen Elizabeth, long and remarkable though it was, is almost a blank in the history of art. In the matter of pictures, the queen had no taste for anything but representations of herself; besides, she expected to be painted as she made herself out to be,

and not as she really was. She supplemented her very doubtful charms by paint, cosmetics, all the artifices of the toilet, a profusion of ornaments, gorgeous raiment, precious stones, and jewellery, which made her look like a Hindoo idol. The painters multiplied her likeness endlessly. The first who made a name at the Court was Lucas de Heere, of Ghent, painter and poet in one. The exact date of his arrival in England is unknown, but it is put down somewhere about the year 1553. He painted the portrait of Sir William Sidney, Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel; the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey; Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Stuart; and of the latter's younger brother, Charles Stuart; Mary Neville, and many others. His most important work is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth in full state, with a crown on her head, a globe and sceptre in her hands, while Juno, Pallas, and Minerva seem to make way for her. The virgin queen was not particular as to the quality of the incense burnt on her shrine. After having perpetrated this masterpiece of flattery, Lucas de Heere returned to Ghent, where he died in 1584.

His compatriot, Cornelius Hetel, after having resided some time at Fontainebleau and in Paris, went to England in 1573. He remained there seven or eight years, and painted portraits of the Earl of Lichfield, of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the Lord Admiral Lincoln, Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel; and of

the queen, who was then at the castle of Hanworth, the house of the celebrated Anne Stanhope, mother of the Earl of Hertford, and at that time in advanced years. Federico Zuccari, a painter of a more solid type, and brought up in a good school, came to England in 1574. His peculiar romantic style of composition took Elizabeth's fancy, and she ordered him to paint her portrait. He drew her first in a Persian dress; then in a fancy costume in the depth of a forest, with a stag close to her, and a tree loaded with devices and hardly intelligible mottoes, the invention of Elizabeth herself—"*Injusti justa querela*," "*Mea sic mihi*," "*Dolor est medicina dolori*," and more than a dozen lines of English poetry. He also painted the portrait of Sir Nicholas Bacon at Woburn; also those of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, at Hampton Court; Sir Francis Walsingham, and a giant, the queen's porter at Kensington. He also decorated a chapel at Roehampton, and returned to Rome flushed with success.

The painter who succeeded him in Court favour was a man named Marc Gérard, a Fleming from Bruges, a painter of portraits, landscapes, and historical subjects; and an architect to boot. He was scarcely twenty years of age when he came to try his fortune in England, in the year 1580. He remained there till his death in 1635, having been painter to Queen Elizabeth and to Queen Anne of Denmark. His works, which are very numerous, are difficult to

identify, as they are not marked with any kind of signature. His drawing, in spite of a certain stiffness, is full of elegance. He takes a pleasure in rich costumes decked with pearls and jewels. He has the true feeling for flesh tints, and for effects of light, with a certain tendency to bluish tones. His principal work is a procession of the queen and the Knights of the Garter. Although of small proportions, the portraits are remarkable likenesses as regards not only the features, but also the customary gait of the persons represented.

Horace Walpole stops to mention some painters of less importance—Henry Cornelius Vroom, of Haarlem, who made a cartoon for tapestry of the Defeat of the Armada; Petruccio Ubaldini, of Florence, a miniature painter, who illustrated the Psalms of David; Nicholas Hilliard, another miniature painter, an avowed imitator of Holbein, but far inferior to him, and whose portraits, especially of females, were greatly in fashion. All these men were foreigners; but now we come to one altogether English—Isaac Oliver—a pupil of N. Hilliard and of Zuccari. Isaac Oliver is a miniature painter who has no rivals in England but his own son Peter, and, at a later date, Cooper, a pupil of Van Dyck. We know nothing of his family. His works are his patent of nobility, and among the most remarkable of them we may mention one of himself, an admirable head of Marie Stuart, a profile of Queen Elizabeth, a Henry Prince of Wales,

Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, and the portrait-group of three brothers of the Montague family—three young men, aged respectively twenty-four, twenty-one, and eighteen—singularly like each other. His portrait of James I. was some years later of service to Rubens and Van Dyck, when they had to represent the king after his death. Isaac Oliver also painted in miniature size some grand compositions—an "Entombment," containing twenty-six figures; a "Life of St. Lawrence," and a "Slaughter of the Innocents," after Raphael. He died in 1617, at the age of sixty.

The following names mentioned by Horace Walpole have only a trifling interest. The first is a Frenchman—Jacques Lemoyne, called de Morgues. After him come a certain Levino, a Venetian, Jean Schute, Thomas and John Bottes, William and Franz Segar, Lyne, P. Cole, Arnold, Jacques de Buy, Jérôme de Bye, Peter Vandevelde, Nicolas Lockie, Richard Stevens, Randolph, John Holland, and Sir Nathaniel Bacon, Earl of Bath, half-brother to the illustrious Sir Francis Bacon, who painted impartially either kitchenmaids or goddesses.

We are coming to the grand period. We must pass over the reign of James I., which was altogether insignificant from our point of view. Portrait painting is the one and only art of the time. It was well represented by the Flemish painter, Van Sommer, of Antwerp, who lived in

England from about 1606 to 1620. His chief works are James I., with a view of Whitehall; Anne of Denmark, with a view of St. Paul's; another portrait of the king, with a suit of armour in the background, a better likeness than the former; a portrait of the queen in blue, with a horse and dogs; Lord Chancellor Bacon and his brother Nicholas; Sir Simon Weston, holding a pike; Marquis of Hamilton with a white cane; Lady Morton in purple; another lady with a yellow neck-ribbon and a gauze scarf; and a third lady in black, with a crape veil over the face. Van Sommer died in 1621 at the age of fifty-four.

The first works of Cornelius Jansen in London are dated 1618. Of his thirty years' sojourn in England, only a few works are left: the portraits of Sir Robert Heath and his wife, as well as those of three or four Kentish families—the Augers, the Palmers, the Hammonds, and the Bowyers. His masterpiece is a portrait of Lady Bowyer, who, from her exquisite beauty, was named the Star of the East. The arrival of Van Dyck prejudiced his popularity. He ceased to be the fashion, and, during the civil wars of 1648, left England, and retired, first to Middleburg and afterwards to Amsterdam, where he died in the year 1665. Daniel Mytens of the Hague, a painter of real talent, who was greatly admired under the reigns of James I. and Charles I., had certainly studied Rubens before coming to London, where he hoped to gather up the heritage which Van Sommer had left. He placed

his portraits in lovely backgrounds of landscape, and his works are often confounded with those of Van Dyck. There are at Hampton Court many portraits by his hand of princes and princesses of the house of Brunswick Luxemburg. We may mention also those of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex; of C. Howard, Earl of Nottingham; and especially one of Geoffrey Hudson, the king's dwarf, holding a dog in leash, in a richly coloured landscape in the manner of Snyders and Rubens. Mytens could not help feeling chagrined at the favour with which Van Dyck was welcomed at the English Court, and although the latter, in token of good-fellowship, painted his portrait, Mytens yielded up his place to him, and left England for the Hague, where he lived twenty years longer. The great miniature painter of the period—a period of gallantry in which the hand of the miniature painter was of necessity fully occupied—was, as we have said already, Peter Oliver, son of Isaac of that name. His carefully finished portraits are life itself. Somehow or other he signed his name in the French fashion, P. Olivier, possibly as an indication of his origin. He died in 1664 at about the age of sixty.

The accession of Charles I. commences the era of taste in England. Elizabeth was at once greedy and pompous; James I. prodigal and mean. The splendid liberality of Charles I., the generous encouragement which he gave to men of genius, the large sums which

he devoted to the formation of his collections, increased the true riches of the country. It was in 1629, on his return from his successful mission to the Court of Spain, that Rubens was sent to England to conclude the peace which he succeeded in arranging between Philip IV. and Charles I. But neither prince nor artist forgot that the ambassador, while a statesman, was also a painter. The king ordered Rubens to paint the "Apotheosis of King James," and then a "St. George." Rubens gave to the saint the features of Charles I., and to Cleodelinda those of the queen; in the background he painted a view of Richmond and the Thames. He also painted a picture of "The Blessings of Peace and the Miseries of War," and a design for an ewer with the Judgment of Paris. Charles knighted him at Whitehall on the 21st of February, 1630. Rubens remained in England about a year, during which he painted also an "Assumption of the Virgin" for the Earl of Arundel; an infant "Christ and St. John;" an angel and child, symbolising the Church; and a portrait of Lewis, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Of the pupils of Rubens who were attracted to England, we may mention Abraham Diepenbeck, whose talent was almost exclusively monopolised by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. By his order, the artist painted his horses, of which the duke was very proud, his various residences, and the portraits of all the members of his family. But the most illustrious in

England—and rightly so—among the disciples of the great master is Anton Van Dyck. Attracted by the accounts of Charles I.'s liberality, he came for the first time in the year 1627, but did not succeed in getting presented to the king. He then returned to Antwerp, where for six years he painted a host of masterpieces. His reputation now reached the ears of the king, who had hitherto ignored him, but who now at once recalled him. The painter, who needed no second invitation, arrived in London in 1632. His success was rapid. He received a considerable pension, and, in the July of the same year, was knighted, and elected painter to the king in 1633. He was then thirty-four years old. Van Dyck passed the remainder of his short life in England, where he married the daughter of Lord Ruthven. He took two short journeys, however, one to Antwerp in 1634, and the other to France in 1641, the year of his death. His most valuable works are at Windsor Castle, in the hall named after him—portraits of the king, Queen Henrietta, and of Van Dyck himself, the splendid group of the children of Charles I., a sketch of which is in the Louvre, where may also be seen one of his English masterpieces, a full-length portrait of the king. At Hampton Court there is a very beautiful portrait of his mistress, Mrs. Margaret Lemon; also a Cupid, and a sleeping nymph. We must also mention "Dædalus and Icarus," belonging to Earl Spencer; a "Pietà," belonging to the Duke of

Newcastle, and also "Rinaldo and Armida." Van Dyck's works are not of equal value. In the latter part of his life he confined himself to giving finishing touches to the portraits which were for the most part painted by his pupils from his own designs.

At the same period as Van Dyck there lived in London an artist who eagerly profited by his advice. This was the celebrated miniature painter on enamel, Jean Petitot. Horace Walpole also names about forty other painters of different nationalities, among whom the most interesting is Cornelius Poelenbourg, of Utrecht, whom the king in vain tried to attach to his court.

Art was, to a certain degree, banished with the royal family; it returned with Charles II., but shone under this monarch with less brilliancy. The great painter of the reign was Peter Lely, of Soest, in Westphalia. He came to England in 1641, and having seen Van Dyck's paintings, quite altered his first style—that of landscape with historical figures—in order to vie with the Antwerp master in portraits. An artist of questionable taste, but undoubtedly talented, Peter Lely unscrupulously flattered his models, and soon became the favourite painter among the ladies. He married in England, where he also died from an apoplectic stroke whilst painting the Duchess of Somerset. This was in 1680, and in the sixty-fourth year of his life. He had been knighted by the king. There is a portrait of Cromwell by

Lely, in which the Protector is represented with great exactitude, with all the minutest defects of his face, wrinkles, pimples, and warts. Cromwell had insisted upon this truthful rendering. It is a clever work, but lacking in life.

Godfrey Kneller, of Lübeck, succeeded Sir Peter Lely in the king's favour. Although he had studied the most various masters, he possessed originality and a fair amount of talent, which he exercised for nearly half a century in England, from 1674 until his death in 1723. He lived during the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, and George I., who knighted him.

During this period there were none but foreign artists at the court—Flemish, Dutch, Italian, and French: J. van der Heyden, J. Huysmans, Gerard van Zoust, Gaspar Netscher, Antonio Vario, W. Vandervelde, Vostermann, B. Denner, Van Huysum, Dumoulin, Claude Lefèvre, J. Rousseau, Ch. de la Fosse, Largillière, J. B. Monnoyer, P. van der Meulen, F. Laguerre, J. B. Vanloo, and J. S. Listard. Such an assembly of talent, however, could not take place without developing here and there a native artist. Of these, one was Robert Streater, who was born in London in 1624, and died in 1680. He was a pupil of Dumoulin, and painted portraits, landscape, and still life. Another was Henry Anderton, a Scotchman (1630—1665). Both these artists were fashionable portrait painters. Another En-

glishman born in Jersey, named Peter Monamy (1670—1747), painted sea-pieces in the style of Vandervelde with some talent. Samuel Scott (1710—1772) and Alexander Brooking (1723—1759) were also both clever in sea-pieces. But portrait painting has always been the foremost branch of art in England, and in this style may be named as really praiseworthy John Haylls, who died in 1679, and who painted in Van Dyck's manner, and John Greenhill, of Salisbury (1649—1676), Sir Peter Lely's pupil, who often rivalled his master. He led a dissolute life, and died from the effect of his excesses at the age of twenty-seven. Isaac Fuller (1606—1672), contemporary of John Greenhill, has left some good portraits, but also some absurd historical pictures in imitation of Michael Angelo's style; John Riley (1646—1691), who died very early, a painter of real talent and worth, executed the portraits of Charles II., James II., to whom he was elected first painter, and William and Mary; Francis the Piper (1698—1740), was a designer rather than an artist, of witty humour; lastly, we have James Thornhill, who, though not a master, had the aspirations of one. From this time England was able to stand alone without having recourse to foreign artists.

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The English are a nation engrossed in politics, displaying wonderful tact abroad, and enjoying

absolute freedom at home. They devote themselves to maritime affairs and colonisation; they are industrial, commercial, and in all things utilitarian; peaceful as a rule, they are warlike when their interests require it, but never for vainglory; though practical and matter-of-fact, they are at times chimerical; they are at once deeply religious and sceptical; they have strong material and sensual desires, which they are eager to satisfy, yet they are no less ready to give way to dreams and fancies. Though to-day they take the lead in every scientific movement, though they are endowed with great creative gifts in literature, and have an unbroken current of the most powerful poetical imagination running through every epoch of their history, the English were once deprived of one great distinction, namely, Art.

With the obstinate persistence which they bring to every enterprise, they were determined to attain this distinction also. For thirty years they have striven to win the victory. Resolved to add this last flower to their garland, already rich, they have at last succeeded, and every artistic nation now turns towards England its astonished, and in some cases, its jealous, gaze. France, her nearest neighbour, is by no means the least interested in the unexpected progress—denied at first, then triumphantly established—which in a few years perfidious Albion has made in the walks of Art, where she now no longer occupies the lowest place.

It was only in the middle of the present century that this noble impulse and fresh effort of the English took place in the direction of which we now speak. The effort, no doubt, was not absolutely fresh. The origin of the English school, without being lost in the mists of antiquity, is, relatively speaking, much earlier, dating as it does from the second quarter of the eighteenth century. It was then that English art shook off the German and Flemish yoke which she had borne from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of William III., first under the powerful influence of Holbein, Rubens, and Van Dyck, then under the lesser influence of Peter Lely, and finally of Godfrey Kneller. Since then she has been reclaimed by her own native artists.

But if from that date we can point to such true English masters as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Lawrence, Hogarth, and Wilkie, this is only a passing glimmer, a glorious fire of straw, which was speedily extinguished in the absurd and monstrous Italianism which soon enveloped it and suffocated it to death. No good end is served by recalling the sad names of Benjamin West, Fuseli, James Northcote, John Opie, Benjamin Haydon, James Barry, and of all the moths who burnt their poor wings in the flame of Latin art, blinded themselves there, and then returned, to din into our ears through all the long period of their blindness the Heroics of their hideous nightmare.

This long night was only illuminated by the noble talent of David Scott, who died unhonoured in 1849 at the age of forty-two, and by the genius of J. M. W. Turner, who died on the 19th December, 1851, at the age of seventy-six, alone and uncared for, in a miserable hovel on the Thames near Battersea Bridge.

This very year, 1851, was an epoch in the history of the modern English school. England had just opened the first International Exhibition, and had invited all the peoples of the world to assemble together on the common ground of Art and Industry. In the field of Industry she herself was easily victorious, but came off badly in the struggle in the fields of Decoration and Art. Recognising that they were dependent on foreign countries for their models, and that French productions justly held the markets of Europe, English people fully realised the terrible economic consequences of such a state of things; and alive to the fact that it was a total lack of all instruction which caused their inferiority in the matter of taste, with the encouragement and aid of Prince Albert, who took the initiative in the matter, they founded a museum of models and a central and normal school of instruction, which, starting from South Kensington, spread to all manufacturing towns, and gave rise in every part of the United Kingdom to a very productive study of design. This productiveness, however—it could not be otherwise—was

not only turned to the profit of decorative art, but from the schools which were established throughout the country came forth painters, whose pictures figure with honour to-day in the exhibitions held each spring in the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery.

The same year, 1851—truly it marked an epoch in English art—witnessed an event, which, to speak less solemnly, has for the historian of art considerable importance. Alone or in groups, certain young artists had for some years, amid the nothingness in which the English school was struggling, been attempting a reaction against the Italian turgidity and the academic platitudes of their time. My reader will know that I am here referring to the little band of pre-Raphaelites, to D. G. Rossetti, W. Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais, and their friends, of whom F. Madox Brown, though he took no part in the "Brotherhood," was perhaps the most active. In the exhibitions of 1849 the works of the pre-Raphaelites, judged on their own merits and without any reference to their school, had been favourably received by the critics. Afterwards, their society becoming known as well as their principle and motto, "Truth," sarcasms and even insults were heaped on the young artists. In 1851 they were in despair, and one of them had decided not to yield, but to expatriate himself, when Mr. Ruskin, the passionate admirer and apologist of Turner, threw himself into the fray, and wrote his

celebrated letter to the *Times*. The cause of truth in Art, and observation in Nature, eloquently pleaded though it was, was not won in a day; but at the first blow of the pick the old stronghold of the Academy was won, opinion veered round in favour of the pre-Raphaelites, and they had each day an increasing public.

It is true that they at once dispersed, and abandoned the name of pre-Raphaelite, which they had adopted in the first flush of their enthusiasm, but then the struggle was finished; the field was open to all manifestations of art based on the love of nature and of truth. Such an art as this, demanding as it did the complete devotion of individual energy, could not long remain bound to a battle-cry, excellent though the cry was, which, when the struggle was ended, only confined within the far too narrow limit of the examples furnished by the first masters, the lively expansion of genius dictated by Nature's eternal and eternally-changing charms.

And as a matter of fact, evident traces of development are to be found in the early pre-Raphaelites, or at least in two of them; the talent of one of them rose to the study of pure beauty, that of the other expanded in a marvellous degree.

What did it matter! The way was open, the stronghold was razed to the ground; there was room for the young English school, who created such surprise at the French Exhibition in 1878, to establish

itself. The reputation of English artists is no longer merely an "insular" reputation, as was held, and with reason, too, by M. Thore, at the Exhibition of Art Treasures held in Manchester in 1857. It has left the narrow path, and has found its way all over Europe, not, indeed, into the permanent public or private collections, but temporarily in Universal Exhibitions ; and France to-day, on behalf of Europe, sets to her lips the golden clarion of Renown to celebrate the still fresh glory of English painting.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

First Part.

THE OLD MASTERS.

1730—1850.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE SCHOOL—PORTRAIT PAINTING—HISTORICAL PAINTING—GENRE PAINTING.

Is there an English school of painting at all?

Strictly speaking, the word school applies only in a very imperfect manner to the growth of painting in England. Generally it is used to designate a special collection of traditions and processes, a particular method, a peculiar style in design, and an equally peculiar taste in colouring—all contributing to the representation of a national ideal existing in the minds of the artists of the same country at the same time. In this sense we speak of the Flemish school, the Dutch school, the Spanish school, several Italian schools, and the French school, but not of the English school. We cannot apply the word to English art, for it is just this absence of any

national tradition that strikes one most forcibly in studying English painting. Each painter seems to stand by himself, and is, so to speak, isolated from his brother artists. No trace is to be found of any uniformity of method or of teaching, none of systematic instruction by the State, the Academy, or the Fine Art school. English art is free, and on that very account is infinitely varied, full of surprises and unexpected originality.

But if, for the sake of brevity, we group together under the name of "school" all the separate manifestations which represent a nation's art, and an art worthy of history, then certainly there is an English school.

Its rise dates more than a century back, and yet it was quite unknown on the Continent. It was not until the time of the Paris Exhibition in 1855, when the English artists of the day first sent their productions across the Channel, that foreigners became aware of its existence. The surprise in France was great when the walls of the little temporary building in the Avenue Montaigne were seen lined with an extensive series of pictures belonging to no school familiar to French eyes. Until this time, not only genius, but even feeling—I mean practical art feeling—had been disallowed to the English. It could not be denied that, if she had no great painters, England could boast distinguished amateurs; scholars and art-collectors well knew that the British aristocracy possessed very rich galleries of old masters, where the finest Poussins and most valuable Watteaus were gathered

together, even when the France of David's time held them in the profoundest contempt. Owing, perhaps, as much to astonishment as to genuine admiration, the school whose existence was so suddenly revealed in 1855 was extolled somewhat beyond its merits. Had the works of the English painters of the eighteenth century been exhibited at the same time the revelation would have been still more startling, and more deserving of such an enthusiastic outburst of admiration. In the year 1725 England had been completely taken by surprise by the unexpected appearance of a genuine English artist. English in habits, disposition, and temperament, as well as by birth, his case was unprecedented, or nearly so. This artist was WILLIAM HOGARTH.*

Up to his time foreign artists, and particularly

* WILLIAM HOGARTH, engraver and pictorial satirist of morals, was born on the 10th of December, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew. His father, a poor village schoolmaster in Westmoreland, came to London to try to make his fortune by literature, but he only rose to the humble position of corrector for the press. The young William, disgusted with literature by the sight of his father's misery, wished to learn a manual employment, and was apprenticed to a silversmith named Ellis Gamble, in whose shop he learnt engraving on silver and the rudiments of drawing. When the term of his apprenticeship had expired, he tried engraving his own compositions on copper. The first was the "Taste of the Town" (1724), soon followed by "Burlington Gate," a violent satire on the eccentricities of the time, and particularly levelled against William Kent. From henceforth Hogarth's time was occupied by the editors of illustrated books, and thus he drew and engraved several scenes from "Montraye's Travels," from the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, from Beaver's "Military Punishment," from the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, and from Butler's "Hudibras" (1726). His jests against W. Kent won him the patronage of Sir James Thornhill, painter to the king, who received him at

the northern painters—Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Lely, and the Italian Zuccaro—had been successively sent for by English sovereigns, and commissioned by them to decorate their castles, palaces, and churches; they received, not only from the court, but also from the nobility, liberal commissions, which rendered their stay on British soil a continual triumph. Pupils also studied under them, to whom they imparted as much of their art as they could teach; but it was not in their power to communicate their special gifts—their invention and imagination. SIR JAMES THORNHILL,* sergeant-painter to King George I., a gentleman by birth, and a member of Parliament, is perhaps

his house. There Hogarth fell in love with the artist's daughter, ran away with her and married her (1730). Under the influence of his father-in-law, in whose favour he was soon reinstated, he attempted portrait painting and large mural decorations, but his genius urged him in another direction. He commenced this new style by the series of compositions known under the title of the "Harlot's Progress" (1734). In 1735 appeared his "Rake's Progress," and in 1745 the "Marriage à la Mode." In 1753 Hogarth showed himself in a new light, by publishing an æsthetical treatise, entitled "The Analysis of Beauty," in which he laid down the principle that the line of beauty is a curved line. He condemned every sharp angle and every broken outline, of which, he declared, no example could be found in nature. Dr. Benjamin Hoadley and Dr. Morell were his fellow-labourers in this work. In 1757 Hogarth succeeded the son of Sir James Thornhill, who had resigned, as serjeant-painter to the king. He died at his house in Leicester Fields on the 26th of October, 1764, aged sixty-seven years, and was buried at Chiswick, where he possessed a summer residence. His widow survived him twenty-five years. Hogarth's private life was irreproachable.

* SIR JAMES THORNHILL, historical painter, was born in 1676 at Melcombe Regis, and studied under Thomas Highmore, who was serjeant-painter to King William III., and whom he succeeded in this post in 1719. Patronised by Queen Anne, he was ordered to decorate

the only one who, in his mural paintings at St. Paul's and at Greenwich, has shown some artistic fire; but even he was not original. He carried on the style of the French painters of the seventeenth century, and the allegories of Le Brun and Jouvenet, with only a small touch of that life which emanates so abundantly from the brush of Rubens. The commencement of the English school is marked really by Hogarth; he is, so to speak, its Giotto, as was said of him with some magniloquence in the introduction to the report of the International Exhibition of 1862. But we must not be misled by these words, nor mistake their true import. Supposing there be really a British school of art, does it follow that it deserves to take rank amongst the great schools which, although widely differing from each other in style, we have been accustomed to reverence? Certainly it is possible to count a certain number of very distinguished artistic individualities in England, and among these some true masters. But, apart from a few brilliant stars, we are obliged to confess that the average of talent is below that of the Continental schools, and we will presently try to indicate the causes of this inferiority.

The enthusiasm excited by Hogarth's first humor-

the interior of the dome of St. Paul's, the great hall at Blenheim, the drawing-room and hall of the house at Moor Park, of which he was the architect, the princesses' apartments at Hampton Court, the hall and staircase at Eaton Neston, and the great hall at Greenwich, on which he was employed from 1708 to 1727. In 1720 he was knighted by George I., being the first English artist who ever received this distinction. Sir James Thornhill died on the 13th of May, 1734, near Weymouth.

ous works had a decisive influence on the English school, which even to-day continues to cultivate, though with abated ardour, the ground on which this intelligent adventurer in art, at first ignored by all his fellow-artists, planted his tent of observation.

In an age like his, when the tone of the masses was low in the extreme, and the higher classes gave themselves up to frivolity and corruption,* matter for satire could not be wanting to a right-feeling mind, aided by a keen and penetrating sense of humour. This Hogarth saw. He felt convinced that a faithful representation of the manners of his time, partly by the outcry of the enemies that he would thus create, and partly by the applause of the lower orders, could not fail to crown with success the man who was bold enough to point out to contemporary society its deformities, its weaknesses, and its vices.† And his conviction was correct. He began by casting aside all academical work, and gave

* The immorality of the English aristocracy of this period is particularly represented by Lord Sandwich, Sir Francis Dashwood (Lord de Spencer), Thomas Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., who belonged to a club noted for the audacious debauchery of its members. This was the "Hell-fire" or Medmenham Club, so named from the residence of Lord de Spencer in Buckinghamshire. It was for this society that twelve copies were printed of an obscene parody on Pope's "Essay on Man," entitled "Essay on Woman," by Wilkes, whom Hogarth made for ever ridiculous in a celebrated portrait.

† "Instead of wearying my memory with antiquated precepts," he writes somewhere, "or tiring my eyes with copying paintings injured by time, I have always found that to study Nature herself was the best and safest course that one could take, in order to acquire a knowledge of our art."

himself up to the study of the human physiognomy when animated by passion: in crowds, in taverns, in public places. Then he violently hurled from its pedestal the reputation of the fashionable painter, WILLIAM KENT,* who claimed to have discovered afresh—a century before Louis David—the one true pure Greek style; a pretension especially ridiculous in connection with Kent's work, and utterly absurd at whatever time it manifests itself, or in whatever mind it takes rise, for it is but the pitiable aspiration of pedants,

* WILLIAM KENT, architect and painter, was born in Yorkshire in 1685. He was first apprenticed to a carriage painter, and came to London about 1704. There he worked and rose, little by little, to painting portraits and historical pictures. In 1710 he went for the first time to Rome, where he attracted the attention of Lord Burlington, who aided and patronised him. On his return he decorated the altar in St. Clement's in the Strand. His paintings furnished Hogarth with a subject for his first caricature. He designed Wanstead House, Rainham, and several ceilings for Sir Robert Walpole at Hampton, in the allegorical style of the period. He is more thought of as an architect than as a painter. He designed Devonshire House in Piccadilly, the Earl of Yarborough's house in Arlington Street, the Horse Guards at Whitehall, restored and decorated Stowe, Houghton, and Holkham—his favourite work. His influence was great on the taste of the times, and he was consulted on all sides. But his highest claim to the remembrance of posterity lies in the transformation he worked in the art of ornamental gardening. Resuming the attempts already made by the decorator Bridgeman towards the middle of the eighteenth century, he discarded straight lines, arrangements of terraces, clipped elm hedges, yew trees cut into patterns, formal canals and ponds, all that Walpole called "green sculpture;" substituting for them groups of various scented trees, undulating ground, artistically arranged lakes and waterfalls, as nearly as possible resembling nature, and thus created the model of the English garden. Kent was at the same time master carpenter, master architect, and guardian of the crown pictures. He died at Burlington House, April 12th, 1748, and was, according to his wish, interred in Lord Burlington's vault at Chiswick.

disguised by the double mask of Janus, but blind to everything before them, and with eyes only for the past. Hogarth treated no better the allegorical compositions of Thornhill, although he had received lessons from him for a short time, and had become his son-in-law—though this rather in an underhand way, for he eloped with his daughter.

Hogarth's chief weapon was a merciless truth. He was Anglo-Saxon in every sense of the word—look at his portrait of himself with his favourite dog Trump; the man and the dog are of the same type—and strictly faithful to the genius of his race; he utterly disdained, and, indeed, never understood, what we call the style and tradition of the great masters; that art which is as much in the conception as in the realistic representation. He was not sensitive to art. The external beauties of nature, the play of lights on the human countenance, or on the vista of some deep valley, the changeful blue of the waves, the fanciful shapes of the clouds, these never for an instant attracted his attention. In short, he was but subordinately an artist; he was a moralist, and cared to be nothing more.

Herein lay his glory and his strength; in these days this fact would constitute his weakness, if we were to judge him according to the strict rules of Continental taste. Still, no one can study nature as ardently as Hogarth did, without showing as the result, even unconsciously to himself, certain beauties especially attractive, and marks of personal observation which at once arrest the attention.

The story goes that one day, when Hogarth was strolling with a friend near some low neighbourhood,

THE MARRIAGE À LA MODE. I.—*W. Hogarth.*

they saw two tipsy girls quarrelling. One of them, suddenly filling her mouth with gin, spat it in the

eyes of the other. "Look, look!" cried Hogarth in astonishment, at the same time making a rapid sketch of the scene. This he afterwards introduced into a picture, "Modern Midnight Conversation," in which he has depicted the fearful spectacle of the vices of London. He never allowed any opportunity of studying character or customs to escape him; every face which attracted his attention he would catch at once with a few rapid strokes of the pencil, and on his thumb-nail if he had no paper handy. And thus in his works, the attitudes and action, wondrously life-like and inexhaustibly varied as they are, are not only correct and faithful in their most trivial details, but at times are also noble and touching. There is a something in the faces of his women and children which probably Reynolds or Lawrence would never have seen; take, for example, the girl in the "Marriage à la Mode," drying her tears in the quack doctor's study (No. 3 of the series). Look, again, at the young girl dressed in a pink petticoat and black mantle in Mr. Baring's picture, "The Conversation." This figure is one of Hogarth's happiest combinations of colour.

We shall have to speak again of William Hogarth in a chapter devoted to caricature. As a painter he has left some good portraits, amongst others one of Captain Coram, in the Foundling Hospital, of which that charitable philanthropist was the founder; one of Wilkes, which Hogarth had exaggerated, and of which Wilkes himself nevertheless said, "I grow every day more like the portrait;" one of Fielding, the celebrated author of "Tom Jones;" a

posthumous portrait for which the English actor Garrick sat, giving to his own features, by a splendid

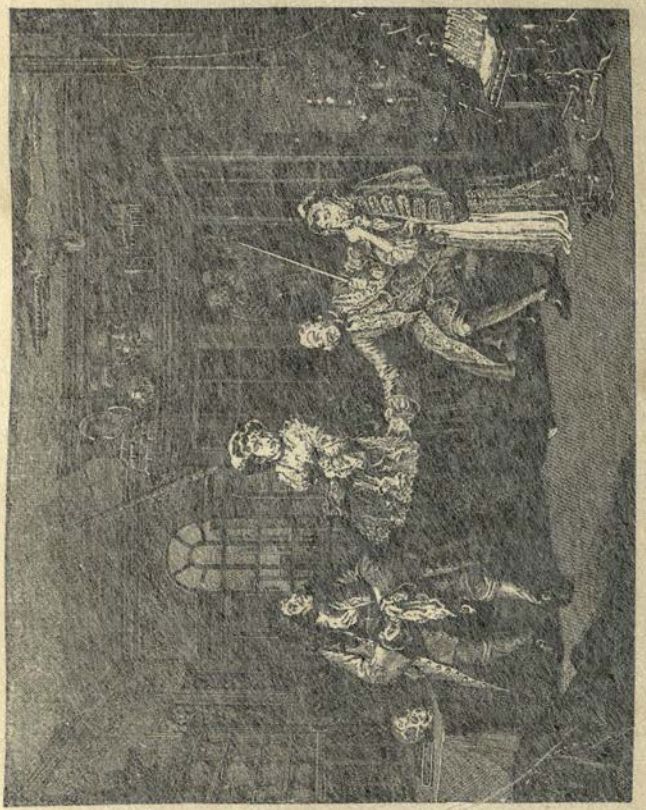
THE MARRIAGE Á LA MODE. II.—*W. Hogarth.*

power of mimicry, the habitual expression of the novelist; lastly, those of Garrick himself as Richard III.;

of Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum in *The Beggar's Opera*, and that of his own wife. In 1736 he tried his hand, with indifferent success, in painting on a large scale, and executed, on the immense walls of the staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, two Scripture scenes: "The Pool of Bethesda" and "The Good Samaritan." The figures are seven feet high. But even in these serious subjects he cannot dispense with humour and satire. In the "Pool of Bethesda" he represents a rich leper's servant driving away with a stick a poor wretch who has drawn near to bathe his sores in the health-giving pool. In another picture, representing Danäe, he has yielded to the same spirit, showing the distrustful old nurse testing a piece of gold with her teeth.

His most celebrated effort is "The Harlot's Progress," a series of six paintings, in which he mingles romance with comedy, or rather Aristophanic satire. We can, indeed, recognise some contemporary characters—Colonel Charteris, Parson Ford, Kate Hackabout, and a noted procuress, Mother Needham. The success of this series, which was considerable, was followed soon after by a still greater, when "The Rake's Progress" appeared. This set is composed on the plan of a drama in eight acts:—1. "Tom Rakewell taking possession of the Rich Miser's Effects;" 2. "The Young Squire's Levée;" 3. "The Night House;" 4. "The Spendthrift Arrested for Debt—Released;" 5. "Marylebone Church—Rakewell Married to a Shrew;" 6. "The Fire at the Gambling Hell;" 7. "The Fleet Prison;" 8. "The

Madhouse—The Faithful Friend." A poor girl who is seduced in the first act, and abandoned, returns to



THE MARRIAGE À LA MODE. III.—*W. Hogarth.*

him at the last, when he is in his turn forsaken by the crowd of parasites, swindlers, and prize-fighters, who

have driven him to Bedlam. Hogarth painted some other sets, "The Elections," and "The Four Times of the Day;" but the most celebrated is the "Marriage à la Mode," a set of six pictures.

1. "The Marriage Settlement." The scene is a costly apartment, decorated with pictures; whilst the two fathers are discussing the conditions of the contract, the young man and his *fiancée* are seated in the background on a sofa, with their backs turned to one another; the lady is listening to the gallantries of a young lawyer.

2. "The Earl and his Lady at Home." This is the home of the newly-married couple at the breakfast hour. There are traces in the room of nocturnal revels and gambling. Near the breakfast table the Earl is lounging in his chair, his hands in his pockets, as if too tired to care about anything; his wife is yawning wide enough to dislocate her jaws; in the background a servant dozes in a standing posture. A little dog is sniffing at a woman's cap which is half hanging out of the careless husband's pocket.

3. "The Visit to the Quack Doctor." The dissolute invalid is making fun of the quack, and of the procuress, who have deceived him in giving him some poisonous compound. The woman replies with insults and threats. The man more philosophically listens to his reproaches with stoical indifference. The girl who is the cause of the scene abandons herself to tears in a corner.

4. "The Countess's Morning Levée." Surrounded by a group of morning visitors, the Countess, seated

on a sofa, gives her attention to an Italian singer and to the lawyer of the first act, who has now become

THE MARRIAGE A LA MODE. IV.—*W. Hogarth.*

her lover. In the foreground a little negress, who is sitting on the floor taking out of a basket some artistic

curiosities, laughs and points with her finger to the horns of a statuette of Actæon.

5. "The Duel and the Death of the Earl." The Earl, informed of his wife's infidelity, takes her and her lover by surprise in a house of bad repute. A duel follows, in which the Earl is killed. Whilst the lawyer escapes by the window, the wife implores her husband for mercy. The room is lighted by a fire not seen in the picture, and by the lantern of the constables who have been attracted by the noise.

6. "The Death of the Countess." The Countess, having learnt from the newspapers that her lover has undergone capital punishment, poisons herself with laudanum. The scene is at her father's house in a room overlooking the Thames. Observing that the unfortunate woman is at the point of death, her father carefully withdraws her rings from her fingers. Other groups occupy the rest of the picture: an old nurse with the Countess's child, and the apothecary, who reproaches the young servant for having bought the poison. This series of paintings, as dramatic as they are artistic, was executed between 1744 and 1750.

We must not omit to notice the "March to Finchley," a satirical picture of the panic which seized on the Royal Guards sent by King George II. to stop the progress of the Pretender, Charles Edward. Hogarth dedicated it to the King, who directly he saw it, cried, "Do they dare laugh at my soldiers like that? Take it away! take it away, the miserable thing!" Hogarth in a fury struck out the inscription, substituting the words, "*To the King of Prussia!*"

Although wanting in great artistic qualities, in spite of frequent faults of drawing, of a heavy, and,

THE MARRIAGE Á LA MODE. V.—*W. Hogarth.*

for the most part, sombre manner, William Hogarth's pictures rivet one's attention, and once seen it is

difficult to forget them. Their humour, animation, vigour, and bitterness of satire firmly fix in the mind the works of this imperfect painter; but in an artist these are only secondary qualities. Let us add that Hogarth's pictures can be perfectly interpreted by engraving. Now, there is no work of a true master which can undergo such a process without its losing the chief part of its beauty. In the history of French art, we have a painter who has devoted himself a good deal to the study of homely and domestic scenes, which he generally renders in the small dimensions adopted by William Hogarth. Although his humour is not of the same character, it is one peculiar to himself, and attainable by none other. This artist is Chardin. If one had to choose between one of Hogarth's complete works, and a single good picture of Chardin's, no one would hesitate to prefer the latter, for he could get an engraving of the English painter which would answer every purpose.

In England, however, they go so far as to compare Hogarth to Shakespeare, the poet, the painter of all that is splendid, all that is beautiful, the illustrator of every feeling, from the humblest to the most sublime.

"Which is your favourite book?" asked somebody one day of the humorist Charles Lamb. "Shakespeare," replied he. "And next?" "Hogarth."

So greatly did Lamb exalt the moral element in Hogarth to the detriment of the artistic. I prefer the opinion of Horace Walpole, who, however, was not one of Hogarth's friends:—

"The Rake's levée, the Earl's dining-room in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' the apartments of the

THE MARRIAGE À LA MODE. VI.—*W. Hogarth.*

husband and wife, the drawing-room and bedroom, and twenty other pictures, are the truest representa-

tions that we shall have for a hundred years to come of our style of living." And he was right.

Hogarth is, then, essentially a moralist painter. Reynolds and Gainsborough, on the contrary, his contemporaries in art, although his juniors by twenty years, are artists in the true sense of the word.

It would be difficult to find another example of two artists apparently so alike, and yet in reality so dissimilar when one studies them carefully. They were born about the same time, and led very similar lives. They trod the same path, side by side, each one courted and fêted by the English aristocracy, whose most refined and delicate types they have handed down to posterity, each in his way equally earnest. However, between the two there was a wide gulf, owing to the difference in their bringing up.

It was to his classical studies that JOSHUA REYNOLDS,* the son of a country schoolmaster, owed the bent of his artistic tendencies. Among the woods and fields that surrounded his village, Thomas Gainsborough, on the contrary, open to all nature's impressions, which he eagerly sought after and drank in, owed to his father, who let him run free, the large extent of his artistic talent. And what charming anecdotes

* SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A., historical and portrait painter, was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16th, 1723. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, who was a schoolmaster, intended him for the medical profession; but he early gave proofs of his decided talent for art, and the perusal of Jonathan Richardson's treatises on painting determined positively his vocation. Richardson (1665—1745) was himself a portrait painter, and the pupil of JOHN RILEY (1646—1691). But he is especially known by his literary and artistic critical essays.

there are about him! One day, we are told, he caught, in a very few strokes of the pencil, the exact expression and bold attitude of a young urchin plundering a tree laden with pears, hanging over the garden wall where he—himself but a mere child—was drawing. Another time, it is said, a neighbour, deceived by the life-like appearance, called vehemently to a figure painted by the young artist,

It was in the studio of one of his pupils—also one of his sons-in-law, THOMAS HUDSON (1701—1779)—that Reynolds first studied in London, where he commenced in 1741, but only stayed two years, passing the next three years in Devonport, and returning to London in 1746. In 1749 he went to the Mediterranean with Commodore (afterwards Lord) Keppel, commander of the *Centurion*. After a stay of three years in Italy, Reynolds returned to England, passing through Paris. In 1768 he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in London, and at the same time knighted by King George III. In 1784 he succeeded Allan Ramsay, whose death had left the post vacant, as painter in ordinary to the king. ALLAN RAMSAY (1713—1784), the very literary portrait painter, made four journeys to Rome, and published several political, historical, and literary essays, under the title of "Investigator." Sir Joshua Reynolds died at his house in Leicester Square, February 23rd, 1792, and was interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Burke has said of him: "Sir Joshua Reynolds is the first Englishman who gave an added glory to his country by the exhibition of an elegant art. In his taste, gracefulness, facility, and happy imagination, as in richness and harmony of colouring, he is the equal of the greatest masters in any of the most renowned schools." As President of the Royal Academy, Reynolds wrote fifteen addresses, which have been translated into French by Jansen (1788 and 1806, 2 vols. in 8vo); he also wrote notes on Mason's English translation of the "Art of Painting," by Dufresnoy, on Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, and on a journey in Holland and Flanders which he took in 1781. There is a complete edition of his literary works. The number of his paintings is no less than seven hundred, of which two hundred and fifty were exhibited at the Academy.

who had returned from London, disgusted with the schools and academies, where he had nevertheless learnt the rudiments of his art.

When Gainsborough returned to London much later on, he came straight from Suffolk, out of which he had not travelled, rich in abundant studies from nature, though as yet quite an unknown man, while Reynolds had already visited Spain, the coasts of the Mediterranean, and Italy. After having admired the works of Raphael and Titian, he had, by effort of will, thoroughly analysed and studied them in their separate parts; in the galleries of Rome and Venice he had completed the education which had been commenced on his bench at school with RICHARDSON'S* Treatise on Painting.

And thus Reynolds's talent is a magnificent victory of the will; that of Gainsborough the spontaneous unfolding of a flower accomplishing its natural transition, and ripening into fruit. It was a fruit of an exquisite savour. What Reynolds sets himself to learn, and learns without difficulty, owing to the keen

* JONATHAN RICHARDSON, portrait painter, was born in 1665. He was the pupil of that John Riley (1646—1691) who succeeded Peter Lely in public esteem. John Riley was himself a pupil of Gerard Zoest (1637—1681), imitator of Terburg and Van Dyck, and of Isaac Fuller (1606—1672), who had studied in France under François Perrier, surnamed the Burgundian. Richardson is better known by his books than by his pictures. He wrote "An Essay on the Whole Art of Criticism in relation to Painting" (1719), "An Argument in behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur" (1719), "A Description of some Statues and Bas-reliefs in Italy" (1722), and several pamphlets on the life and works of Milton. He died May 28th, 1745, in his house in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.

intelligence with which he is gifted, Gainsborough in his Suffolk woods imagines, and creates for the satisfaction of his fancy. Thus there is far more to

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

be learnt from the works that Gainsborough has left us, than from the rules laid down in Reynolds's collection of Addresses to the Academy, wise and

instructive though they be. Even when painting the most graceful lady, the most English—in other words, the brightest and freshest—of boys, Reynolds never becomes so lost in his model as to forget the old masters. Take, for examples, "The Scholar," which reminds us of Murillo; the portrait of Mrs. Harley as a Bacchante (a picture known under the title of "Maternal Love"), in which the influence of Leonardo da Vinci is too often shown; and that portrait in the Galerie de l'Ermitage ("Love unloosing the Zone of Beauty"), a replica of that in the National Gallery, in which he mingles his reminiscences of Titian with his own mannerisms. Similar recollections are still more apparent in the allegorical portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and in the picture of Cymon and Iphigenia (a subject from Boccaccio), a feeble reminiscence of Titian.

But it would be unjust to linger too long over these slight defects, which are, indeed, only pointed out that one may put one's finger, so to speak, on the more artificial parts of a talent so thoroughly of an acquired nature. Reynolds is none the less an artist worthy of the highest eulogium, and precisely because he has succeeded in artfully concealing and blending in a unity entirely his own the numerous contributions he has gathered for his palette.

His portraits are true pictures, and it matters little to know the persons whom they represent; they are sufficient of themselves as works of art. Reynolds has the secret of all the characteristic graces of women and children. He renders with

astonishing facility the most fugitive freaks of fashion, giving them the immortal stamp of art. The

LORD HEATHFIELD.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

innocent delight of the mother; the ingenuousness as well as the hidden passion of the maiden; the

astonishment, the naïve awkwardness, the pretty, rebellious, and coaxing ways of the child, with its firm, rosy flesh—of all this he has gathered the charm and extracted the perfume.

It is the same in his dealing with men. Generally his subjects are young, slight, of high family, and, in their lofty elegance of style, in no way belying their claim to aristocratic excellence. He never represents his characters in fixed postures, but in the midst of active life, as if simply interrupted by the artist's arrival. Look at the admirable portrait of Lord Heathfield (No. 3 in the National Gallery). Lord Heathfield (then Lord Elliott), in the full uniform of a Lieutenant-General, is standing bareheaded amidst the smoke of battle; in his hand he holds the heavy key of the fortress of Gibraltar, which is shown in the background of the picture. This is in allusion to the celebrated defence (1779—83), of which he was the hero. The attitude of the General, firm as a rock, the happy idea of the key as an accessory —these are the touches of genius, because they are so perfectly characteristic of the individual. Herein lies the secret of the lasting interest attaching to so many of his works, which are yet only portraits.

But what portraits! And to which could we decide to give the preference? Which one is more attractive than another? Is it the young and noble Marquis of Hastings, so perfectly at ease in his scarlet uniform, his sword at his side, his finger on his lip, in the attitude of one in a doubtful meditation —a sort of indecision just about to terminate and

resolve itself into action ; is it that wild little maiden, or that other, the "Age of Innocence," calmly and

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MATHILDA.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

quietly reposing on the breast of beneficent Nature? or, again, the little Princess Sophia Mathilda, rolling on the greensward of a park with a puppy? Would

it not rather be the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, playfully struggling against the attacks of her little half-clothed daughter, whose destructive hand threatens to disturb the symmetry of her mother's coiffure; or the actress, Kitty Fisher, as Cleopatra, with languishing eyes, *retroussé* nose, and amorous lips, dropping a pearl, with a charming air of coquetry, into a carved goblet, too heavy for her hand; or Mrs. Robinson, the actress at Covent Garden, with whom the Prince of Wales was so violently in love; or the tragedian, Mrs. Siddons? What life and spirit there is in the picture of Lady C. Spencer as an Amazon, with red over and under petticoats, and a white bodice, embroidered with gold and red; the position of the head, spirited, defiant, resolute; the face animated by the chase; the eyes wide open and full of fire; the short, curly hair as wild as a young boy's! With her gloved hand she strokes caressingly the head of her horse, which, but a moment ago, was bounding under his light and charming burden among the trees of the forest, where the noble lady halts for a moment. In fact, among all these female portraits one cannot tell which is the best.

Yes; there is a masterpiece — the picture of Nelly O'Brien, which I have not named before.* I have sought and have seen many others of

* We are truly sorry that we cannot reproduce it. Reynolds has painted the charming Nelly twice at least. Sir Richard Wallace possesses one of these portraits, which is most beautiful, but that which we are now discussing has a still more penetrating intensity of expression.

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Reynolds's pictures—the beautiful portraits that I have just mentioned; "The Exile," a dramatic figure; a "Holy Family," somewhat commonplace—but among all the works of this artist I have found nothing to compare with this marvellous face. In it Reynolds incontestably asserts his claim to rank among the great masters, and if he had never painted but this one picture, he would thereby have certainly acquired a lasting fame.

From the executive point of view the picture shows no sign of weakness; nay, far from it. One remarks with what consummate skill the artist has blended, alternately shaded, and brought into relief, the whites, neutral colours, and reddish tints, of which the picture is exclusively composed. Let me observe, by the way, that Reynolds always avoids using a great number of colours in his paintings; three or four tints—or even less—indefinitely varied and blended, are enough for him; he has a great predilection for red, but in this portrait of Nelly O'Brien he has, in a great measure, denied himself his favourite colour.

This masterpiece of Reynolds, which constitutes his greatest claim to glory, could only have been produced by the hand of an artist who had seen and studied, both in the North and South, so many of the sublime realisations of the great masters in every country where the genius of Art has planted her divine foot. Everything in this excellent painting belongs entirely to Reynolds, or, rather, he has here made his own all the ideas that he has borrowed in his travels, from Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio,

Velazquez, and Rembrandt. But judging impartially this exquisite face, it must be said that, in comparison to any Italian masterpiece, "Nelly O'Brien" is an unhealthy work, produced by a deteriorated mind and a corrupted art. It is the result of an ultra-refined civilisation, forced in the temperature of a hot-house; a creation that Gainsborough, a son of the soil, strengthened by the freshening fragrance of the woods, could never have imagined, and was, fortunately, never able to understand.

GAINSBOROUGH * has also his masterpiece, "The Blue Boy," and other great works which I rank, in order, above those of Reynolds. But how can one possibly resist the powerful and mysterious attraction which holds one spellbound before the Nelly? Gainsborough has only painted a boy; why has he not also painted a woman? Then, no doubt, we should render the full justice due to him, maybe we should rank him with Reynolds, perhaps even consider him the superior.

* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, portrait and landscape painter, was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the spring of 1727. (The date of his birth is unknown, but he was baptised May 14th.) His father, a cloth manufacturer, possessed a small property, which his generous nature and heavy family expenses soon reduced to nothing. The young Thomas, who had no other training than a lonely study of nature, had already given proofs of a true talent for landscape painting, when he came to London scarcely aged fourteen. Having been presented to a French engraver, Gravelot (1699—1773), who made a first stay in London from 1733 to 1745, Gainsborough was taken into his workshop, and set to work at ornamenting the frames of portraits which were sent to be engraved. Then he studied at the Academy of St. Martin's Lane in the studio of the portrait painter FRANCIS HAYMAN (1708—1776), a

Gainsborough, indeed, did not limit himself to rivalling Reynolds in depicting the haughty features of the English aristocracy; he was also a great landscape painter.

In spite of the demands on his time caused by a

bon vivant, one of Hogarth's friends, a member of the St. Martin's Academy, and also of several societies of a less severe character, such as the Beefsteak Club and the Old Meat Market Club. But at the end of four years, weary of the conventional practices to which he was bound down by this most indifferent painter, Gainsborough left his residence at Hatton Garden and returned to his birthplace, in spite of the success which some fine portraits and excellent landscapes had procured him. At the age of nineteen he had married Margaret Burr, a pretty young girl possessing a small fortune of £200 a year. They settled at Ipswich, where Gainsborough's first work was a view of Landguard Fort, which was unfortunately destroyed, but of which there remains an engraving by Thomas Major (1720—1799). Chance led him to Bath, where the country pleased him, and the place seeming to offer greater advantages for the exercise of his double talent for landscape and portraits, he removed his studio there in 1760, and remained there for fourteen years. It was only in 1774 that he returned to London, where he at first lived in his old habitation at Hatton Garden, moving shortly afterwards to Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, his means having increased with his fame. Since 1766 he had been member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and had been elected a Royal Academician at the foundation of the institution (1768). From this time he was looked upon as the rival both of Reynolds in portrait painting and of Wilson in landscapes. It is related on this subject that one day at an Academy dinner Reynolds rose, saying, "I propose a toast to Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest landscape painter of the day." To which Wilson, offended, made the repartee, "Yes, and also the greatest portrait painter." Neither the one nor the other imagined they were so nearly right. Gainsborough was also an ardent musician and an excellent violist. Dr. Wolcott, a good judge, hearing him play one day in a neighbouring room without knowing who was the performer, exclaimed, "Good gracious! that must be Abel," the most skilful violist of that time (1719—1787). "Nobody but he could play the instrument like that!" Gainsborough died August 2nd,

rapidly earned fame, when once he had decided to return to London, and although he was scarcely able to satisfy the orders of his aristocratic clients, Gainsborough never forgot Nature, his earliest teacher. He frequently managed to secure leisure for country rambles. We shall by-and-by study him as a landscape painter, but it may as well here be said that he was the originator, the father, of modern landscape. Contented with the beauties that he discovered in his country home, he studied them in all their simplicity, which was more helpful to him than the finest inventions of academical geometry.

It is well to pay attention to this fact, as showing in what respects Gainsborough as a portrait painter differs from his rival. Their dissimilarities are scarcely perceptible in their results; they are not of the kind which strike every eye, so as to place the artists in antagonism to one another. The talent with which the two were endowed, the family likeness in their models, all of them English, have deceived many superficial observers. Nevertheless, the distinctions between them are fundamental ones, and were produced by the application of principles in direct opposition to one another.

1788, and was buried very simply, according to his wish, in Kew Churchyard. On his tombstone are inscribed merely his name, his age, and the date of his death. However, Reynolds was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral; he visited Gainsborough on his death-bed, and as there had been some coolness in their intercourse, the dying man, wishing to wipe out all trace of it, said, "We shall all go to Heaven, and Van Dyck will be of the party." After Gainsborough's death Reynolds delivered a speech to the Academy on the subject of his rival's talent.

It is by the artifice of a perfected science that Reynolds obtains such striking effects in his portraits. He forged for his own use a complete armoury of weapons, a magazine of rules and well-tried systems, which he had gathered and selected by a careful study of the old masters; he must have so much shadow, so much light; he systematically avoids this or that tint, and by excessive skill in execution he succeeds in concealing his poverty of conception.

Gainsborough, on the other hand, regards his model in the same way as he regards nature. It is the model which, in each new work, furnishes him with fresh artistic ideas. He sees for himself those half tint reflections which Reynolds calculates beforehand. Guided by an inherent dignity and an instinctively correct taste, he never descends, although ever truthful, to the trivialities of Hogarth, who is quite as truthful, but in another way. Hogarth shows off the bad side of his subject to make it all the more open to censure; his portraits, too, although of a striking resemblance, as we are told by contemporary spectators, are exaggerated, repugnant, and, to say the least, vulgar. Gainsborough strove to take in all that was noble and pure in his sitters, and thus, without flattering, he gives to every work produced by his hand a particular character of ideal dignity combined with truthfulness.

He holds himself as far aloof from the skilful trickeries of Reynolds as from the naïve coarseness of Hogarth; he is innately true.

One can now well understand how, without

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*T. Gainsborough.*

denying his talent, pedants of every kind (for there is a pedantry of ugliness) ranked in the second class this man, who was utterly unable to enter into and conform to their æsthetical formulas.

What happened, however? Simply this, that Gainsborough, one day, thoroughly nettled and provoked with Reynolds's exclusive theories, rose from his peaceful retirement, tearing himself away from his favourite pastime (not the composition of lectures and treatises on Art, but the music of which he was so passionately fond), and then the artist, the tranquil admirer of nature, discarding vain words, thoroughly disproved, by the simple force of his brush, the rules so carefully enacted. In one of his lectures to the Academy, Reynolds had laid down the principle that blue cannot be used in a picture as the dominant colour, and also that the most vivid tints ought to be placed in the centre of the painting.

Gainsborough's reply was his celebrated "Blue Boy," by name Master Buttall.

Master Buttall is a nice-looking, well-dressed boy of about fifteen years old, simply placed in a standing posture. His hair and eyes are black, and he has rosy cheeks and lips. Over his left hand, which is supported on his hip, hangs the flap of a light mantle, whilst his right hand, hanging by his side, holds a beaver hat ornamented with a long feather. His handsome costume of light satin consists of a short jacket with slashed sleeves, small-clothes tied at the knees with knots of ribbon, silk stockings, and rosettes on his shoes. With the exception of a muslin

THE "BLUE BOY."—*T. Gainsborough.*

collarette and the slashes on his sleeves, the whole picture is of the same blue, of the shade known as Royal blue.

It is easy thus to enumerate the different articles of dress, but how shall we give an idea of the harmony of the picture! How can we convey to the reader, with any accuracy, its delicacies, the reflections, the high lights, the bright bits of colour, and the soft warm deep shades which, blending together, reduce and modify the intensity of the full colour! How can we show the variety of expedients by which the master has managed his shadows, causing the young figure to stand out from a background of autumnal foliage of russet and green tints, and from a powerful sky full of breeze and movement! One must see and admire the picture, and carry away from it the impression made by a masterpiece. Still, if we really wish to gain some conception of this marvellous work, we are tempted, in spite of the vagueness and perhaps puerility of the idea, to strive to recall the happiest reminiscences of Watteau and Van Dyck, the boldness and perfect grace of Watteau, and the severe elegance of Van Dyck.

One of Gainsborough's most remarkable pictures is his portrait of Mrs. Siddons. The actress, whom Reynolds had already represented in tragic attire, is here depicted in a walking costume of admirable simplicity of colour and effect. Gainsborough's biographical works (for thus may we call his collection of portraits so expressive and characteristic) are numerous, and although we cannot name them all,

there are some that must not be passed over. For example, the picture of a young couple, William Hallett and his wife, strolling together in a garden path, arm-in-arm, so tenderly, that, on the husband's side at least, it is something more and better than politeness; the excellent figures of two young women, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell; the dreamy face of Nancy Parsons, pale and delicate; the beautiful Mrs. Graham;* and lastly, with many others, the lovely and thoughtful Lady Dunstanville, and the divine Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, so charming and so pure, the queen and model of every elegant accomplishment, grace, wit, and beauty. As an artist Gainsborough is not perfect; his drawing is weak and often careless; he generally paints the accessories and drapery with a breadth of style rather in the manner of decorative art, but his colouring seldom fails to be exquisite. Moreover, as a portrait painter, it is to the human countenance that he devotes all his attention; he shows us, not only the model, but the soul of the model, which, like a Divine melody, permeates the whole picture. Lastly, there is observable in most of his portraits an especial charm of pathetic tenderness, a tinge of melancholy which it is difficult to attribute to all the persons that have sat to him. It must be, then, from himself that it emanates, and

* "Mrs. Graham" and the "Blue Boy" have been finely engraved by M. L. Flameng for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. These beautiful engravings that we have here reproduced possess, however, one drawback—the talented engraver has left out the backgrounds, which are so full of character in the original works.

so appears in his portraits as it does in his landscapes. This is the veil through which he looked at all his subjects, just as Reynolds saw everything through science. If one would define exactly the difference between these two masters, one might say that Reynolds was all intelligence and will, Gainsborough all soul and sentiment; the former delights those of refined tastes, the latter charms everybody. Of the two Gainsborough is to be preferred. These two great artists were followed by men of less celebrity—George Romney, John Russell, Sir William Beechey, John Hoppner, and John Opie.

ROMNEY'S* father, who was a cabinet maker, at first took his son to work with himself, but on account of the boy's entreaties, and his undeniable taste for drawing, he placed him, at the age of nineteen, with a portrait painter. This eccentric and unprincipled person was named EDWARD STEELE, and lived at Kendal; he was born about 1730, and had studied in Paris. To him we owe Sterne's portrait. It is said that for some years the master and pupil led the life of travelling artists, that Romney married a young girl who had nursed him when he had fallen

* GEORGE ROMNEY, historical and portrait painter, was born at Dalton-in-Furness, in Lancashire, December 15th, 1734. In 1799 he resolved to return to Kendal to his wife, whom, since he had left her, he had only once seen in 1767. The forgiving woman received him like the Prodigal Son, without a word of reproach, and tended him in his last illness. He died November 15th, 1802, and was buried at his birthplace, Dalton. As he had never exhibited at the Royal Academy, in spite of his success, he was ineligible to become a member. The decided hostility shown him by Sir Joshua Reynolds was no doubt the cause.

MRS. GRAHAM.—*T. Gainsborough.*

ill, but soon deserted her, and rambling about the northern counties painted half-length portraits for two guineas and whole length ones for six. At this work he made £100, £70 of which he gave to his young wife, who had borne him two children, and with the remainder he went to try his fortune in

EMMA LYON AS ALOPE.—*G. Romney.*

London, where he arrived in 1762. His historical pictures procured him his first successes at the Society of Arts, such as "The Death of General Wolfe," which must not be confounded with B. West's celebrated picture, and "The Death of King Edward"; but

he again went to work at portraits, and prospering

MRS. ROBINSON.—*G. Romney.*

in this line, took a journey to Italy in 1733 with the

miniature painter OZIAS HUMPHREY (1742—1810). On his return to London in 1775, he shared the public favour with Reynolds and Gainsborough. In spite of his indifferent education, he retained his ambition for high forms of art. His favourite subject was Emma Lyon, a professional model, who after a life of adventure became the wife of Sir William Hamilton. Emma Lyon was the model for his Magdalens, Sapphos, St. Cecilias, and Bacchantes. When the engraver, Alderman Boydell (1719—1804), undertook his Shakespeare Gallery, he asked Romney to paint the shipwreck scene in the *Tempest*. George Romney's best work is his pretty "Reading Girl, named Serena;" his most dramatic picture (in fact, too melodramatic) is his "Child Shakespeare."

JOHN RUSSELL* was a pupil of FRANCIS COTES, R.A., portrait painter in oils and in pastel (1725—1770), who was himself a pupil of GEORGE KNAPTON (1698—1778). He took the prize in 1759 at the Society of Arts in London, to which he had come at the age of fifteen. John Russell generally worked in pastel. He painted the portraits of George III., the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. An interesting specimen of his

* JOHN RUSSELL, R.A., portrait painter, was born in April, 1744, at Guildford, in Surrey, where his father was a printer. He exhibited for the first time at the Spring Gardens Gallery in 1768, was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1772, and an Academician in 1788. In 1776 he published a work on "Elementary Chalk-colouring." His tastes led him to astronomical studies, and he invented an instrument for showing some lunar phenomena, for which he procured a patent in 1797. He died of typhoid fever, April 20th, 1806, and was buried in Trinity Church, Guildford.

work, "The Child and the Cherries," was bequeathed to the Louvre in 1869 by Mr. Henry Vickery.

WILLIAM BEECHEY,* at the age of nineteen, left the notary's office at Stowe in Gloucestershire, where his parents had placed him, in order to be articled to a solicitor in London. As a matter of fact, he went to the Royal Academy School, and soon made himself a great name as portrait painter. The National Gallery possesses only one of Beechey's works, the portrait of the sculptor, Joseph Nollekens (1737—1823). In 1881 the periodical *L'Art* gave a more important work of Beechey's to the Louvre. It is a double portrait, called "Brother and Sister," two children standing in a park. This portrait, executed in the showy style of the time, does not possess the

* SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A., portrait painter, was born December 12th, 1753, at Burford, in Oxfordshire. In 1793 he was elected Associate of the Academy, and was nominated portrait painter to Queen Charlotte the same year, and Academician in 1798, after painting his great equestrian portrait of George III., with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Sir W. Faucett, and Goldsworthy reviewing the 3rd and 10th Regiments of Dragoons in Hyde Park. It was on the achievement of this picture, which has been recently placed in Hampton Court, that he was knighted. Before him Reynolds had been the only artist of the Academy who had received this honour, which had been refused by Benjamin West. Sir William died at Hampstead, January 28th, 1839, in his eighty-sixth year. No other painter has ever sent so many pictures to the Royal Academy. In sixty-four years he exhibited 362 portraits.

Sir William had a son, George D. Beechey, also a portrait painter, who exhibited in London from 1817 to 1828 without any great success. He then went to Calcutta, settled at Lucknow, and was official painter at the Court of the King of Oude. It is said that he was living in 1855, but that he was killed two years later during the Indian Mutiny.

dignified elegance of the Reynolds and Gains-

BROTHER AND SISTER.—*Sir W. Beechey.*

boroughs, but it is painted with a simple grace, and

in warm and lively colouring. JOHN HOPPNER'S* portraits of women and children are especially worthy of remark. His execution was brilliant and rapid, but unfortunately the bad quality of the pigments that he employed has too often impaired the tints of his pictures. The same may be said of many of the English paintings of the same period. Some years ago, in a public sale in Paris, we saw one of Hoppner's pictures, a portrait of a young lady. It has often happened that the artist has exaggerated certain of Reynolds's peculiarities, his affectations, his odd effects in clare-obscure, his violent contrasts of light and shade. In this portrait there was nothing of the sort. The work was quiet, refined, bright, of a very elegant style, and as simple as it was elegant.

* JOHN HOPPNER, portrait painter, was born at Whitechapel, April 4th, 1768. His mother, a German, was attached to the Court as lady-in-waiting. At first he was a choir-boy in the Royal Chapel, but he soon showed greater taste for painting than for music, and the king, having granted him a small pension, he was sent to the Academy School in 1775. At the age of twenty-two he carried off the gold medal, and married Miss Wright, whose mother, Mrs. Patience Wright (1725—1786), had gained a certain celebrity for her portraits modelled in wax. Patronised by the Prince of Wales, he soon became one of the fashionable painters for the aristocracy, in company with Sir Thomas Lawrence, who thought highly of him, and did him the honour to regard him in the light of a serious rival. In 1793 he was elected Associate, and in 1795 Member of the Academy, where he exhibited 166 works. He died January 23rd, 1816, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Chapel, Hampstead Road. In 1803 he published a collection of portraits of ladies of rank and fashion, and in 1806 some Eastern poems translated into English verse. His son, Lascelles Hoppner, also an artist, painted historical and genre pictures with equal facility. "The Market-place at Seville" ought to be particularly mentioned.

The youthful charms of the sweet-looking child had disarmed the artist. For the subject as well as for the intelligence which has made the whole so harmonious, this portrait ought to be looked on as one of Hoppner's best.

In 1786 JOHN OPIE* exhibited three important

THE MURDER OF DAVID RIZZIO.—*J. Opie.*

pictures, "The Assassination of James I. of Scotland," "A Sleeping Nymph," and a "Cupid stealing a Kiss." The next year followed "The Murder of David Rizzio."

* JOHN OPIE, R.A., historical and portrait painter, the son of a decent carpenter, was born in May, 1761, at St. Agnes, near Truro. His mother secretly encouraged his taste for art. The rapid progress that he made enabled him to make a living by his talent in travelling about the neighbourhood. Dr. Wolcott (the pamphleteer Peter Pindar) passing through Truro, noticed the young artist, took a fancy to him,

It was on this occasion that he was elected associate of the Academy, after which time he exclusively painted portraits. John Opie has no great feeling for beauty. The female portrait given to the Louvre by *L'Art* in 1881 is an excellent example of his work as a portrait painter. It is a large, ponderous, unpretentious painting, and though wanting in delicacy and charm, its decided air of faithfulness and realistic appearance shows a powerful hand. John Opie's talent was very suitable for portraying the Saxon type of beauty, florid and massive.

LAWRENCE* is the last of the English portrait painters who devoted themselves to the aristocracy of their country. At the age of twenty he had already gained renown, and in 1792 he succeeded Reynolds, his master, in the honorary post of First Painter to the King. Lawrence is an attenuated Reynolds; like

and brought him to London, on the condition of sharing with him the produce of his works. He introduced him to a circle of friends, who gave him the name of the Cornish Wonder. John Opie first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1782. At the expiration of his arrangement with Dr. Wolcott he married a woman who was unfaithful to him, and from whom he was divorced in 1796. He was married a second time. This was to the virtuous and lovely Amelia Alderson, who proved a devoted wife. John Opie died April 9th, 1807, and was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of Reynolds. A month before his death he published four lectures, which, as professor, he had read to the Academy—on drawing, composition, clare-obscure, and colouring.

* SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., portrait painter, was born May 4th, 1769, at Bristol. We will here repeat exactly what we find in his biography, as in the commencement of that of all other artists: "He early showed a marked talent for drawing." His father, a clergyman's son, was first the innkeeper of the "White Lion" at Bristol, and then of the "Black Bear" at Devizes; in succession he lived at

him, only in a greater degree, he effects his work by artifice. He manages to conceal his numerous defects, and admirably feigns the most splendid qualities. He

Oxford, Weymouth, and Bath. In this unsettled existence young Lawrence received very little education; he was at school for two years, and had also some French lessons. As a child he delighted in drawing crayon portraits of the frequenters of the "White Lion" and "Black Bear." At Bath he was encouraged and advised by an old historical painter and a member of the Academy named WILLIAM HOARE (1706—1792). Lawrence was scarcely aged seventeen when, having commenced oils, he carried off the Society of Arts prize—a silver pallet. In 1787 he accompanied his family to London, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. He soon gained the public avour, and that of the Royal Family as well, for among thirteen portraits that he exhibited in 1790, two were those of the Queen and Princess Amelia. At the age of twenty-two he was made first painter to the king in the place of Reynolds, whose death had left the post vacant. A year before this time, although he had not arrived at the eligible age (twenty-four years), he had been elected Associate of the Academy. It was at this time that he painted the portraits of the king and queen, which Lord Macartney offered to the Emperor of China. Made Academician in 1794, his fame increased daily; all the honours and emoluments of his profession, in which he held the highest place, fell to his share, when a circumstance occurred regarding himself which essened very considerably during some time his orders for female portraits. The Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, who lived separately from her husband, having summoned Lawrence to paint her likeness, she was imprudent enough to invite him to stay at her residence, Montague House. This became a subject of scandal. However, in the investigation which was made later for the divorce, there was not the slightest allusion made to Lawrence. In 1814 the artist made a short stay in Paris, where he went with the intention of becom- ng acquainted with the Louvre, but he was very soon recalled by the Prince Regent, who until then had never employed him, but who now ordered him to paint the portraits of the eminent statesmen and military men whose efforts had contributed to the re-establishment of the Bourbons; the prince wished to form a commemorative gallery of them at Windsor. It happened that just at this time some of the subjects for this work were in London. In 1815 Lawrence was knighted

cannot draw well, yet his subjects are life-like; his colouring is not good, yet his faces have a certain harmonious brilliancy. He never understood either power or truth. He is tricky everywhere and on every occasion. Simple beauty has no charm for him. He wants to depict an elegant and stylish woman, and he paints her in washy blue and pink colours, without depth, and utterly unsubstantial. And the woman thus travestied turns out charming.

He worships the fashions in dress. Furbelows, furs, velvets, long or short waists, the hair worn more or less high, fillets or turbans, these are the things that especially attract his attention. Utterly unlike Reynolds or Gainsborough, particularly the latter, who, although never giving in to any freak of fashion, yet so quickly and always found some safe means to represent it by which it might be divested of its ephemeral character, Sir Thomas Lawrence himself

by the Regent. Three years later he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, then to Vienna and Rome, in order to complete his work for the prince, and after travelling for eighteen months, during which time he visited the principal towns of Italy, the artist returned to England. He was now unanimously elected President of the Academy in the place of Benjamin West, who had died during his absence. From 1787 until his death Lawrence sent 311 pictures to the Academy exhibitions. He died January 7th, 1830, at his house in Russell Square, and was interred, in great pomp, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Thomas Lawrence had exhibited, in 1824, in Paris at the same time as the landscape painter Constable; he only came, however, for a second time, in 1825, when he painted the portraits of Charles X. and the Dauphin, on which occasion he was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. Besides his portraits, Lawrence painted several historical subjects: Satan, Coriolanus, Rolla, Cato, and Hamlet. This last picture, together with his Satan, he ranked below all his other works.

GEORGE IV.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

sets the fashion; he paints on a canvas that will last for centuries a style of dress, a particular cut of coat, which will only last for a day.

Certainly Lawrence has done some fine works; the portrait of Pius VII., in which he cannot altogether forget David's Pope Pius VII. in the "Coronation;" the portraits of George IV., of Sir William Curtis, of the little Countess of Shaftesbury, and of Lady Dover. They are ingenious, clever, and intelligent, but there is nothing great in them. Take Kemble's portrait as Hamlet, in the cemetery scene ("Alas, poor Yorick!"), which is so highly praised. I have carefully studied it, and am bound to pronounce it painfully stagey and heavily painted; the hands are beautiful, but that is not everything. With what a different comprehension of Shakespeare's genius has our Delacroix several times rendered this singularly poetical subject, of which he was so fond! I can understand Lawrence's enormous success, not so much because he was an attractive painter, in spite of his faults, as because he knew how to place art at the disposal of pretty, vain women, empty-headed, affected coquettes. He possessed a species of genius which I do not at all despise in an artist, but which requires to be ably supported by more solid qualities; he had the skill of depicting grace in dress. At what a remote distance is his celebrated Master Lambton, "The Boy in Red," from Gainsborough's "Blue Boy!" And yet all the people at the Paris Salon in 1824 raved about this melancholy little fellow. It was not worthy of so much mention. Let us, however, give this

English artist credit for having accurately learned his

LADY DOVER.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

own capabilities, and for not having been tempted, in

spite of some efforts, to throw himself into the vague

MASTER LAMBTON.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

difficulties of historical painting. Lawrence will

always interest us and attract our attention, because he has left evidences of his time, his country, and his contemporaries, rather varnished, it is true, but still life-like under their varnish.

The French painter Delacroix, who had known Lawrence in London in 1825, wrote an interesting letter to Th. Silvestre in 1858, in which he gives his judgment of him with the friendliness of youthful reminiscences :—" My impressions of that time would be perhaps rather modified in these days; I should perhaps discover in Lawrence an exaggeration in his manner of producing an effect, savouring too much of the Reynolds school; but his excessive delicacy in drawing, the life that he gives to his female studies, which look as if they would speak to you, give him a kind of superiority, as a portrait painter, over Van Dyke himself, whose admirable figures sit so quietly for their portraits. The brilliancy of the eyes, the half-open mouth, are excellently rendered by Lawrence. He gave me a gracious reception; he was pre-eminently a courteous man, except, indeed, when any one criticised his pictures."

Portrait painting must be considered as the only great style in the English school. I am not speaking only of the most celebrated portraits, for, in a lesser degree, all deserve notice, as, for instance, two that we saw some years ago at Paris. One was a bold, vigorous work of a severe and elevated character, by JACKSON;*

* JOHN JACKSON, R.A., portrait painter, was born at Lastingham, in the north of Yorkshire, May 31st, 1778. He had some trouble to conquer the opposition of his father, who wished him to become a

the other, which I greatly preferred, was a picture of a Greenwich pensioner, by RAEBURN.* It is painted with a wonderfully powerful brush, and treated with a delicacy of rendering and an intelligence which one rarely finds anywhere, especially in English Art.

simple village tailor like himself. In 1804 he came to London and studied at the Academy. He was supported and patronised by Lord Mulgrave, whose portrait he exhibited the following year, and by Sir George Beaumont, R.A., an amateur artist of great talent (1753—1827), who gave him an annual pension of £50, and took him to live in his house until the completion of his education. Many other instances are recorded of this eminent amateur's generosity. Jackson having soon become famous as a portrait painter, was elected Associate in 1815, and Royal Academician in 1817. In 1819 he took a journey to Italy with Sir F. Chantrey; at Rome he painted Canova's portrait, considered one of his best works; that of the celebrated sculptor and designer, JOHN FLAXMAN (1755—1820), painted for Lord Dover; and that of Lady Dover. Jackson's paintings are tasteful in colouring and agreeable in composition. He was twice married, the second time to the sister of JAMES WARD, R.A. (1769—1859), the animal painter and engraver. John Jackson died in his house at St. John's Wood, June 1st, 1831.

* SIR HENRY RAEBURN, portrait painter, was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, March 4th, 1756. He was the son of a manufacturer, but was early left an orphan, and after having received a good education at Heriot School, he was apprenticed, at fifteen years old, to a goldsmith in Edinburgh. His love of art revealed itself in efforts in miniature painting, which his master encouraged, but he lacked the special education necessary for an artist. He was eighteen years old when the portrait painter and engraver, DAVID MARTIN (1736—1798), a pupil of Allan Ramsay (1713—1784), came to live in Edinburgh, and seeing Raeburn's attempts, encouraged and guided him, and allowed him to copy his own works. The *protégé* made rapid strides, and soon entertained a more exalted ambition; one, too, which he was able to realise, for some excellent portraits brought him into notice. He had raised himself by his own efforts, and, fortune favouring him, he married, at the age of twenty-two, a young woman who possessed a little property. Then he went to London, and presented himself, with his works, to Reynolds, who received him kindly, advised him to take a

This portrait is inimitable as a type of an English sailor, clean and scrupulous in his appearance, retaining the fair and fresh complexion of the Saxon race, in spite of the red and bronze colouring caused by sun, wind, and intemperance. The glazy eye, the fiery nose, the mouth, with its modestly sensual delights in tobacco and gin, all these are expressed with wonderful meaning. There are very few painters who have been able to manage with such skill the transitions from shade to half-lights, and from half-lights to full-lights. Raeburn, who lived in Edinburgh, far from the bustle of London, has not yet taken the high rank in the estimation of critics which is due to his great talent, I had almost said genius.

In spite of breadth and truthfulness, a comprehension in the rendering of life, with its realities and elegancies and national customs and manners, all of

journey to Rome, at the same time offering him introductions, and placing his purse at his disposal. Raeburn only accepted the former, and set out for Italy, where he stayed two years. At the end of this time he returned in 1787 to Edinburgh, where he at once took a high standing. He was very little known in London, except to artists, who elected him successively Associate and Royal Academician in 1813 and 1814. He was already President of the Society of Scottish Artists. King George IV., visiting Edinburgh in 1822, honoured him with knighthood, and in the following year, the post having become vacant, elected him "Painter to the King for Scotland." After having suffered reverses of fortune through speculation, he died July 8th, 1823, at a house in the outskirts of Edinburgh. Although a good deal thought of in England, Raeburn's portraits are not appreciated as they ought to be. They are considered bold, characteristic, destinctive, and truthful, but as possessing no interest as works of art. This is not our opinion.

which English portrait painters have shown in their pictures, French artists have no cause to be jealous of

A GREENWICH PENSIONER.—*Sir H. Raeburn.*

them, even in admiring their works. At that period France had been able to boast for a whole century of

splendid triumphs in the noble art of portrait painting.

That which is known to other schools as high art and historical painting has never had any but the most miserable representatives in England. A few unhappy artists have valiantly attempted to engage in the contest, but they have hopelessly come to grief, and have left only melancholy evidences of their bold endeavours. They are a dismal series of bad imitations, without taste or colour, and with scarcely any composition. The most outrageous and, at one time, the most esteemed of these painters, is BENJAMIN WEST.* His first historical pictures were: "Orestes," "The Chastity of Scipio," "Agrippina and the Ashes of Germanicus." He painted this last picture for Dr.

* BENJAMIN WEST, portrait and historical painter, was born October 10th, 1738, at Springfield, Chester, in Pennsylvania (North America). His father, who belonged to an old Quaker family of Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, had emigrated in 1715. The sight of a book of coloured pictures which had been given to him decided young Benjamin's career. He was scarcely nine years old when a Pennsylvanian merchant named Pennington, noticing his pen-and-ink sketches of his little sister in her cradle, took him to Philadelphia, and introduced him to an artist named Williams, whose lessons and conversation were very valuable to him. When he was twenty-two years old, his relations and friends clubbed together to send him to Europe. He passed four years in Rome, Bologna, and Florence, and then came to London, where he arrived in the summer of 1763, and resolved to remain. He sent to Philadelphia for a young American girl to whom he had been engaged when he left America, and married her. Some time after his death, some of his pictures, for which he had been paid 3,000 guineas (about 80,000 francs), were knocked down at a public sale for £10 (250 francs, The Annunciation Vestry's Sale, 1840). Benjamin West died at his residence in Newman Street, March 11th, 1820, at the age of eighty-two years, and was interred at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Drummond, Archbishop of York, who presented it to King George III., whose favourite painter West soon became, and remained so for many years. In 1768 he was made one of the members of the Royal Academy, and at Reynolds's death, in 1792, he was

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.—*B. West.*

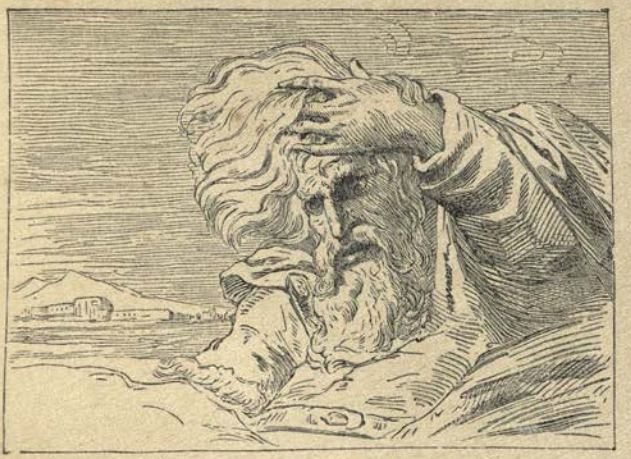
elected President. For two years previously he had been surveyor of paintings to the king, who gave him an order for a series of large religious pictures. The first of this suite is a Christ curing the sick in the Temple. Benjamin West executed about four hundred paintings, including painted sketches. His most popular works are those in which, renouncing the traditions of high art, and the imitations of the

Lombardy school, he gave himself up to representing subjects from contemporary history, "The Battle of la Hogue," "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," and "The Death of General Wolfe." West owed the public favour that he enjoyed during his lifetime entirely to royal patronage. There is not a picture by this honoured President of the Academy that would be received at this day into any private gallery, however mixed it might be.

One must do him the justice of saying that he was bold enough to introduce modern costume into the representation of contemporary history. He was the first to admit it into modern art. His "Death of General Wolfe" is his most praiseworthy work, but even in this quite modern line (not historical painting, but historical genre painting on a large scale) he has been surpassed by COPLEY,* whose "Death of Major Pierson" is infinitely superior. Copley had acquired a certain reputation at Boston. He travelled in Italy in 1774, and on his way passed through London, where he returned for good at the end of the same year.

* JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A., historical and portrait painter, was born July 3rd, 1737, at Boston, North America, where his parents had recently settled. His father was English, and his mother an Irishwoman. He was elected successively Associate and Member of the Royal Academy (1777, 1779). His best works are: "Death of Lord Chatham," "Death of Major Pierson," "Charles I. Ordering the Arrest of Five Members of the House of Commons," "The Coronation of Jane Grey," and a "Resurrection of Our Lord." He died September 9th, 1815, and was buried in the old churchyard of Croydon. His son became Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.

What shall we say of the Anglo-Swiss FUSELI, or Fuesli?* In 1782 he exhibited "The Nightmare" at the Royal Academy, of which institution he became associate in 1788, member in 1790, and professor in 1799. Several of the subjects of his pictures were



AN OLD MAN'S HEAD.—*H. Fuseli.*

* HENRY FUSELI, R.A., historical painter, was born at Zurich, Switzerland, February 7th, 1741, and was the son of a painter. He studied at the college in his native town, then came to England, where, encouraged by Reynolds, he devoted himself to painting. After a journey of some years in Italy he returned to London. He died at Putney Heath, in the county of Surrey, April 16th, 1825, and was interred at St. Paul's. Amongst his works are particularly to be mentioned: "Hubert and Prince Arthur," "Caius Gracchus," "The Grief of Mona," "Death of Cardinal de Beaufort," and "A Scene from *Macbeth*." The best work of this very feeble painter is his "Titania and Bottom," from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

taken from Milton's poems. He published a new edition of "Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters," and translated Lavater's treatise on physiognomy into English.

W. ETTY,* who was brought to London in 1806 by the generosity of one of his uncles, William Etty, of Lombard Street, began his studies at Somerset House. The following year he was introduced to Fuseli, and admitted as an Academy student. As his ambition was to receive lessons from Lawrence, his uncle paid a hundred guineas for his admittance for a year into the celebrated portrait painter's studio. But the master, who was full of other engagements, troubled himself little about his pupil. At the expiration of the time so dearly paid for, Etty studied from nature, and copied the old masters at the British Institution. He was a most assiduous student of the Academy, which treated him with great severity, for year by year the pictures that he sent to the exhibitions were ruthlessly rejected until 1820. In 1822 he visited Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Venice particularly charmed him, and in his autobiography he speaks of it as "Venice, the cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my artist life." Returning to London in 1823, he exhibited "Pandora crowned by the Seasons." This picture caused him

* WILLIAM ETTY, R.A., historical painter, was born at York, March 10th, 1787, of Methodist parents. His father was a miller. In spite of his predilection for drawing, he was apprenticed, in 1798, to a master printer at Hull, named Robert Peeck. He remained there seven long years. Etty died at his birthplace, November 13th, 1849.

to be elected associate of the Royal Academy. He was made a member in 1828. Etty's ambition was to

THE LUTE PLAYER.—*W. Etty.*

be a moralist painter. "In all my works," he wrote, "I have endeavoured to exercise a moral influence on

the public mind. In the 'Battle' I have striven to depict the beauty of mercy; in 'Judith,' patriotism and self-sacrifice to one's country, one's people, and one's God; in 'Benaiah, David's lieutenant,' courage; in 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' resistance to passion, or a Homeric paraphrase on the text, 'The wages of sin is death;' in 'Joan of Arc,' religion, loyalty, and patriotism." His best works are the least assuming and the least moral, as "Youth and Pleasure," "The Lute Player," and "The Duet," in which he shows a pleasing sense of colour.

NORTHCOTE* prided himself on being at once artist, critic, biographer, writer of fables, and brilliant talker. We are only concerned with him here in his character of artist. He has left numerous portraits and pictures of the historical genre species; among others, "The Children of Edward," "Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet," and "The Death of Wat Tyler" for Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. He also laid claim to painting animals better than anybody else.

Benjamin West, Fuseli, W. Etty, and Northcote

* JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., portrait and historical painter, was born at Plymouth, October 22nd, 1746. In 1771, owing to the kindness of Dr. Mudge, he was admitted into Reynolds's studio, and worked with the Academy students. He was elected Associate in 1786, and Academician February 13th, 1787. His death took place at his residence, 39, Argyll Street, where he had lived for fifty years, and he was buried at St. Mary-le-Bow. His friend, William Hazlitt, collected and published his "Memoirs" in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

MORTIMER AND RICHARD PLANTAGENET.—*J. Northcote.*

maintain a violent emulation amongst themselves of exaggerated tints, extravagant gestures, and follies of all sorts. Pray let us pass on. The genre painters whom we are going to study possessed, at least, intelligence; the others are simpletons, only now and then ceasing to be absurd when they free themselves from their solemn trappings and condescend to be natural. Let us return to Hogarth.

Hogarth was a true child of London. The son of a printer's reader, his sad, vagabond childhood was spent in the dark streets of the City. It was there that he saw, quite close to him, the actual aspect of misery; it was there that, still quite young, he studied the people of the town, rough in their games and coarse in their vices, just as later he studied and exposed the more censurable corruption of the higher classes. The manners he depicted were those rather of the London populace than of the people of England. In the same way, but in quite another style, the French designer, Gavarni, is much less a French than a Parisian artist. As a satirical painter, Hogarth stands alone in the English school; in character painting his work has been continued in a manner almost worthy of himself by Smirke, and in David Wilkie he has found a charming successor.

ROBERT SMIRKE* began, like the Frenchman,

* ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A., illustrative designer and genre painter, "the first genre painter of the old English school," says the catalogue

Robert Fleury, by painting carriage panels. Then he came to London, and studied at the Academy, where his pictures were always rejected until 1776, when his "Narcissus" and "The Lady Sabrina," of

BOYHOOD.—*R. Smirke.*

Milton's "Comus," were accepted. He was then aged

of the National Gallery, was born at Wigton, in Cumberland, in 1752, and died at his residence in Osnaburgh Street, January 5th, 1845. He left two sons who were both architects; the second, Sir Robert, R.A. (1780—1867), is the most renowned. It was he who rebuilt the Covent Garden Theatre after the fire of 1809.

thirty-four. He seldom exhibited at the Academy (sending only twenty-five pictures from 1786 to 1813), but he was elected a member in 1793. He preferred to devote his talent to illustrating volumes of English poets, and contributed to Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. His favourite authors are Shakespeare and Cervantes. His diploma picture for the Academy was Don Quixote and Sancho.

Robert Smirke, the artist, has been well summed up by Bryan, who says of his paintings done for engravings :—"On such he seldom bestowed much variety of colour, but was particularly attentive to the chiaroscuro ; the same, indeed, may be said of his larger compositions, in which the deficiency in point of colouring is more conspicuous ; they appear weak. But he made ample amends by the skilful manner in which he arranged his subjects, and by a rich display of humour in his characters, which never degenerated into buffoonery or farce. He was always the gentleman when representing the ridiculous, the affected, or the grotesque. He makes the observer think and smile, but seldom causes him to laugh outright. . . . The manner in which he illustrated the plays of our immortal bard may be seen in the Shakespeare Gallery. . . . Many of his smaller designs for book publications abound with pathos and sentiment. He was a severe critic on his own performances, and was reluctant to exhibit them—two very uncommon qualities in a painter. In common with many others, he regarded with great suspicion a large portion of the *soi-disant* connoisseurs and

admirers of the works of the ancient masters, but not because he was insensible of the real merits of the old works."

It was not, however, the sight of Hogarth's works which determined Wilkie's career. In his youth he was also left much to himself, his family being probably no better off than the poor printer's reader. But what is misery in a large city like London is only poverty in the country; and it was in a Scottish village, under the roof of an agriculturist in a small way in Fifeshire, that David Wilkie came into the world and passed his first years. His father was a Presbyterian minister. It is in contrasting their early childhood that one comes to understand Wilkie's invariable sweetness of disposition and Hogarth's aggressive bitterness.

WILKIE* gave so many proofs of his taste for drawing, that his family sent him, when he was

* SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., genre painter, was born November 18th, 1785, in Fifeshire, at Cults, where his father was minister. After the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie was made Painter-in-Ordinary to the King, who knighted him in 1836. In 1840 he took a journey to the East, passing through Germany, Vienna, and going down the Danube. The month of October he spent at Constantinople, where he painted the Sultan's portrait, after which, travelling by Smyrna and Beyrouth, he arrived at Jerusalem in February, 1841, and spent several months there. He then embarked for Alexandria, but died rather suddenly on board in sight of Gibraltar, June 1st, 1841. His body was buried at sea. His works were engraved by Raimback and Burnet, and Allan Cunningham wrote his biography. His statue, by Samuel Taylor, stands in the lobby of the National Gallery.

fourteen years old, to the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh. The work that he did there during four years was in the grand style, Dianas and Callistos, under the direction of John Graham, R.A., historical painter. On his return to Cults he was struck by the picturesque sight of a rural fair in the neighbourhood, and painted his first picture of village customs, "Pitlessie Fair." Already his work was remarkable for the truth of its local colouring, but its reddish tints are unpleasing, and it is coarsely painted. He sold this picture for £25, and resolved to go and try his fortune in London, where he arrived in May, 1805. A year later Wilkie attracted attention by exhibiting at the Royal Academy his "Village Politicians." From thenceforth his name, already known, became more and more popular, as he exhibited successively "The Blind Fiddler," "The Card Players," "The Rent Day," "The Jew's Harp," "The Cut Finger," "The Wardrobe Ransacked," "The Village Festival," &c. &c. Meanwhile he painted, on commission, "Alfred in the Herdsman's Cottage," which did not add to his fame. He was scarcely aged twenty-four years when he was made Associate of the Royal Academy, of which he became member two years later, in 1811. In 1814 he spent five or six weeks in Paris, but it was not from this first journey that the great change that took place later in his style dates. Between 1811 and 1825 he painted "Blind Man's Buff," "The Letter of Introduction," "Duncan Gray," "Distraining for Rent," "The Rabbit on the Wall," "The Penny Wedding," "The Whisky

Still of Loch Gilphead," "Reading the Will," and "The Chelsea Pensioners," for the Duke of Wellington. From this time (1825) Wilkie completely altered the choice of subjects for his pictures. After travelling on the Continent, and visiting in turn France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, he devoted himself entirely to historical paintings and portraits. He had been greatly impressed by the works of Correggio, Rembrandt, and Velazquez. Wilkie's most celebrated picture in his second style is his "Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation" (1832).

David Wilkie was fifteen years old in 1800, and this is the date of the origin of genre painting in England; it existed then solely in the works of the young Scotsman, even in his digressions from the English system. WILLIAM COLLINS* and some other pleasing artists worthily succeeded him.

William Collins's father, a picture dealer in Great Titchfield Street, was the friend of George Morland, who first took the child as a sort of apprentice, then as a pupil. From 1807 to 1814 Collins studied and exhibited at the Academy, of which he was elected Associate (1814), and member in 1820. He had as patrons, by turns, Mr. Lister Parker, who bought

* WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A., landscape and genre painter, was born in London, September 18th, 1788, and died there of heart disease February 17th, 1847, in Devonport Street, Hyde Park Gardens. He was buried in St. Mary's Churchyard, Paddington. One of his two sons, Charles Allston (1828—1873), was an artist like himself. The second, Wilkie, a literary man, published "A Life of W. Collins" in 1849.

one of his first pictures, "Children playing with a Nest," then Sir Thomas Heathcote, Sir John Leicester, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Robert Peel. In the space of forty years he exhibited 121 pictures at the Academy, amongst others "The Little Fifer," "The Pet Lamb," "The Birdnesters," "The Fishermen's

AS HAPPY AS A KING.—*W Collins.*

Departure," "The Hop Gathering," "As Happy as a King," "Effect of Early Snow," "Haunts of the Seafowl," and a large number of subjects borrowed from Norfolk coast life. Although he had visited Paris (1817), travelled in Belgium and Holland (1828), and lived at Boulogne (1829), his charming and homely style had not suffered any deterioration. But

in 1836, stung in his turn, as Wilkie had been, by the tarantula of high art, he went to Italy, stayed there two years, and was from thenceforth lost to his vocation. In 1840 he exhibited "Our Lord in the midst of the Doctors," and in 1841 "The Disciples at Emmaus," miserable imitations of the worst paintings one can think of in this class of subject. In 1840 he travelled in Germany, and in 1842 in Iceland, fruitlessly seeking new impulses to stimulate his exhausted vein of talent.

I have compared William Collins's talent to that of Wilkie. Like him, he loved popular subjects and scenes of childhood. It ought, however, to be mentioned that Collins generally places his studies in the midst of nature, and so he is a painter of landscape as much as of genre. Most of Wilkie's pictures, on the contrary, represent interiors. Two of Collins's best works are "As Happy as a King," the charming subject of which has been so often taken up by English artists, and "Rustic Civility," an ingenious painting of two children leaning against a stile, who salute an approaching horseman, of whom, however, one sees no more in the picture than the shadow on the ground.

After some attempts at portrait painting, CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE* resolutely set to work at historical genre painting. His first important picture estab-

* CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A., historical and genre painter, was born at Clerkenwell, October 19th, 1794, of American parents, who took him to Philadelphia, United States, in 1799, and intended

lished his reputation. It was a scene from the "Spectator," "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," painted for Mr. Dunlop, exhibited at the

SANCHO PANZA AND THE DUCHESS.—*C. R. Leslie.*

Academy in 1819, and of which a replica was ordered by the Marquis of Lansdowne. In 1821 he exhibited

he should enter the book trade. On his return to England, however, in 1811, he became an Academy student, and received instruction from WASHINGTON ALLSTON (A.R.A., historical painter, 1779—1834), and from Benjamin West, both Americans. He died May 5th, 1859. In 1845 he published "Memoirs of John Constable, R.A.," and in 1855 a handbook for young painters. He also left notes of which Mr. Tom Taylor made use in editing "Reynolds's Life."

"May Day in the Reign of Elizabeth," the subject of which was taken from Albion's "England," by Warner. The same year Leslie was elected Associate

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."—*C. R. Leslie.*

of the Academy, and, in 1826, a member of that august institution. The preceding year he had painted for Lord Egremont the celebrated picture, "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," of which a replica, slightly altered, belongs to the National Gallery. In 1827 he exhibited "Lady Jane Grey accepting the Crown;" in 1829, "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies;" in 1831, "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN.—*C. R. Leslie*

"The Dinner at Mr. Page's House," and "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," a scene from "Tristram Shandy;" it is said that Bannister the actor sat for Uncle Toby.

Every one knows the charming scene. "'I protest, Madam,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.' 'Is it not in the white?' said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil." This is Leslie's *chef-d'œuvre*, a masterpiece of observation, good humour, and fun. In 1833 he was nominated Professor of Drawing to the Westpoint Military Academy in New York, but after residing there for some months, he gave in his resignation and returned to London, after which he regularly exhibited at the Academy. Among his principal works must be mentioned the principal characters in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1838; "Sancho Panza," 1844; "Catherine and Capucius," a scene from *Henry VIII.*, 1850; and in 1854 "The Rape of the Lock." Leslie is pre-eminently an illustrator. He becomes inspired by Shakespeare, Cervantes, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Molière, and represents them with great intelligence. In 1838, however, he was ordered to paint "The Queen's Coronation;" and in 1841, "The Baptism of the Princess Royal."

NEWTON* was the son of an English officer, who

* GILBERT STUART NEWTON, R.A., historical genre painter, was born September 2nd, 1795, at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. He died August 5th, 1835, and was buried at Wimbledon.

was obliged to leave Boston because of its occupation

YORICK AND THE GRIZETTE.—*G. S. Newton.*

by General Washington's troops. One of his uncles, Gilbert Stuart, was a portrait painter, and the child

inherited his taste for art, and opposed his widowed mother's desire to put him into some trade. In 1817 he visited Italy, and there met his countryman Leslie, who took him with him to England, travelling through Brussels and Antwerp. On his arrival in London, he studied at the Royal Academy. His first attempts were portraits; but in 1823 he commenced genre painting with a "Don Quixote in his Study," and exhibited successively "M. de Pourceaugnac" in 1824; "Captain Macheath scolded by Polly and Lucy" in 1826; "The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his wife to Olivia Primrose," a very good picture, in 1828. The same year he became Associate of the Academy; after which his best works were: "Yorick and the Grisette," the pretty glove scene in the "Sentimental Journey;" "Shylock and Jessica," "Abbot Boniface," 1830; "Portia and Bassanio," and "Cordelia and the Doctor," 1831, which caused him to be elected Academician in 1832. In this year he went to America and was married. But even during the journey the first symptoms of insanity appeared; however, he returned to London with his wife, and exhibited, in 1833, "Abelard in his Study;" but his madness becoming more pronounced, he was obliged to be placed in a lunatic asylum at Chelsea.

MULREADY,* who had thoroughly studied Latin

* WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A., genre painter, was born at Ennis, in the county of Clare, some say on the 1st, others on the 30th, of April, 1786. His father, who made leather breeches, went to live in Dublin soon after his son's birth, and to London two or three years

under a Catholic priest, was admitted as an Academy student at the age of fifteen. From 1807 he became known by illustrating children's penny books: "The Butterfly's Ball," "The Grasshopper's Feast," "The Lion's Masquerade," "The Peacock," "The Lion's Ball." The following year he illustrated "The Elephant's Ball," "The Lobster's Journey to Brazil," "The Cats' Concert," "The Fishes' Festival," "A Soirée at Mrs. Grimalkin's," "The Jackdaw at Home," "The Lion's Parliament," "The Water-King's Entertainment," and in 1809 "Think before you Speak." But these pretty fancies did not cause him to forget the more serious aim of art. He married, very young (at the age of seventeen), the sister of the water-colour painter John Varley (1778—1842), and the following year he exhibited two landscapes at the Academy, "Kirkstall Abbey" and "A Cottage in Knaresborough, Yorkshire;" in 1805 and 1806 some other Yorkshire scenes; in 1807, at the British Institution, his first figure subject, "Old Caspar;" and the same year, at the Academy, "Old Houses at

later. Mulready died July 7th, 1863, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. No painter, with the exception perhaps of Turner, is better represented in the London national collections. This is owing to the liberal Sheepshanks and Vernon legacies, the first of which comprises thirty of his pictures, and the latter four of his most important ones. After Wilkie, Mulready is the most celebrated genre painter of the English school. It may be remembered what a very great success was gained by nine of his pictures at our Universal Exhibition of 1855. Mulready left a son, born in 1805 (the second), whose Christian name is also William, and who was his father's pupil. There are two pictures by WILLIAM MULREADY, JUN., at Kensington. They must not be mistaken.

Lambeth," and "The Battle." It was at this period that he made a careful study of the Dutch masters, and in 1809 he exhibited two important works, one at the British Institution and the other at the Academy. The former, "A Carpenter's Shop and

CHOOSING THE WEDDING-GOWN.—*W. Mulready.*

Kitchen," is a pretty scene of homely life; the other, which made his name, is now placed in the National Gallery, under the title of "Fair Time." He was then aged twenty-four. He had now discovered his special line, and continued to exercise it with brilliant success until his death. Mulready's works are numerous.

We must limit ourselves to mentioning the most

CROSSING THE FORD.—*W. Mulready.*

celebrated: "Idle Boys," "The Fight Interrupted," "The Young Brother," "Crossing the Ford," "The

Butt," "Giving a Bite," "First Love," "Choosing the Wedding-gown," "The Wolf and the Lamb," "The Whistonian Controversy," "The Toy Seller." We must also mention "The Seven Ages," an inartistic subject, it must be owned, the original design of which served as frontispiece to the Shakespeare illustrations published by Van Voorst. The painter here represents human life in its usual contrasts: work and pleasure, riches and poverty, youth and age, infirmity and health, ugliness and beauty, liberty and captivity, &c. Mulready, in addition to his profound knowledge of children, also possessed good taste in his dramatic arrangements, which are simple, clear, and effective. He is superior to most of his rivals in his correct drawing and good colouring. He worked all through his life. Two days before his death he was drawing from nature at the Academy.

HURLSTONE,* born in London in 1800, was admitted to the Royal Academy School in 1820. He also had lessons of Sir William Beechey and of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1821 he exhibited "Le Malade Imaginaire;" in 1822 "The Prodigal Son;" in 1824 "The Archangel Michael and Satan contending for the Body of Moses." The same year he exhibited at the Society of British Artists, which

* FREDERICK YEATES HURLSTONE, historical and genre painter, was great-nephew of the portrait painter, Richard Hurlstone. His father, a rich man, was part-owner of the *Morning Chronicle*. Hurlstone died June 10th, 1869, and was buried in the Norwood Cemetery.

had been newly founded, and of which he had been elected President in 1835. From 1850 to 1851 he travelled in Spain, and visited Morocco in 1854. His best pictures date from this period. He also made several journeys to Italy, and won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition Universelle in 1855, but he never became a member of the Royal Academy. He was, indeed, one of the most strenuous opponents of the institution at the time of the Parliamentary inquiry to which it gave rise in 1835. We may mention among his most celebrated pictures: "Armida," "Eros," "Constance and Arthur," "Boabdil on the Morning of the Fall of Granada," "Monks of the Convent of St. Isidore," "Christopher Columbus at the Convent of La Rabida," "The Game of Morra," "Mazeppa."

W. Collins, Charles Leslie, Newton, and Hurlstone are second-class artists, intelligent observers, who all painted either in Wilkie's first or second style. Let us stop for a moment, after this digression, to examine his first style.

This, which is his only good style, is unfortunately but badly represented in the English galleries. Out of thirteen of Wilkie's pictures exhibited in London in 1862, ten at least belong to the later period of his life, the time of his travels. Until then he had loved to depict the homely scenes of the domestic hearth; little dramas, comical or pathetic incidents of village life, festivals, country dances, peasant games, and social meetings at the tavern. "Art," said he, "only requires to reproduce nature and to seek out truth."

And he was faithful to this idea. He had taken it as his motto when he was quite young, and when he was unacquainted with the ambitions, aspirations, and great principles made sacred by the immortal works of the Southern schools. He had grown up in a village, and it was to the village that his talent

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—*Sir D. Wilkie.*

devoted itself; he painted villagers. Even after having visited the London galleries of old masters, painting seemed to have for him no higher function than that of depicting the customs of his youth, of his schoolmates and playfellows. Art to him simply meant a representation of domestic life. He had not at all an imaginative mind; but he possessed that quality of innocent satire and of quick wit which is called humour. It is this which gives a lively

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.—*Sir D. Wilkie.*

character to his works. "The Village Festival," "Blind Man's Buff," "Village Politicians" (one of his first pictures, made known in France, with many others, by Raimbach's engravings), and "The Parish Beadle," all contain touches of keen and quizzical observation. It is the laughable which inspires him, people's little oddities and eccentricities, but he has no idea of conveying a moral. He laughs at the roguery of it; nothing shocks or incenses him; he views life only from its purely comical side; sombre drama and stately tragedy are to him unexplored regions. Wilkie is one of those happy natures, neither gloomy nor dreamy nor enthusiastic, who have the good sense to think that everything is arranged for the best in the best of possible worlds. Public calamity does not affect him; he lives in the midst of a little group of persons who do not suffer by the fall of empires, and who often hear nothing about national catastrophes until everything is once more in order. The newspaper may be read in those parts, but it is that of last year, and one cannot gt very sad or cry long over ancient history. Wilkie, brought up in the sunlight, in the midst of green fields, is ever smiling. Hogarth lived in a continual fever and fury against the unhealthy life of the city.

Wilkie's long travels in Europe, when he visited Spain, Italy, France, and Flanders, were quite fatal to his talent. Not that he was dazzled by the great masters of a past age. Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian he regarded with the utmost indifference. Poussin only impresses him slightly by the vigour of

his drawing; but Murillo and Velazquez, the realistic painters of other times, and Rembrandt in the North, continue to haunt him on his return by their qualities of force and energy. Even his sincere admiration for Teniers and Van Ostade was powerless to counterbalance this new influence which had enthralled him. And now he copies his note-book, and we have pifferari, contrabandists, and monks, grave subjects in which he loses all his originality: take, for example, "The Confessional." It is the commonplace of modern style, which has been treated with more talent and success by quite second-rate French artists. Of all Wilkie's pictures in his later style, only one is worth remark, "John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation, June 10th, 1559." The French artist, Delacroix, who, on his visit to London in 1825, was received by Wilkie with as much cordiality as it was in his reserved nature to show, wrote this same year to his friend Soulier: "I have been to Mr. Wilkie's, and never, until this moment, have I appreciated him. His finished pictures had always displeased me, but, indeed, his rough sketches and studies are beyond all praise. Like every painter of every age and clime, he persistently spoils all his best ideas. But there is something which pleases me even in this imperfect rendering of beautiful conceptions." In 1858, Delacroix, writing to Th. Silvestre, says again of Wilkie: "One of my most striking reminiscences is his sketch of John Knox preaching. He has since painted a picture from it, which they tell me is greatly inferior

to this sketch. On seeing him I suffered myself to say, with truly French impetuosity, 'that Apollo himself, if he took up the brush, could not help spoiling it in attempting to finish it.' I saw him again some years afterwards in Paris. He came to see me to show me some drawings that he had brought from a long journey in Spain, from whence he had just returned. He seemed to me entirely unsettled by the paintings that he had seen. I wondered that a man with so true a genius, and almost arrived at old age, could be thus influenced by works so different from his own. However, he died shortly afterwards, and in a considerably deranged state of mind, I am told."* Hogarth never left London; this fact explains the completeness of his work, and his British zeal, which never flagged for an instant. And if Hogarth was scarcely a painter, Wilkie was no farther on the road. His pictures, even at his best time, show a great barrenness, a want of manual skill, and no feeling for the artistic beauties of nature. It would seem as though these two artists see with their understanding and not with their eyes. Drawing and colouring are for them a graphic means for manifesting the result of their observations; but certainly it would have been just as pleasant to them, they would have been as well satisfied, to communicate with the crowd by any other expedient, by the theatre, for instance, or by a pamphlet.

What is here said of Hogarth and Wilkie may be

* Letters by EUGÈNE DELACROIX, edited by M. Ph. Burty; A. Quantin, Paris.

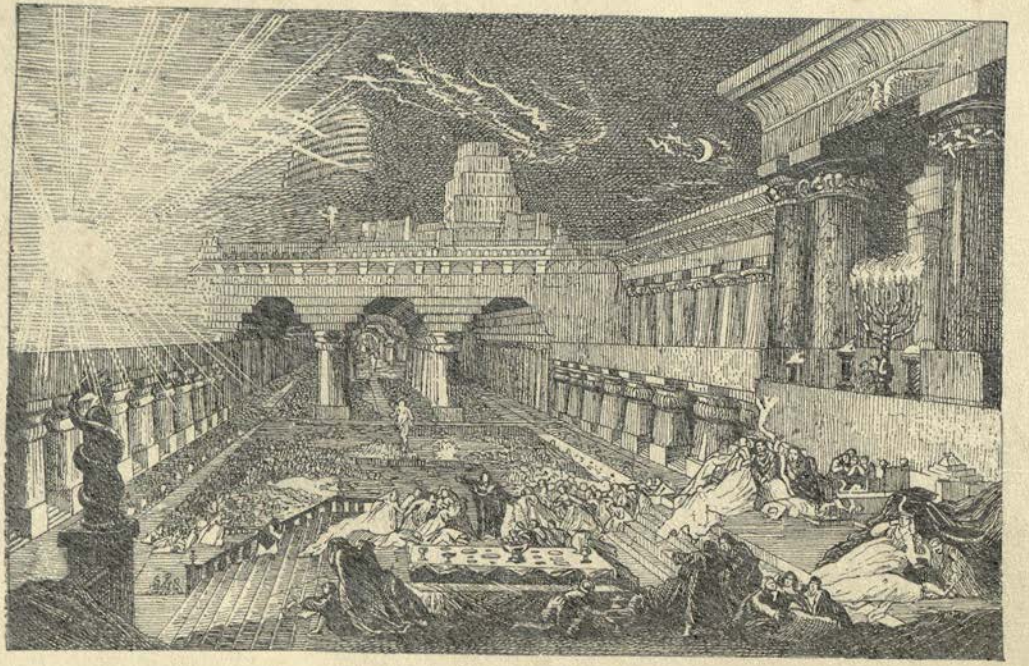
said with equal truth of most of the English artists of the first half of the century; of T. UWINS,* painter of "The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards on the Banks of the Gironde," and of a picture well known by its subject, "The Brigand Hat," in the National Gallery. They care very little about artistic effects; indeed,

THE VINTAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE GIRONDE.—*T. Uwins.*

* THOMAS UWINS, R.A., genre painter, was born in London February 25th, 1782. He at first worked with an engraver named Smith, and then gave up engraving in favour of painting. He studied at the Academy, and began his career as a water-colour painter and illustrator of books. In 1811 he was elected member of the Old Water-Colour Society. He visited the south of France in 1814, and from this time began painting in oils. The five years between 1826 and 1831 he spent in Italy. In 1832 he exhibited "The Interior of a Saint Manufactory at Naples," and was elected Associate of the Academy in the following year, and Academician in 1839. In 1842 the Queen nominated him Surveyor of the Royal Pictures, and in 1847 Guardian of the National Gallery, but he resigned this post in 1856. Uwins died August 25th, 1857, at Staines, where he was buried. He exhibited in all 102 pictures at the Royal Academy.

they only trouble themselves about the moral, or, rather, literary result. This creates an unspeakable blank in their pictures which they would try in vain to conceal. Wilkie's example serves as a warning to those who, in pursuit of an honourable ambition, attempt to struggle against a temperament which does not lend itself naturally to high art. If we required other instances in support of this last assertion, we could mention two men who worked in very different styles, and who are both renowned in England, and even in France, JOHN MARTIN* and Landseer.

* JOHN MARTIN, architectural and landscape painter, was born at Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, in Northumberland, July 10th, 1789. Possessing some taste for drawing, he began by painting armorial bearings at Newcastle. Speaking of himself, he says, "I commenced by painting carriages and china." But his father soon placed him with an Italian named Musso, the father of the miniature and enamel painter, Charles Musso (1779—1824). In 1806 John Martin went to London, where he was married when scarcely aged nineteen. He exhibited his first picture, "Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion," at the Royal Academy in 1812; in 1813, "Adam and Eve;" and in 1814, "Clytie." The latter paintings caused his first rupture with the Academy. After this his principal works were: "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still" (1816), which procured him a £100 prize at the British Institution, and the title of Historical Landscape Painter to Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; "The Deluge," in 1837; "The Death of Moses," in 1838; "The Last Man," after Thomas Campbell, in 1839; "The Eve of the Deluge" and "The Abatement of the Waters," in 1840; "The Plains of Heaven" and "Pandæmonium," in 1841; "The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah," in 1842. His most celebrated works are: "The Fall of Babylon," in 1819; "Belshazzar's Feast," in 1821; and "The Fall of Nineveh," in 1828. He engraved most of his own pictures himself. Among the books that he illustrated may be mentioned "Milton's Paradise Lost" and the Bible. He died February 17th, 1854, in the Isle of Man.



BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.—*J. Martin.*

The former painted that great Biblical scene, "Belshazzar's Feast," which has been rendered so familiar by engraving. Every one knows his enormous perspectives, his numberless massive columns, borne down by the weight of Babylonish erections. The effect in engraving is prodigious; one dreams of these fanciful structures, which are really marvellously striking. The inaccuracy of the figures is forgotten in the grandeur and magnificence of the whole. One regrets to see it only through the frigid medium of an engraving. How much more impressive and astonishing must be the effect of the picture in itself! The sudden gleams, the contrasting lights; the celestial fire which has enkindled a corner of the hall; the pale light of the moon streaming afar off on the enormous terraces; in the gallery the torches and sconces glittering with stars and spangles, triple reflections, intercepted, thrown back, split up by the gold work, the cloth of gold, and the velvets. On such a theme the imagination runs riot, and works itself up until it constructs a fairyland, all the more fanciful for the fear of being less vivid than the reality.

Alas! the dream is preferable. In the presence of this too celebrated picture these splendours vanish hopelessly before a surface of dark yellow, uniform, monotonous, and equally ugly, vulgar, and tame. John Martin saw in spirit these wonderful conceptions, but his eyes had never rejoiced in enchantments of colour, as shown in nature, or reflected from a piece of copper, a brook, a head of hair, a scrap of silk when illuminated in a particular way.

WAR.—*Sir. E. Landseer.*

The great French sculptor, Barye, is, perhaps, of all artists, the only one who surpasses SIR EDWIN LANDSEER* in the language of animals. From the marchioness's poodle to the stags which roam in the

* SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., animal painter, was the third son of the engraver, JOHN LANDSEER (1769—1852). He was born in London, March 7th, 1802. Having been taught by his father and Benjamin Haydon in turn, he was admitted as Royal Academy student. At the age of thirteen he exhibited and gained a prize at the Society of Arts, and two years later at the Academy. Taking advantage of the death of a lion in a menagerie, he carefully studied the animal's anatomy. Although he painted a few portraits, among others those of the Queen and Prince Consort, who treated him with marked favour, it is as animal painter that Sir Edwin belongs to the history of art. He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1826, and Member in 1830. In 1850 the Queen knighted him. He exhibited with equal assiduity at the Academy (173 pictures from 1817 to 1873) and at the British Institution. His most celebrated works are: "The Cat's Paw," 1824; "Highland Music," 1830; "High and Low Life," 1831; "The Falconer," 1832; "Jack in Office," 1833; "Bolton Abbey," 1834; "Bloodhounds Asleep," 1835; "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," 1837; "The Old Dog," 1838; "Van Amburg, the Animal Tamer, and his Menagerie," 1839; "Laying Down the Law," 1840; "Otter and Salmon," 1842; "The Forge," 1844; "The Shepherd's Prayer," 1845; "War" and "Peace," and "Stag at Bay," 1846; "Alexander and Diogenes," 1848; "A Dialogue at Waterloo," 1850; "Titania and Bottom," 1851; "Night" and "Morning," 1853; "Uncle Tom and his Wife," 1857; "The Maid and the Magpie," 1858; "The Taming of the Shrew," 1861; "The Connoisseurs," 1865; "Her Majesty at Osborne," 1867; "Swans Attacked by Eagles," 1869. Sir Edwin Landseer exhibited several times at Paris. In 1855 he won a gold medal at the Exposition Universelle. In 1867 he only sent one picture, "The Horse Tamer," a poor painting, witty and clever, certainly, but unworthy of the artist's name. In it is portrayed a female rider who has thrown herself on the straw of a stable, exhausted; she strokes, with a caressing hand, her horse, which is also lying down half buried in the abundant straw. A lithographical subject, and minutely painted, and with a poverty of treatment which—to express it in studio and theatre

mountainous forests of Scotland, Landseer is acquainted with every kind of animal, as well as with all their different species. He knows them in their most private haunts; he has learnt all the obscure intricacies of their simple brains; he could explain all their actions. Their attitudes and least movements

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.—*Sir E. Landseer.*

possess for him a meaning, a purpose, which he knows how to interpret. But there are some of his works, like those of John Martin and other English artists, of which one must see the engravings and avoid the pictures, for fear of being hopelessly disen-

slang—allows us to see too clearly the pulling of the strings. Most of Sir Edwin's works have been admirably engraved by his brother, Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., by S. Cousins, R.A., and others. He himself etched several of his own compositions. He died October 1st, 1873, and was interred at St. Paul's Cathedral.

chanted; they vanish away under a sort of veil of

SHOEING THE BAY MARE.—*Sir E. Landseer.*

grey dust spread, as if purposely, on the surface of

the picture, which does away with all effect, all relief, and every appearance of life.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.—*C. Landseer.*

When Landseer leaves the parks of princes it is that he may depict some grand hunting scene in

the carefully-preserved roads of a forest domain The stables and dog-kennels to which he introduces the spectator are kept with a refinement of exceptional cleanliness. If there remain the slightest effluvium *sui generis*, it is dispersed by the powerful perfume of some bottle of smelling-salts held in the hand of a fair Amazon.

The chief fault which one is tempted to find with Landseer's talent is that of having given to all his animals, by a skill which is not of very high quality, a look of intelligence which does not belong to them. He gave them a human expression.

And yet (must it be said?) it was to this trick, much more than to the sound and really excellent properties of his art, that his prodigious success and enormous fortune are owing.

It is a law that Fashion invariably allies herself to attractive defects.*

Landseer has a deep sense of animal nature; he intuitively feels it rather than sees it. Now, the first requisite for an artist is to know how to see. Sir Edwin Landseer, in the strict signification of the word, then, is not an artist any more than were, with all their tremendous pretensions, Benjamin West, WILLIAM HILTON,† and two or three other artists, of whom we must say a few words.

* CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A., one of Sir Edwin's brothers, has left some genre pictures, such as "Clarissa Harlowe," which the National Gallery has deemed worthy to receive into its collection.

† WILLIAM HILTON, R.A., historical painter, was born at Lincoln, June 3rd, 1786. His father, a portrait painter, exhibited at

HAYDON* came to London in 1804, and studied at the Academy, where he formed the acquaintance of Jackson and Wilkie. In 1809 he exhibited at the Academy a picture which had great success, "The Murder of Dentatus by his own Soldiers." But he was greatly irritated that it was placed in a small ante-chamber, instead of in the great hall, where two of Wilkie's pictures, "The Cut Finger" and "The Rent Day," were hung. So great was his vexation, that it caused a rupture between him and the Academy for many years, for he did not again exhibit until 1826 or 1827. He returned to Plymouth,

the Academy in 1776 and 1783, and died in 1822. The young William received lessons of an engraver, John Raphael Smith (1752—1812), and in 1800 was received into the Academy school in London. He commenced to exhibit in 1803. He was remarkable for the choice of his subjects, and what one called the taste in his drawing and harmony in his colouring. But. he used badly-prepared paints, and the abuse of the use of bitumen has caused his pictures to suffer much in consequence. Associate in 1813, he was elected Member of the Academy in 1819, and succeeded Henry Thomson, historical and fancy painter (1773—1843), in the post of Keeper in 1827. Hilton died in London, December 30th, 1839. His best pictures are: "The Deliverance of St. Peter," "Sir Calepine Succouring Serena," a subject drawn from Spenser's "Fairy Queen" (1831), "The Massacre of the Innocents" (1838), and "Edith Finding the Body of Harold."

* BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, historical painter, was born January 23rd, 1786, at Plymouth, where his father, who belonged to an old county family, was a bookseller. He was educated at the Plympton Grammar School. His life was remarkably stormy. In 1820 he married, was imprisoned three times for debt, opened a lecture-room, gave some lectures on art, and finished by committing suicide June 22nd, 1846. His lectures on drawing and painting were published in 1844—1846, in 2 vols. in 8vo. He had already edited, in 1842, a treatise on "The Comparative Suitability of Fresco and Oil Painting with regard to the Decoration of the Houses of Parliament."

painted several portraits, and a work of some importance in 1814, "The Judgment of Solomon," which procured him the freedom of the city in his native place. In the same year he went to Paris, in company with Wilkie, and studied the treasures of the Louvre. On his return to England he attempted to enlarge his style. As he would not send his works to the Academy, he opened private exhibitions, of which a few were successful, and others quite failures. His most celebrated picture is "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" (1820). This painting is now in America. Among Haydon's best works must be mentioned "The Raising of Lazarus" (1823); "Xenophon" (1832); "Nero watching the Burning of Rome," and "The Banishment of Aristides." One day, however, Haydon, casting aside all grand subjects, painted a charming picture of London life, representing the New Road, near Marylebone Church, with the traffic of the street, and Punch and Judy, surrounded by a group of passers-by.

Among these men of second rank, MACLISE,* the painter of feudal scenes, deserves particular mention. Admitted as an Academy student in 1825, he won

* DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., historical genre painter, was the son of a retired army officer belonging to an old Scottish family. The exact date of his birth is unknown. Some say it was February 2nd, 1806, others, January 25th, 1811. The latter date has been adopted by the editor of the National Gallery Catalogue. Maclise was born at Cork, and first studied art in the Society of Arts in that town. He visited France several times, in 1830, 1844, and 1855. He died April 25th, 1870, at his residence in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. His memoirs were published in 1871 by his friend Justin O'Driscoll.

the gold medal in 1831, in the competition for historical painting. In 1829 he exhibited a scene from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, "Malvolio and the Countess." In 1833 he sent two pictures, one to the British Institution and one to the Academy. The former was "Mokanna unveiling before Zelica," a scene from "Lalla Rookh;" the other, "All Hallows' Eve in Ireland," which has become one of his best-known works. He was elected Associate in 1835, and Academician in 1840. The latter years of his life were devoted to decorative paintings for the Houses of Parliament, and especially to two great works, representing "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher" at Belle Alliance, after the battle of Waterloo; and "The Death of Nelson" at the battle of Trafalgar, the cartoon of which belongs to the Academy. These may certainly be numbered among the masterpieces of English historical painting. Maclise also left some fine drawings on subjects taken from "The Norman Conquest," Moore's "Irish Melodies," and Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." He also painted several portraits, notably one of Charles Dickens, in 1855.

The Royal Gallery in the Houses of Parliament is adorned by frescoes by Maclise, while the corridors of the Commons and Peers are decorated by E. M. WARD* and C. W. COPE respectively. The latter

* EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, historical genre painter, was born in 1816. He did not lack talent, but unfortunately, from the point of view of *technique*, his painting exhibits all the defects commonly seen in the pictures of his epoch; it is heavy, without solidity, while its colouring is depressingly sombre. He was elected an Academician in 1855, and died in 1879. The subjects of many of his pictures he has

is an honorary Academician, who has won the respect of all, and survives in retirement both his contemporaries, Maclise and E. M. Ward, of whom he was a worthy rival.

STOTHARD,* the

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.—*T. Stothard.*

borrowed from incidents in the French Revolution. Perhaps his most popular work is "Dr. Johnson in the Anteroom of Lord Chesterfield."

* THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., historical genre painter, was born August 17th, 1755, at Long Acre, where his father kept an inn — the "Black Horse." As he was of a delicate constitution he was sent, first to an uncle in Yorkshire, in the village of Acomb, where his education commenced, then to his father's native place, Sutton, near Tadcaster, and finally to Ilford, near London. An Academy student in 1778, and exhibiting every year, he was elected Associate in 1791, Member in 1794, and Librarian in 1812. He died April 27th, 1834, at 28, Newman Street, where he had lived for forty years.

earliest of the historical painters, was fifteen years old on the death of his father, the innkeeper of the "Black Horse." His marked taste for drawing decided his widowed mother to apprentice her son to a designer of figured silks; but the young man, not finding sufficient scope for his energy, took to illustrating books for publishers, an occupation much more in accordance with his tastes. His success was great. Stothard's first unimportant illustrations were done for the "Town and Country Magazine," "Bell's British Poets," and the "Novelists' Magazine," of which the editor, Mr. Harrison, was his first patron. His most popular work is "The Procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims" (1817), engraved by the brothers Schiavonetti and James Heath. His chief painting is a huge work, "Intemperance," executed for the staircase of the Marquis of Exeter's residence at Burleigh. The idea of this painter was elegance, which he exaggerated into insipidity.

The dreamer, JAMES BARRY,* was the founder of the Utopian historical school in England,

* JAMES BARRY, R.A., historical painter, was born at Cork, October 11th, 1741, and went to Dublin in 1763, where he exhibited at the Society of Arts, "The Conversion and Baptism of one of the Kings of Leinster." This picture, taken from a legend of St. Patrick, procured him the generous patronage of Edmund Burke, who first brought him to London, and then, paying all his expenses, sent him to study in Italy during five years. He returned from Rome in 1770, was elected Associate in 1772, and Academician in 1773. He died in misery, just as his friends of the Adelphi, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Buchan, were about to settle on him a pension for life. His death took place February 22nd, 1806, in Castle Street, Oxford Street, and he was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.

the first of its Michael Angelos in plaster cast. In March, 1777, the Society of Arts accepted his proposition to paint six immense subjects in the hall of their large room in the Adelphi, representing Human

MERCURY INVENTING THE LYRE.—*J. Barry.*

Culture: 1. "Orpheus;" 2. "Ceres and Bacchus;" 3. "The Olympic Games;" 4. "Navigation, or Triumph of the Thames;" 5. "The Distribution of Prizes at the Society of Arts;" 6. "Elysium, or Final Retribution." Some of these paintings are 11 feet 6 inches high by 42 feet long. To them he devoted six years of his life. It was on the subject of these

enormous enigmas that he engaged in a furious controversy with his brethren of the Academy. This unsociable lunatic, who imagined himself far above all the greatest Italian masters, managed to convert the English public to his own theory.

At a later period the eyes of the English artists became open to the artistic tameness of their elders; they do not appear, however, to have discovered any inherent defect in the national temperament, but only a want of execution, a failing too long tolerated in the use of the palette. Impressed, as we are at this day by the weary monotony of neutral tints, they wished to strike out a new line, and find some fresh method. In their justifiable horror of bitumen, therefore, they gave themselves up to a perfect glut of colouring. This new epidemic raged from 1850 to 1870. In the pictures of the English school there was then a blinding clash of colour, a strife of incongruous hues; no softening tints, everywhere harsh tones set side by side with unexampled barbarity; blues and greens, violets and yellows, reds and pinks, placed in most cases quite by chance; a gashed face, cut in two equal parts, one side violet, the other straw-coloured; or a pink ground, and a green rock. We shall return to this period presently, but first we must give our attention to the brightest jewel of the ancient English schools, landscape.

CHAPTER II.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE first landscape painter of any importance in the history of English art is RICHARD WILSON.* Before him one or two names might be mentioned, but they have left no serious trace of their influence in the school.

* RICHARD WILSON, R.A., landscape painter, was born August 1st, 1714, at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire, where his father was clergyman. His mother was descended from Lord Chancellor Camden. He received a good classical education, and was then brought to London by Sir George Wynne, who had had the opportunity of proving his taste for drawing, and placed with an obscure portrait painter named Thomas Wright, with whom he remained six years. Until 1749, the time of his first journey to Italy, Wilson was only known as a portrait painter. Some of his first works are to be found in the Garrick Club and in private collections. At Venice he formed the friendship of Zuccarelli, the fashionable landscape painter, and tried his hand in his style. After staying a year in Venice, he visited the principal towns of Italy with one of his countrymen, Th. Locke of Norbury. At Rome he met our Joseph Vernet, who, seeing one of Wilson's landscapes, exchanged it for one of his own pictures, and strongly advised the English artist to continue this art. He also recommended him to his friends. Wilson returned to London in 1755, but it was not until 1760, the year when he exhibited his landscape "Niobe," that he became known. This picture now belongs to the National Gallery. Neither artists nor the public cared for his talent. He was, however, one of the thirty-six members at the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768, and later in 1776 he succeeded the historical painter, Francis Hayman

Richard Wilson was born in 1714; chronologically he comes before Hogarth and Gainsborough. No time could have been more unfavourable for his artistic success than this, for his countrymen, engrossed in Hogarth's essentially English productions, had no eyes for any one else, and indeed Wilson is an English artist only in name. By painting portraits he slowly gathered together a little sum of money, which, in addition to a few loans, enabled him to realise the dream of his youth—a journey to Italy.

(1708—1776), as Librarian to the Academy. He had solicited this post on account of the small salary attached to it, which literally kept him from starvation. It is said that Wilson having made a painting of Sion House for the King, Lord Bute remarked that the price he asked for it (60 guineas) was much too high. Wilson angrily retorted that if the King could not pay the sum all at once he might pay it in instalments. This lost him the royal favour. His naturally irascible temper grew worse under severe trials. He led a miserable existence in a dirty lodging in Tottenham Court Road, in bitter want, and unable to find purchasers for his pictures. So great was his indigence that one day in despair he indignantly asked an historical painter, James Barry, R.A. (1741—1806), if he did not know somebody insane enough to employ a landscape-painter, in which case he entreated to be recommended, as he literally had no work. At the end of his life he came into some property by his brother's death, and went to live in a Welsh village near Llanberis, in Denbighshire, where he died in May, 1782. Wilson's principal works have been admirably engraved by Woollett, particularly: "Phaëton;" "Celadon and Amelia;" "Ceyx and Alcyone;" "Snow Scene"; "Cicero and Two of his Friends at his Villa at Arpinum;" "Solitude;" "Meleager and Atalanta;" "Apollo and the Seasons," and the celebrated "Niobe." The figures in Wilson's landscapes were not all painted by himself; he was often aided by JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, the historical painter, A.R.A. (1741—1779), and Fr. Hayman, already mentioned. His principal pupils were JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A. (1747—1821), and WILLIAM HODGES, R.A. (1744—1797).

At Venice, in Zuccarelli's studio, he found out that his vocation was for landscape. But it was a late discovery, and it is a question if he was not as much influenced by Claude Lorrain's pictures as by the Italian scenery that he had come so far to see. However this may be, there is more talent than originality in his painting; his chief inspiration certainly came from Claude Lorrain and Joseph Vernet. The latter was very intimate with Wilson, and it was he who brought the English artist the few days of success that he ever enjoyed during his life-time in his own country. It was on the faith of Vernet's word that his first pictures were bought, and that he was elected a member on the foundation of the Academy. But he had scarcely returned to London when his painting rapidly fell into disfavour. His academical brothers spared him neither epigrams nor admonitions of a severer character. Wilson remained incorrigible. He was quite bewitched by high art, and could not regard things in a simple light. Like many French painters since, such as Bidauld and Bertin, he sought a false ideal, and, in spite of the undeniable talent of the painter, the fact could not but be apparent to the British mind, already accustomed to Gainsborough's charming natural style. Since Wilson's death there has been a powerful reaction in his favour among his countrymen; his pictures are sold at a high price, and he is generally called the English Claude. This exaggeration is as absurd as the neglect in which he was suffered to remain during his lifetime was unjust. It is hard to understand why

Wilson ever thought of leaving Italy, where he had

MORNING.—*R. Wilson.*

magnificent scenery, his favourite study, constantly before his eyes.

After an absence of five years, devoted to steady work, he returned so laden with studies, designs, and sketches, that when King George III. gave him an order for a view of Kew Gardens, instead of painting the superb reality, he substituted an Italian scene illuminated by a southern sun, and, indeed, it was only by a faint resemblance here and there that it was recognisable as the desired landscape. The king had the cruelty to return the picture to the artist.

But what excuse can one find to justify these theories, which not only authorise, but, under the pretext of idealising, encourage such mystifications? It is not only in England that they had their rise (there they were quickly repressed), but we all know a country where the art-patrons have for a long time countenanced this principle. Wilson always believed that Providence only created nature to serve as a surrounding for Niobe's misfortunes, and that ruins are the most beautiful architecture in the world. I know that he often sheds a transparent light on his distances, but at the same sacrifices that Claude Lorrain himself could not always avoid, skilful as he was in effects of light. The foregrounds are opaque, heavy, and bituminous, whilst large trees with thick black foliage stand on either side. From such a frame, arranged like the dark hall of a diorama, the light shines out brightly and creates some illusion. Suppress the surrounding and the charm disappears. Poor Richard, as his friends called him, doubtless possessed a very valuable talent for execution; his ambition was high but imperfect; he is one of the illustrous victims of the narrow idealism

THE WATERING PLACE.—*T. Gainsborough.*

which raged so long in the French school. He was doomed to succumb fatally in a country which loved the literal representation of itself in Hogarth's pictures, and at the same time admired itself in Gainsborough's. In France Wilson would have been covered with honour and glory.

And now I repeat what I have already said: Gainsborough is the father of English landscape. He proceeded on a contrary plan to that of Wilson. He also painted portraits—we have already considered him in that calling—but first he studied landscape. He did not wait until a spirit from on high should influence him under other skies; he never left his island, and the Suffolk woods always seemed to him the most beautiful in the world. I do not know how Italian scenery might have affected him, but, of a more vigorous mind than Wilkie, of more extensive views than Wilson, I do not doubt but that he would have returned, certainly with ardent admiration, but also true to his talent.

Gainsborough's least landscapes give a very complete idea of his art. In the backgrounds of his portraits, in the "Fisherman's Family," in the "Little Girl and the Jug," and in the "Little Swineherd," one recognises the truthfulness of the landscape painter in the exact harmony between the chief subject and the scenery, and the accuracy with which this is arranged. But his deep knowledge of nature does not show itself in these pictures as clearly as in "The Cottage Door," belonging to the Duke of Westminster. The expression of Gainsborough's landscapes is full of sweetness

and homely charm. There are no grand effects of colouring, the tints are not numerous or brilliant, but harmoniously varied. A cottage half concealed under

THE WATERING PLACE.—*T. Gainsborough.*

luxurious trees, a murmuring brook bordered with weeping willows, a bridge leading towards the open country over which is spread a soft light; on the threshold of the cottage a group of half-clothed children awaiting or taking their breakfast; with them

the young mother nursing her baby—such is "The Cottage Door," a splendid page from J. J. Rousseau or an idyll from Mme. Sand.

The "Landscape with Animals" has a still more decided touch of nature. It is the subject endlessly diversified by the masters of Flemish landscapes. The swift and vivid impression produced by it forms the whole interest. We see how the early morning breeze has swept away the clouds from a bright blue sky; a herd of cows, driven by a rustic, passes by a pond, and clumsily make their way towards a rich pasturage. The warm and moist atmosphere in "The Cottage Door" is of an unparalleled transparency and clearness in this little picture. The artist has given it his finest tints, and an air of perfect serenity, as in his beautiful painting in the National Gallery, "The Watering Place," of which we here give a sketch.

GEORGE MORLAND,* a talented but good-for-

* GEORGE MORLAND, animal and genre painter, was born in the Haymarket, June 26th, 1763. Both his father and grandfather were artists. When he was ten years old some of his drawings were accepted for the Royal Academy Exhibition. He studied by preference the Dutch and Flemish masters, but continued to exhibit from time to time at the Academy. Soon, however, when he became conscious of his powers, he revolted against the trammels with which it fettered him, and recovered his full liberty. Idle, extravagant, a drunkard, and overwhelmed with debts, he married, in 1786, the sister of one of his friends, William Ward, an engraver of merit. Morland's marriage did not reclaim him. Leading a sordid and irregular life, drinking all day long, surrounded by dogs, pigs, birds, and other animals, living in perpetual fear of being imprisoned for debt, and constantly moving in order to avoid being tracked out by his creditors, he nevertheless finished by being arrested in November, 1799. During

nothing fellow, shows also in some of his rustic scenes that charm which never forsakes Gainsborough.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore, in his interesting work,

THE HALTING PLACE.—*G. Morland.*

"Studies in English Art," compares Morland at great length to this celebrated artist. We would not have made such a comparison. It is sufficient for

three years his room was a meeting-place for his worst companions in misfortune. In 1802 he was released as insolvent, but he was soon again sued on the petition of a tavern-keeper. He died October 29th, 1804, in a sponging-house in Eyre Street Hill, Coldbath Fields, and was buried in the new cemetery of St. James's Chapel, Hampstead

George Morland's reputation that he gave a faithful representation of public-house and tavern life. "The Reckoning," at South Kensington, "The Bull's Head Tavern," "The Waggoner's Horse," which was sold in a sale at Paris some years ago, and "The Halting Place," which the periodical *L'Art* offered to the Louvre in 1881 after the sale of the Wilson collection, give the exact extent of the powers of observation and execution which Nature had lavished on this drunkard. Morland was a realistic painter of lively humour. If he often descends to triviality, it is in a playful spirit. His commonplace is always relieved by artistic grace, and the least interesting subject assumes under his careless brush a pointed and singular character which amuses both eye and mind.

JOHN CROME,* "Old" Crome, is one of the truest

Road. His subjects were taken from his own life, his dissolute companions serving as his models. The South Kensington Catalogue gives but few details of his biography; but George Morland's life has been written several times, notably in 1804 by J. Hassel; by his friend, G. Dawe, in 1807; and by Blagdon, with a list of the owners of his works, and twenty coloured engravings, in 1806. William Collins also speaks of him in his "Memoirs of an Artist" (1806).

* JOHN CROME, landscape painter, usually called "Old" Crome, to distinguish him from his eldest son, John Bernay Crome, was born at Norwich, December 21st, 1769. His father was a weaver. He began as a doctor's errand-boy, but yielding to the attraction which coloured objects had for him, he became apprentice to a sign-painter, and began by painting little simple sketches from nature, and then, after a time, picturesque scenes taken from the environs of Norwich, for which he found purchasers. Although he was very poor, ignorant, and by no means good looking, his perseverance, and, to a great extent, his enlightened genius with regard to Nature, which enabled him to fathom

APPROACH TO NORWICH.—*J. Crome.*

and most vigorous landscape painters that we have ever seen. More accurate in drawing than Gainsborough, of a more masculine mind than Morland, brighter in style than Callcott, and a fine painter of sea pieces, Old Crome forcibly engrosses the spectator's attention.

In the autumn he takes his way along roads shaded by trees of copper foliage; he fixes his attention on the "Old Oak," or the "Great Oak," some forest king of Norfolk, sturdy and proud of its powerful branches, its mossy interlacing arms aspiring heavenwards, whilst its gigantic roots grow green in the depths of the damp marshes. The oak, as represented by Old Crome, is a poem vibrating with life.

her secrets, gained him many excellent friends, and he married very young. His wife's sister also married an artist, the landscape painter Robert Ladbrooke. Crome gave drawing lessons, and exerted every effort for the support of his young family, which rapidly increased. A collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures in the neighbourhood, which he was allowed to study, made at first a vivid impression on his mind. I saw at Paris, in 1874, a picture which dates from this period, the "Approach to Norwich." It is true that this work shows a beautiful and true simplicity, and that it is carried out with the utmost sincerity, but yet there seems in it a certain amount of stiffness in the colouring of the trees and of the ground. Nevertheless, the artist, who was to become a master in his turn, already reveals himself by the astonishing faithfulness of the sky, overcast with light clouds, and by the intelligent composition of the foreground. In February, 1803, he gathered the Norwich artists together, and from this first association, formed for the furtherance of study and mutual progress, sprang the Norwich Society of Artists, founded in 1805, of which Old Crome was one of the firmest supporters, and an assiduous exhibitor. He rarely sent pictures to the Royal Academy in London, only about twelve between 1807 and 1818, and these are entirely landscapes, except in 1809, "The Interior of a Forge." He died at Norwich, April 2nd, 1821.

Its enormous branches hardily bent by the sea-wind, send afar off large quantities of leaves reddened by autumn. They cover the ground, and crush down all vegetation near the giant, whose trunk, whitened and knotted by centuries, is reflected, with the pale blue sky, in the clear water of the pond, as in a mirror. By the imposing majesty of his *tout ensemble*, by diversity in detail, by skill and power of expression, Old Crome attains to genius. He recalls to the remembrance all the grand verses inspired by the king of trees in the North, such as Koerner's ode, for instance: "Ancient witness of bygone times; thou art still clothed with the fresh verdure of life; and Antiquity, with its emblems of force and power, lives yet in the imposing grandure of thy foliage. How much that is noble doth time destroy! How much that was beautiful has perished prematurely! And thou, indifferent as thou art to fate, time has at length threatened thee, but I hear from thy trembling branches a voice uttering these accents: 'All that is great triumphs over death!'"

This is very fine, but the effect is assured by the subject; for that reason I am inclined to think that there is more merit in another work, "Mousehold Heath," the simplicity of which is so great that a master alone could have imparted to it any character. It represents a vast slope of pale verdure, which, from a foreground covered with flowering grass and heath, rises rapidly towards the sky. Great golden clouds float on the rounded summit of the hill. There is nothing more. With so little subject as this, Crome

has yet given the truest representation of solitude and stillness. In this plot of ground, which not a breath of wind ruffles, not a sound disturbs, one might imagine oneself as far from the busy town as anywhere in the world. It is the desert in its majesty.

JOHN BERNAY CROME,* his father's pupil, did not inherit the vigour, largeness of style, or wide experience of Old Crome. It was astonishing that studying nature as he did, but from one point of view and generally under the same aspect, he yet managed to give constant variety to his reproductions. I have seen three of his pictures, which are all moonlight scenes on the banks of the Yare. Moonlight, with its shadows and illusions, had for him an especial charm, whether partially obscured by the rapid movement of the clouds, in the "Village on the Yare," or silvering the waters gliding by the wooded shore in "The Banks of the Yare," or again, when accompanied by the evening star, it fills the sky with its soft beams, and we see reflected, as on a sheet of silver, forests, quiet villages, old belfries, mills, and sails asleep on the calm river beneath, "Moonlight."

* JOHN BERNAY CROME, landscape painter, usually called Young Crome, and the eldest son of Old Crome, was born in 1793, and was educated at a free school. Having received instruction in art from his father, he exhibited first at Norwich, and then for the first time at the Royal Academy in London in 1811. In his later life he took up moonlight scenes as a kind of speciality. He was then living at Great Yarmouth, where he died September 15th, 1842. He had a brother who also tried his hand at painting, but gave it up after exhibiting at Norwich without any success.

ROBERT LADBROOKE* once more leads us back

MOONLIGHT.—*J. B. Crome.*

to oaks and heaths. He was co-leader with Old

* ROBERT LADBROOKE, landscape painter, began by being a printer, and then took up art, painting portraits for the small sum of five

Crome in the school at Norwich, and was one of that little group of English artists who preceded Constable, and who were certainly as devoted to nature as he, although they did not possess his boldness of colouring. Their forest scenes and views of Norwich show a deep sense of artistic beauty, and the wonderful effects produced by the fleeting shadows of twilight and evening.

Ladbrooke's "Great Oak" is certainly one of the most wonderful works of its kind we have ever seen. An oak by itself seems scarcely sufficient to constitute a picture, and yet in this painting it is his entire subject. He has thrown into this fervent study so much passion, and so deep and spiritual a feeling, that although the theme is in itself unimportant, the spirit with which the artist has treated it has shed upon it an extraordinary majesty.

I recognise in it the principle which has been

shillings. He lived at Norwich, and formed a friendship with Old Crome, and the two artists married two sisters. Founder of the Norwich Society of Artists, Ladbrooke yet exhibited several times at the Royal Academy of London, views of the surroundings of Norwich and London, and also of North Wales. He died at Norwich, October 11th, 1842, in his sixty-third year. He left three sons who were also landscape painters. The eldest and the youngest, E. Ladbrooke and J. B. Ladbrooke, were not sufficiently important to obtain a place in the history of art. They exhibited at the Academy about 1820. The second son, HENRY LADBROOKE, born April 20th, 1800, was at first intended for the Church, but, in accordance with his father's wishes, gave himself up entirely to the study of art. His works are of a very faithful character, and the colouring is harmonious. His reputation was entirely local, for he appears to have never exhibited at the Academy. He died November 10th, 1870.

since adopted by the English pre-Raphaelites,* but here it is employed with that comprehension of harmony throughout, that maintenance of general effect, which all the old pre-Raphaelites no longer practise, and of which the great Dutch landscape painters gave the first examples. The "Great Oak" is a simple object of nature painted with the detail and passion of a lover. "Mousehold Heath," on the contrary, represents an enormous tract of rough, uncultivated, ground, worn with deep rifts, in which the water that has penetrated from various springs remains standing. Under a clear sky the ground ascends from the extreme edge of the canvas to the horizon by great sweeping lines, only broken by the buildings and trees of a farm, which is situated on one of the uplands, and which appears lost in the wilderness.

Another of these advanced Norwich painters is GEORGE VINCENT,† who, with so much skill, sheds broken and chequered light over undulating ground. This is seen in his picture, "The Norfolk Landscape," with its pretty gipsy-group, which we saw at Paris in 1874, and in his beautiful "Mousehold Heath," already mentioned, with its broad

* Mr. J. E. Millais, for instance, who has turned aside from the path which D. G. Rossetti first induced him to follow.

† GEORGE VINCENT, painter of landscapes and sea pieces, was born at Norwich (the date of his birth is not known), and exhibited at Norwich and London from 1811 to 1830. He was a pupil of Old Crome. His most celebrated work is a view of Greenwich Hospital, which had a place in the London International Exhibition of 1862, and was painted by order of Mr. Carpenter of the National Gallery.

extent of country, its wide sweeps, and its coastguard's box perched on a height like a bird's nest. Then, too, there is J. S. COTMAN,* whose forte consists in painting water and clear skies, as exemplified in his two pictures in the Freeman collection—a sea piece with many sails dotted on the horizon, and "The Market Boat," in which the light from the setting sun gilds, with its last rays, the tops of some sails seen against the clear, calm sky. And, lastly, we have JAMES STARK,† so simple and true to nature in "The Bishop's Bridge," where the steeples and cottages on the shore are seen with a background of fine blue sky slightly obscured by a reddish haze.

And now, after mentioning these names, we must not forget to speak of the liberal-minded BEAUMONT,‡

* JOHN SELL COTMAN, painter of landscapes and sea pieces, the son of a draper, was born at Norwich, June 11th, 1782, and died at London, July 28th, 1842. Besides some excellent pictures and fine water-colour paintings, he has left many beautiful and interesting engravings, particularly "Etchings Illustrating the Architectural Antiquities of Norfolk," "Engravings from Sepulchral Brasses, Norfolk," and "Architectural Antiquities of Normandy." The text of each of these works is by Mr. Dawson Turner.

† JAMES STARK, landscape painter, was born at Norwich in 1794. He was a pupil of Old Crome, and came to London in 1817, where he gained brilliant success. He died there March 24th, 1859.

‡ SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, seventh baronet of the ancient family of Beaumont, of Stoughton Grange, Leicestershire, was born at Dunmow, in Essex, in 1753. He succeeded to the title in 1762, and was sent to Eton and to New College, Oxford. In 1778 he married Margaret Welles, granddaughter of Lord Chief Justice Welles. In 1782 he and Lady Beaumont took a journey to Italy, and it was during this trip that he cultivated the taste he had always possessed for art, and became an artist. He had already received some knowledge of

IBBETSON,* Morland's "ne'er do weel" friend, and NASMYTH,† and CRESWICK.‡

landscape painting from Richard Wilson, and this was the branch that he adopted, but he also had a general taste for all forms of art, and was ever the friend and generous patron of its followers. Sir George represented Beeralston in Parliament in 1790. He died at his residence in Coleorton, Leicestershire, February 7th, 1827, and bequeathed his magnificent collection of pictures to the National Gallery.

* JULIUS-CÆSAR IBBETSON, landscape and figure painter, was born at Masham, in Yorkshire, December 29th, 1759. He entered the world by means of what is known as the "Cæsarean" operation; hence the extraordinary idea of giving him the name of Cæsar. His father was one of the first members of the Moravian Brotherhood in Fulneck, Yorkshire, but his marriage separated him from the Society. Ibbetson commenced as an actor, but from the age of twenty-four he exhibited at the Academy; first, views of London suburbs, then sea pieces and landscapes, in which he introduced castles and figures. He married and became the father of eight children, who all died, and when, in 1794, he lost his wife also, he gave himself up to every sort of irregularity, in company with his friend, G. Morland. His second marriage (1801) did not reclaim him, and he died, sunk in debt and debauchery, October 13th, 1817. He painted in oil and water-colour with equal facility. In 1803 he published the first part of "An Accidence or Gamut of Painting in Oil and Water Colours," which he illustrated himself. The second part never made its appearance, nor yet another promised work, his "Humbuggologia," or collections of satirical anecdotes about picture-dealers, whom he calls serpents, and who, according to his theory, are to living painters as hawks to singing-birds.

† PATRICK NASMYTH, landscape painter, who adopted the name of Patrick, although he had been christened Peter, was the son of ALEXANDER NASMYTH (1758—1840), also a talented landscape painter. Patrick was born at Edinburgh, January 7th, 1787, and came to London at the age of twenty, where his talent was soon appreciated. His first works were views of Scotland; but he subsequently painted by preference the footpaths, hedges, common pasture-grounds, and dwarf oaks of the outskirts of London. He died at Lambeth, August 17th, 1831, and was interred at St. Mary's, where the Scottish artists inhabiting London placed a tombstone to his memory.

‡ THOMAS CRESWICK, R.A., was born at Sheffield in 1811, but

But we must not so lightly pass over SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT.* His representations of sea pieces and coast scenes are remarkable for a solemn calmness which some of his young successors would do well to

came to London very young. As early as possible, in 1828, two of his landscapes were accepted at the Royal Academy. These pictures were Welsh views, and he chose the same subject for many of his subsequent paintings. He became Associate of the Academy in 1842, and Member in 1850. We may mention as specimens of his work: "England" (1847); "Passing Showers" (1849); "The Wind on the Sea-shore" "The First Glimpse of the Sea," and "Old Trees" (1850); "A Mountain Lake," "Moonrise" (1852); and "Clearing up of a Storm" (1865). Creswick's pictures are numerous. His later works are of less vivid colouring than those produced in the earlier part of his industrious life. He had long suffered from heart disease when he died at Bayswater, December 28th, 1869.

* SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT, R.A., landscape painter, who is sometimes called, like Richard Wilson, the English "Claude," was born at Kensington, February 20th, 1779. He at first studied music under Dr. Cooke, and was even choir-boy for some years at Westminster Abbey. It is said that the change in his studies was caused by the vivid admiration he felt for some of Stothard's drawings illustrating "Robinson Crusoe." He commenced studying at the Royal Academy School in 1797, and also took lessons of Hoppner. His first studies were portraits, but he soon devoted himself exclusively to river scenery and British coast landscapes. Although he worked with unusual industry, his execution was not rapid, and from 1813 to 1822 he only exhibited seven pictures at the Academy. He had been elected Associate in 1806 and Academician in 1810. In 1827 he married the widow of Captain Graham, a literary woman of some renown, and in 1830 they took a journey to Italy. An important picture executed in 1837, "Raphael and the Fornarina," in which the figures are life-size, is quite out of his ordinary style. It was on the occasion of this painting that he was knighted by the Queen. The next year appeared another work of the same kind, "Milton and his Daughters." The first of these pictures has been engraved by Lumb Stocks, A.R.A. Callcott died at Kensington, November 25th, 1844, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

imitate. His view of the Thames covered with boats may perhaps be considered his *chef-d'œuvre.* At times he does not paint water with sufficient transparency, but this defect, which is noticeable in some of his pictures, is here turned to good account, and

RETURNING FROM MARKET.—*Sir A. W. Callcott.*

the grey leaden waters of the Thames are admirably represented. In his low tides he often gives clear and luminous effects of light which remind one of BONINGTON.*

* RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON was born at Arnold, a village near Nottingham, October 25th, 1801. He painted figures, landscapes, and sea pieces, and was also a water-colour artist and a lithographer. His grandfather, who was governor of the county prison, was succeeded

In the Louvre catalogue Bonington is mentioned as a French artist. It is true that he spent the greater part of his short life in close connection with French painters of the romantic school, whose struggles and

MILL OF SAINT JOUIN.—*R. P. Bonington.*

successes he shared. It was in the Louvre and in the companionship of Delacroix that he studied

in this duty by his son, whose irregular conduct soon lost him the post. Having already painted as an amateur, he now turned his talent to account by executing portraits and engravings. His wife kept a school. Richard Parkes, their youngest son, was at first divided between his taste for art and his inclination for the stage. In the meantime his father's dissolute conduct and violent political opinions ruined the school, which was the chief support of the family. Bonington, who went to Paris at the age of fifteen, received an entirely French artistic education at the Louvre, at the School of Fine Arts, and in Gros's

MARGARET OF NAVARRE AND FRANCIS I.—*R. P. Bonington.*

the Venetian and Flemish masters, and became acquainted with the laws by which they effected their colouring and rendering. But to his origin we may attribute his aristocratic elegance in painting, while his early studies in water colour gave him a gracefulness which forms a distinguishing feature of his style. His picture from the Delessert gallery, which has since gone to swell Sir Richard Wallace's collection, possesses for me more charm, and I think shows a more refined taste, than the one in the Louvre representing Francis I. and the Duchess d'Etampes. The two subjects, with their slight varieties of treatment, would serve as companion pictures. In the painting in the Louvre the lady is seated, fondling a dog, while the king stands at her side. In the other work at Hertford House the positions are exactly reversed, for the lady stands, while Francis I. is seated, caressing the dog. The king is leaning back in an arm-chair in a nonchalent attitude his fingers are idly playing with a gold chain at his neck. A large greyhound rests his tawny head on the lap of his master,

studio. In 1824 he took a journey to Italy, and in 1827 went to England, where he exhibited a "Sea Piece" at the Royal Academy. Three more of his pictures followed in 1828: "Henry the Third of France," a "Sea Piece," and "The Grand Canal at Venice, with the Church of Santa Maria della Salute." In France he exhibited at the Salon in 1822, 1824, and 1827. Bonington was travelling with the landscape painter, Paul Huet, in 1828, when he suddenly left his companion and set out for London, where he died the same year, on September 23rd, and was buried at St. James's Church, Pentonville. (In Delacroix's Letters, published by M. Ph. Burty, there is a very interesting one from Delacroix to Thomas Thoré on the subject of Bonington.)

who is gazing at the fair queen of Navarre standing a little back. She, with her arms lightly crossed, is musing over the meaning of the now celebrated inscription traced by the royal hand on the window pane:—

"Souvent femme varie
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

The luxurious apartment is flooded with light; it comes streaming in through the deep blue of the stained window, colouring with that and its other bright hues the satin and gold work of the furniture, glancing in half-tint on the face and head-dress of the young queen, and bathing the whole group in its chequered golden beams, toned down by the deep and lofty framework of the high window. The whole work is one of grace and ease, carried out with natural and discriminating taste.

Bonington was an admirable colourist, possessing much elegance and charm in his historical genre subjects; but we must not forget that he also painted landscapes, and was unrivalled in his sea pieces.

In these he is quite as much given to high colouring as were subsequently the artists of the English school, but he introduces and uses it intelligently. His views of Venice are strikingly rich in harmony, and his French coast-scenes afford fresh examples of his versatility. Indeed, he could represent the character and general aspect of diametrically different countries with the same facility that he portrayed the habits and customs of men the antithesis of one another. England has too lightly

yielded us the glory of this young genius,* whom she does not sufficiently appreciate, forgetting that at

THE COLUMN OF ST. MARK.—*R. P. Bonington.*

the Salon, in 1824, Bonington nobly gained a gold

* If the young genius had learned the first rules of perspective, and never seen either Paris or Venice, it had been extremely better for him.—J. R.

medal, which was awarded to him at the same time that his distinguished countryman, JOHN CONSTABLE,* received the same honour. But we must not dwell longer

* JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., landscape painter, was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, June 11th, 1776. His father, who was a lighterman, inherited some considerable property and several mills. He at first wished his son to enter the Church, then to aid him in his own work, but after a year's struggle he allowed him to cultivate his decided talent for art. The young man commenced by painting views of the surroundings of his native place, but in 1795 he went to London, in order to follow a more serious course of study. Feeling, however, some uneasiness on the subject of his future, he soon returned home, but once more went to the metropolis, after having been fired with a second impulse to follow his vocation, inspired thereto by the loveliness of nature. In 1799 he was admitted as student at the Royal Academy School, and received instruction from the landscape painter, JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A. (1747—1821), and from the animal painter, RAMSAY RICHARD REINAGLE, R.A. (1775—1862). At this time Constable painted a few portraits, and made one or two attempts at historical pictures, but he gave this up almost directly, and devoted himself to landscape. His first work of this kind was exhibited in 1802, but it seemed to himself of too conventional a type, and failed to satisfy him. Feeling now that he was able to trust his own taste, he resolved from henceforth to have recourse to no other teacher than nature. In 1803 he writes: "I feel more than ever convinced that one day or other I shall paint well; and that even if it does not turn to my advantage during my lifetime, my pictures will be handed down to posterity." In 1816 he married a young girl whom he had long loved, and for some years they lived in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; but in 1820 they removed to Hampstead, in order that Constable might be nearer the open country. He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1819, after having exhibited an important picture, "A View of the River Stour," but he did not become an Academician until 1829. Constable's talent was by no means appreciated by the public. His pictures, with which his house was crowded, did not sell, and in order to make himself known, he published the following advertisement:—"Mr. Constable's collection of landscapes, painted by his own hand, is open every day gratis; an application only is required." And yet he was already famous in France, and had received a gold medal at the Salon in

on this artist, who studied in the French schools from the age of fifteen, only returning to London to die.

1824. He died suddenly in London, April 1st, 1837, the night after the closing of the Academy School at Somerset House, where he was the last visitor. The artist Leslie, his friend and admirer, and who published his life, says of him: "There is a branch of art which Turner has not touched, and which neither Wilson, Gainsborough, Cozens, nor Girtin has attained in as full perfection as John Constable. He was the most genuine painter of cultivated land in England." Leslie adds that lake and mountain scenery had no charm for him. Another artist, Thomas Uwins, relates in his souvenirs that Constable often said: "I love my village, I love every corner and cranny of it. As long as I can hold a brush I shall never be weary of painting it." Eugène Delacroix, in a letter to Thomas Silvestre in 1858, wrote: "That wonderful man Constable is one of England's glories." Delacroix had not forgotten that it was in consequence of the impression that the sight of Constable's landscapes had given him in 1824, that he had set to work and painted his own "Massacre de Scio" entirely over again in four days. At Constable's death his picture known as "The Cornfield" was purchased by a group of amateurs and presented to the National Gallery, which has since then been further enriched by his "Valley Farm." The house represented in this work belonged to the artist's father; it is situated on the banks of the Stour, near East Bergholt. The first of John Constable's pictures was received at the Louvre in 1873, "The Cottage," a pretty little piece of colouring which dates from 1818. Until this time no painter had shown himself so completely master of artistic resource, or managed so thoroughly to convey an idea of the richness and diversity of harmonious summer tints which are lavished by nature on even the poorest parts of a country village. Mr. John W. Wilson, at the same date, presented the Louvre with two more of Constable's pictures. One, "The Rainbow," is simply a powerful sketch in which one sees, under a wild, stormy sky, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, tapering upwards amid the branches of large trees bright with autumn tints. The other represents one of nature's grandest scenes, "A Storm in Weymouth Bay." The heavy, dull sea, quiet as yet, extends its leaden waters as far as the eye can reach. Overhead, the big black thunder-clouds are driven wildly hither and thither by the violence of the tempest, until they break in drenching showers on the hill-tops. Some poor people on the shore, terrified

Gainsborough and Crome had succeeded in bringing about a revulsion of feeling in the public mind with regard to the imitations of Italian scenery, and it was John Constable who had the glory of completing the work which they had commenced.

At first his course was difficult; his faith in his own convictions and his valiant perseverance did not allow him to overcome, without a struggle, the opposition of his fellow-artists, which was more violent than that of the public. The latter, indeed, easily suffers itself to be led into a worship of formality, but then, it is as easily brought back into the right

by the ury of the elements, hasten to get under shelter; one woman of the party, however, lingers to gather up a last shell. In the distance a flock of sheep, driven by the shepherd's dog, rush to a place of safety. In 1877, Mr. Lionel B. Constable, a son of the artist, also presented the Louvre with a charming little study from nature, remarkable for its truthful rendering of a wide expanse. Constable made use of this study for his beautiful picture of "Hampstead Heath," belonging to the South Kensington Museum. Finally, in 1881, the Louvre received a ourth specimen from the proprietors of *L'Art*, which, like the other three, was part of the Wilson collection. This work, "The Farm," is slightly heavy. In spite of these four pictures, however, Constable is not yet represented in his best style at the Louvre. None of these landscapes, although full of interest, give a true idea of his rich, vigorous manner of painting, in which he seems to catch the very life of sea, sky, and luxuriant verdure. It is a great pity that a rare opportunity was suffered to escape by the Government in 1874, when a splendid view of the "Thames" was sold at a public sale in Paris. This picture represents a bright and intensely blue sky, dappled over with light clouds. Below flows the grey, dull water, whilst here and there great barges are to be seen gliding past its muddy banks. On one side, above the embankment, the dark green foliage of a tree stands out against the sky. Yet even this is not of Constable's best work, which can only be seen in England.

path, and rarely fails to give up the false in favour of the true when a work of real merit and value is presented for its criticism. It then willingly ranges itself on the side of him who has succeeded in convincing it of its mistakes; and this Constable had the power of effecting.

It was all very well for the leaders of the high art movement to give out that "the fresh verdure of Spring has no place in Art; that there is no reality in Autumn's reddish tints, and that brown trees alone should be represented in landscapes, because brown is the dominant shade in Nature, &c." Constable was never shaken in his devotion to the bright, transparent colours of April.

"Why should one always gaze on smoky old canvases, and never regard the smiling, sunny country itself?" he would reply. "Why pay all one's attention to galleries and museums, and be utterly indifferent to nature?"

He always spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of the season so condemned by the ultra-æsthetic party. His letters are full of such paragraphs as the following:—"All nature revives, and everything around me is springing up and coming into life. At every step I am reminded of the words of Scripture, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'" No opposition was strong enough to crush down such a power of force and feeling, and he had plenty of opportunity for exercising it, for life to him remained, for many a long year, a hard and painful matter.

"I work only for posterity," he would say, in his

downcast moments. And the facts nearly verified

THE VALLEY FARM.—*J. Constable.*

his words. It was not until after he had exhibited in Paris in 1824, and when he was fifty years old,

that fortune at length smiled upon him. He died in 1837.

The youth of both Gainsborough and Constable was spent in Suffolk, and thus this county has the honour of being the birthplace of England's two greatest landscape painters.

One could not choose a better illustration than that of these two artists in order to prove that a careful study of nature, far from destroying an artist's individuality, can but serve to strengthen it, and draw it out to its utmost degree.

Each of them, with the same love of truth, went straight to the fountain-head with the one desire of representing faithfully what they saw. And yet, had they been placed in view of the same scene, and at exactly the same hour, how different would have been the results of their observation! what dissimilar impressions would they have received!

Sweetness, grace, and a tinge of melancholy shed their softening charm over Gainsborough's landscape. Through the clouds one imagines a soft sky; no hard or sharp angles are visible; the too-vivid colours tone themselves down, subject to his unconsciously sympathetic handling; every smallest detail breathes of the serenity which issued from Gainsborough's own peaceful temperament. The painting of the other artist, with its brilliant and sometimes even hard tones; its gusty rain-clouds driven before the north wind; its deep, frozen water, reveals to you the boldness of a strong nature, the agitations of a passionate soul.

Whilst Gainsborough regards Nature in the light of his own pure and tender feeling, Constable, in a masterful and imperious manner, lifts the veil of beauty and depicts her in her grand and angry moments.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.—*J. Constable.*

His style is rich and impetuous. His studies, exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, give the impression of an energetic brain and impulsive execution. He is a poet whose nature is roused to ecstasy by stormy elements; although not blind to tranquil beauty, it is life and movement which stir the depths of his soul. In France Constable's pictures

wrought a wonderful effect. So great was their success that our modern school of landscape is greatly indebted to him. This new school was first started by Paul Huet, who courageously set himself, unaided, to the task of changing the prevailing style. Constable's example wonderfully tended to strengthen his energy in this great work. It was not effected without much opposition from former leaders of classical art. There is a curious letter on this subject by Constable himself. "Collins," he writes, "declares that only three English painters have made a name in Paris—Wilkie, Lawrence, and Constable. But the Parisian critics are up in arms against the infatuation of the public, and severely warn the young artists. 'What resemblance can you find,' ask they, 'between these paintings and those of Poussin, which we ought always to admire and imitate? Beware of this Englishman's pictures; they will be the ruin of our school. No true beauty, style, or tradition is to be discovered in them.' I am well aware," adds Constable, "that my works have a style of their own, but to my mind, it is exactly that which constitutes their merit, and besides, I have ever held to Sterne's precept: 'Do not trouble yourself about doctrines and systems, go straight before you, and obey the promptings of nature.'"

And thus it was that a style of faithful landscape painting was established; but how many people still entertain fears that the rage for an exact study of nature will have a too realistic influence on the other branches of art?

How many times must we remind them that as art is a perpetual representation, the fact represented must be viewed by the painter through a medium, which is nothing less than his own soul, which is his highest conception, the mainspring of his intellectual existence? It is in virtue of this alone that he gains any distinctive merit, but the medium must be entirely his own. There are many persons who, possessing none, borrow their neighbour's, and thus imitate a reflection. They present us with a distorted representation of what has been conceived by another mind. And were this mind the highest imaginable, such a system cannot fail to be injurious and utterly fatal to them.

For want of genuine virtues, artificial ones are brought forward. Feebleness is honoured by a high-sounding title, and we speak of the respect due to tradition. Pretending to believe that the old masters have solved every problem, we humble ourselves in the dust before them. They are exalted as if they were superhuman, and as though—as in the *Divine* command to the waves—they had the right to say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

And this fraud has actually held its own. Let us in opposition quote Emerson's grand words:—

"To believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense."

And these, nobler still:—

"The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and

Milton, is that they spoke not what men, but what they thought."

This, in his own line, is Constable's merit, and one which we have a right to demand from all artists—that he gave utterance to his own thought.

His whole life was a struggle which he maintained by self-reliance. Aptly does he illustrate the American philosopher's words: "A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he." Learn all you can from the past, and forget it—this is the only rule for great artists.

We shall now speak at some length of a celebrated landscape painter, who ever most faithfully followed this rule—J. M. W. TURNER.*

* JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, landscape painter, was born April 23rd, 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father was a hairdresser. He was baptised in the old church of St. Paul, designed by INIGO JONES (1572—1651), and burnt down a few years later. Turner only received a very rudimentary education, although two causes contribute to develop his talent for art early in life. The first was his friendship with THOMAS GIRTIN (1773—1802), his senior by two years, and the originator of the fine school of water-colours in England. The second was the permission granted him to copy in Dr. Munro's excellent collection of pictures in the Adelphi, which also led to his becoming acquainted with JOHN ROBERT COZENS (1752—1799), who had preceded Girtin in masterly executions in water-colour, and Turner in curious atmospherical effects and illusions. Cozens gave some very valuable advice to his young friend, who was admitted as a Royal Academy student in 1789, and who the next year exhibited a view of Lambeth Palace. He was then fifteen years old, From this time he received numerous orders for drawings from editors, more particularly for views of towns which were required for publication according to the prevailing fashion. For this object Turner travelled about the Midland Counties, Wales, and the south coast of

What a singular character was this man! and how admirably suited to perplex and baffle those who desire nothing in an artist but a slavish submission to

Yorkshire, returning from these expeditions with a splendid collection of water-colours. His first painting in oils, "The Squall," was exhibited in 1793, and was followed in 1796 by "The Fishers," and in 1797 by "Sunrise." He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1799, and Academician in 1802. In this same year he made his first experience in foreign travel, visiting France, the borders of the Rhine, and Switzerland. In 1807 he became Professor of Perspective at the Academy School, succeeding in this post EDWARD EDWARDS, A.R.A. (1738—1806), portrait and historical painter. Turner had acquired this science in the studios of THOMAS MALTON (1726—1801), a clever architectural designer, and THOMAS HARDWICK (1752—1829), the architect who, in 1795, reconstructed, on the plans of Inigo Jones, the little Tuscan church of St. Paul's, where Turner had been christened. It was also in 1807 that the artist began to publish his "Liber Studiorum," which lasted twelve years, and which was arranged on the same plan as Claude Lorrain's "Liber veritatis." Its splendid collection of engraved studies give a nearly complete idea of Turner's genius. In some of the etchings done by the artist's own hand he rivals Rembrandt, and his engravings, in their powerful execution and admirable effect of light, even surpass the original studies of the same subjects which are in the National Gallery. It is the exception to find the studies finer, as is the case in the "Mont St. Gothard," "Dunstanborough," and the "Yorkshire Coast." In 1812 Turner built himself a house, 47, Queen Anne Street West, which he inhabited until his death; in the picture gallery which it contained he publicly exhibited his own paintings. He made three journeys to Italy, in 1819, 1829, and 1840.

Coarse in manners, of unpretending appearance, badly dressed—although it is not thus that he represents himself in his charming portrait painted in 1802—taciturn, reserved, of miserly inclinations, unsociable, and possessing no other passion than his art, Turner lived a very solitary life. The few who were his friends were accustomed to his constantly quitting his house for long periods together, but the reason of his absence was known to none. It was during one of these mysterious flights that he died suddenly, after a life of unexampled success, on December 19th, 1851, near Battersea Bridge, in a small lodging on the banks of the Thames, where the woman who waited on him only knew him under the feigned

formula! By these Turner's life is divided into two portions—the sane, and the insane. They do not deny him a certain amount of talent in his first fifteen years

name of Brooks. His body was placed by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the vaults of St. Paul's. Turner bequeathed to England the most valuable legacy that a country ever received from any artist. By his will he left to it his entire fortune, both in money and pictures, but on the condition that the Government should make a suitable provision for the latter, and that the money should be used, in the course of ten years, for founding a charitable institution in aid of unfortunate artists. This will was disputed by the Turner family, but in consequence of an arrangement which was made between the parties at the end of four years, and ratified by the Court of Chancery, it was decreed that all his works, finished and unfinished, paintings, drawings, and sketches, should belong to the State, whilst his collection of engravings and all his other property should go to his nearest of kin. His fortune was estimated at £140,000, of which the Royal Academy received £20,000.

Without counting the first years when Turner showed his talent in water-colour painting, his career may be divided into three periods, in which he painted in three distinct styles. In the foremost of these, up to the year 1805, when "The Shipwreck" was painted (476 in the National Gallery), he is unmistakably under the influence of Wilson and the Dutch masters. After this, and until his first journey to Italy in 1819, Claude Lorrain entirely guides his style. He must indeed have been very much fascinated by the works of this master, for he bequeathed two of his best pictures to the National Gallery, "The Founding of Carthage" (1815) and "The Sun Rising through Vapour" (1807), with the special injunction that they should be exhibited between two paintings by Claude. And so they are hung in one of the halls (No. IX.) devoted to Old Masters, with "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" on one side, and "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" on the other. To this period belong "Jason," "The Ten Plagues of Egypt," "Apollo Killing the Python," "The Shipwreck of the *Minotaur*" (1811), "Dido and Æneas" (1814), "The Ruin of Carthage" (1817), and "Richmond Hill" (1819). In this year 1819, after his Italian journey, Turner's style underwent a singular change. In his first manner of painting, the portions of shadow in his picture are much more extensive than those of light; his execution is resolute

of work, while he labours in well-known tracks. But when the painter, having perfected the means of accomplishment, attempts with ever-increasing zeal to

vigorous, and accurate, and there is much in it to remind one that only a short time ago his water-colours were remarkable for their excessive care and finish. But from this time he paints in full light, with no contrasting shade, employing all the colours of the rainbow, and working in brilliant tints and primary tones—purple, blue, and orange. His most striking pictures of this kind are "The Bay of Baiæ" (1823), and "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" (1829).

During the last twenty years of his life Turner's ever-increasing fiery love for effects in light and colour caused him to produce the most extraordinary works, in which every form is defined only by unsteady limitations of most subtle and effulgent colours proceeding from iridescence of solar light.

As examples of this style I will mention the harmonious composition, "Approach to Venice" (1843), and the celebrated "Great Western Railway" (1844). Some of the gifted artist's most finished works, however, also belong to this period, notably "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (1832), and "The Fighting *Téméraire*" (1839).

Amongst the books illustrated by Turner we may name, "Southern Coast Scenery," "England and Wales," "Rivers of France," Rogers's "Poems" and his "Italy." The artist, who was very well read, often took his subjects from poems and works of living authors, such as "The Prince of Orange (afterwards William III.) Landing at Torbay," taken from Macaulay's "History of England;" "Venice," from Rogers's "Italy" ("There is a Glorious City in the Sea"); "Buttermere Lake," a rain scene, from Thomson's "Spring;" "The Deluge," and "Morning," from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" "Æneas and the Sibyl," from the "Æneid;" "The Goddess of Discord at the Garden of the Hesperides," from Milton's "Comus;" "Apollo Killing the Python," from "Callimachus;" from some verses of his own composition entitled "The Fallacies of Hope:" "Hannibal's Army Crossing the Alps," "The Palace of Caligula," "The Vision of Medea," &c.; "Sunrise on a Frosty Morning," from Thomson's "Seasons" ("The rigid hoarfrost melts before his beam"); "Dido and Æneas starting for the Chase," and some other episodes in Dido's history, from Dryden's "Æneid;" "The Battle of Waterloo," and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," from Byron; "The Bay of Baiæ," from Horace ("Nullus

attain his self-conceived ideal, then they can follow him no longer, but consider it their duty to pass judgment on what they term his wild extravagance, and with many regrets excommunicate him from the realms of art.

But why do they allow him so much indulgence during the early part of his career? He never for an instant swerved from the course which he had laid down for himself. The fact was that this great painter worked for the realisation of an unusual ambition, and with the prospect of a long life (he lived until the age of seventy-five) he possessed a most important attribute for those who seek distinction—patience.

Turner's one dream, the extraordinarily high aspiration of his life, was to gain a complete knowledge of light in all its phases.

With this end in view he spared no pains. For a long time he made a careful and thorough investigation of the works of Claude Lorrain, the painter considered the most skilful of any in effects of light. He studied, analysed, and copied his paintings, and never rested until he had thoroughly mastered all that this artist could teach him. He also imitated

in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amænis"); "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," from Pope's "Odyssey;" "Apollo and Daphne in the Vale of Tempe," from Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" "Hero and Leander," from "Musæus;" "Queen Mab's Grotto," from Shakespeare, &c. Between 1790 and 1850 Turner exhibited 257 pictures and studies at the Royal Academy.

There is another painter of the name of WILLIAM TURNER (1789—1862), a water-colour painter, who is known as Turner of Oxford, to distinguish him from the great artist.

his style as well as that of Lorrain's friends, Nicholas and Gaspar Poussin, and when these clever imitations were exhibited to the public, he was declared in his turn to be a master by the leading judges of the day. Turner only smiled to himself, and, unhindered by

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. ITALY.—*J. M. W. Turner.*

either flattery or criticism, slowly but surely continued in his course towards the attainment of his purpose. At the time when others said of his work, "That is perfection!" he was saying of himself, "I have just done with leading-strings, and am beginning to walk alone." One may easily mistake his design by merely seeing the titles of his pictures, which are nearly all mythological in subject, historical scenes, Apollos, Hannibals, Didos, Muses, Medeas,

&c., in short, all the ordinary themes of historical landscape painters. But about this he gives himself very little concern, and, indeed, he is thus only drawing attention to the subordinate parts of his talent. Here and there in his pictures one may find some figures fairly well done, but it must be admitted that, as a rule they are not only

APOLLO KILLING THE PYTHON.—*J. M. W. Turner.*

indifferent, but atrociously bad. There is one, however, which is admirable, that of Apollo in the picture called "Apollo Killing the Python." I do not know whether the great French artist, M. Gustave Moreau, has ever seen this life-like painting, but whenever he does he will appreciate the genius of one of his ancestors. I must add, though, that Turner nearly always uses his figures merely as

accessory to his effects of light; they are entirely subservient to the general idea, and one expects no more of them. The artist has managed to represent the most wonderful atmospheric phenomena in the land of fogs. But these mists, in the long run,

THE "OLD TÉMÉRAIRE."—*J. M. W. Turner.*

had a depressing effect on him, and gave him a craving for bright light and warmth. When mountain tempests and sea-storms in the cold north climes failed at length to satisfy him, he resorted to the sunny south, there to seek a more complete realisation of his dreams.

At the London Exhibition of 1862, as well as since at the South Kensington Museum and National

Gallery, I have seen about 150 of Turner's pictures, besides about 400 water-colour paintings, outline drawings, sepia washes, and pen-and-ink sketches. It would be impossible to give any idea in a few words of this artist's imagination; the study of his work would require a volume, and the circumscribed limits of this book forbid my attempting it.

It will suffice, then, to say, that after having shown himself the equal of all the former great water-colour painters, Paul Sandby (1725—1809), Thomas Hearne (1744—1817), and Edward Dayes, who exhibited from 1786 to 1804, when he committed suicide; after having rivalled Claude Lorrain in Italian magnificence, and Gainsborough in simplicity, Turner at length took a completely independent course. What wonderful variety we find in his work! Were there ever two such pictures as were put up to public auction in Paris in 1874—"Kilgarren Castle" and "A Guildhall Banquet"? The former ought to prove that style is not an acquired intellectual faculty alone, but springs from Nature herself. This Irish view, with little composition, yet possesses Poussin's greatness and dignity in their highest degree, and besides all this a large amount of feeling. Who can deny the lofty genius of this man in seeing side by side these two pictures, "Kilgarren Castle"—stern, mournful, and sombre—and the "Banquet at the Guildhall," certainly one of the painter's most wonderful productions? The great hall, hung with red throughout, and flooded with light, is filled with a moving crowd of guests, who

press round huge tables loaded with viands and candelabra, placed at intervals all down the hall. At the further end stands a throne and the high table. The side galleries are thronged with spectators. No description could possibly convey any idea of the superb colouring, the enchanting effect of light, of

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.—*J. M. W. Turner.*

the spirit, life, and gaiety which animate this little picture—not twenty inches long. Of the English school, Turner alone possesses this marvellous power of giving luminous effects; it is shared in our school by Eugène Delacroix, as exemplified in his "Assassinat de l'évêque de Liège."

The steps taken by Turner are so simple as to make it seem scarcely credible that such powerful

results should be gained. In order to bring within the compass of a small canvas the greatest amount of light possible, he usually represents wide surfaces suitable for reflecting rays thrown from a luminous centre, broad, deep perspectives, extensive skies, and a sea which also serves principally as a reflector of light. In proportion as he perfects himself in execution, he dispenses with the usual foreground, as well as the dark shades employed to throw up brilliant portions of a composition, and I could mention numerous pictures in which no trace of bitumen is discoverable. His aim is to carry the light to the very edge of the canvas, and in this he is successful.

Indeed, he has attempted and mastered every enchanting effect, intricacy, and radiance of light, although at times he has been sorely baffled. From the pale gleams of twilight and grey dawn breaking in the east over the dark earth, to the dazzling rays of the setting sun firing the restless waves, it is one unbroken series of marvels; Venetian views, English coasts, cathedrals, castles, forests, mountains, peaceful lakes, stormy seas, ships in distress, naval battles, fleets in full sail, the sea-shore at low-tide, interiors, reception-halls, anatomical and ornithological studies, animals, architecture—both genuine and fanciful—plants, insects, and flowers—it is a perfect fairy-land, a world in which transplendent reality and ardent fancy are blended and interwoven into a harmonious whole, teeming with life and movement. Turner was an artist of sublime genius, although his productions are too seldom complete. He did not

die until 1851; but for long before this date he had lived a life apart, in a solitude which was said to be caused by dislike to his fellow-creatures, but in reality it was because he was so bound up, heart and soul, in the contemplation of his inner revelations, that communication with the outer world lost

APPROACH TO VENICE.—*J. M. W. Turner.*

all charm for him. We reap the fruits in works of intense feeling splendidly expressed.

In describing his painting, let me quote the words so fitly chosen by M. Vitet, a master in the science of criticism:—"A certain indefinable combination, a peculiarly harmonious concord between the real and the ideal, resulting in creations seldom evolved from the human mind, but which we may aptly term

chefs-d'œuvre." Turner belongs to no school, and in spite of the practical hints that he unmistakably took from Claude Lorrain in the commencement of his career, he soon threw off the yoke of even his influence. He asserts himself, and this is one of his great merits. Another, and one greater still, is that he always aspired to the best and greatest, and even to his last hour sought the realisation of an ever-advancing ideal which led him, from day to day, to greater heights. In this struggle after the unattainable, he was upheld by his genius, but if he now and then gives way and appears abstruse and incomprehensible to other minds, it is owing to one fundamental mistake, which I do not fear to name, in spite of my intense admiration for this great artist. Turner did not always study nature.* In the rapture of his fervent imagination he has sometimes disdained the truth. Not disdained —that is too hard a word—let us rather say he has not always, whatever his intention was, taken the reality into consideration. On a small leading motive, taken from nature, he composes the most brilliant variations in which the original theme is more or less lost.

Turner, in love with the sun, did not represent it as he saw it with his material eyes, but as he viewed it in his dreams; utterly regardless of any prescribed form, he painted what he believed to be pre-eminently the Beautiful, and in so doing consulted nought but his own genius and innate taste. Thus it happens

* "Did not sufficiently adhere to it" would have been right. He studied nature more, and knew more of it than all the other artists of all landscape schools put together.—J. R.

that, in spite of sublime productions, he is sometimes misled, and this is the case with all those who dwell too much within themselves. They may perhaps possess a more striking genius, and have the power of

LIGHTHOUSES ON THE HEVE.—*J. M. W. Turner.*

readily receiving and producing impressions; possibly they may call forth with greater facility artistic feeling; but they have forsaken nature, the foster-mother of art, the *alma parens*, and their very genius, which is never entirely recognised, lays them open to severe criticism.

The penalty is just, and, in spite of the great sympathy which we entertain for these painters, we dare not raise a protest against its severities. Such men are useful in animating the public taste, and in rousing from indifference the common herd of imitators, but they can never be anything else in the art-world but bright particular stars, exceptional men with few if any followers.

It is by no means infrequent that they are themselves imitated, but by feeble minds which are as far remote from genius as a dwarf from a giant. The great men of whom we have spoken can have no followers, and it is well for art that this should be so. Take the case immediately under our notice. Turner's system succeeded because it *was* Turner's, but it must prove entirely fatal to any one who should dare to take it up and attempt to follow it.

Putting aside Gainsborough and Constable—Reynolds, too, who alone possessed a taste for high art—all the English artists up to 1850, even Turner, are tainted by a peculiar defect—a love for the extraordinary. Think of Romney, B. West, Fuseli, Northcote, J. Barry, J. Opie, and lastly, William Blake. WILLIAM BLAKE (1757—1827), a visionary poet, sprang from that great revolutionary movement, caused by the terror of Napoleon and our arms, which re-united all the branches of the great Scandinavian and Germanic stem. This movement, sweeping onwards, communicated to England some of the mysticism of the extreme North with which it was imbued; we find this in the poems of Wordsworth

and Shelley; Coleridge also is carried away by the same influence.

Blake, quite infatuated by Wordsworth's poetry, entertained a singular idea. He wished to be the

THE LAST TRUMP.—*W. Blake.*

Swedenborg of painting. He was a visionary painter and a painter of visions.

As a poet, his first simple conceptions are beautiful; but later on, when his visions increase in strength, and completely govern him, they almost succeed in

clouding his reason. His spiritual phantasmagoria becomes tangled, overwhelming, and obscure, and he is the victim of his own creations, for the last of his poems, accompanied by engravings executed on a new method with a sharp point, are quite unintelligible. No worldly prosperity attended his visions and labours, and his life was to the last unsuccessful. A genius with too florid a pen, and too mystic a brush—such was William Blake. The poet Swinburne is a convert to his mysticism. And thus English artists follow on the one hand the dictates of their personal inclinations, whilst on the other they bow to the inevitable by striving to gratify the public taste.

From whatever point of view one regards it, the English school always discloses some idiosyncrasy peculiar to the ordinary British mind. Its works by no means bear evidence to the importance of painting taken in its highest sense as a fine art; and indeed the English soul appears to have no ardent craving after the most perfect expression of beauty, whether in its pictorial or plastic form. It seems to me as if a picture, to this nation, meant nothing more than a luxury, and as if a *chef-d'œuvre*—albeit considered a fine acquisition as testifying to the worldly prosperity and distinction of the possessor—is powerless to produce the sensation of delight and elevation which might be looked for in the contemplation of a great work. This has been during a century the condition of art in England.

And this explains the desire among purchasers to obtain productions which display singularity rather

than simple beauty. Since they only wish to procure an object for amusement, they strive, with method in their madness, to light on what is extraordinary and out of the way. And so artists, putting aside their natural inclinations, feel themselves bound to sacrifice everything to eccentricity. This compliance to the public whim is greater and more apparent in England than in France, where, however, it is only too observable, developing frequently into coarseness.

Owing to the concentration of wealth on the English side of the Channel, the artist always knows beforehand the connection that will patronise him, or in other words, those who can afford to buy his pictures; he knows very well that he must seek encouragement and reward but from one class, and with this idea he courts their favour. What was Hogarth but the courtier of the Puritan society of his day?

This being so, one can scarcely wonder that England has not shown herself more artistic. It is true that great honours are paid to her great men. But do not let us be misled by tombs in Westminster Abbey, statues placed in public squares, monuments, and memorials; the English esteem their talented countrymen only in so far as their lustre may be shed on themselves; for men of real taste they have little to say. In their eyes artists are merely the direct means of providing the aristocracy with amusement and distraction. Can such a demand call forth greatness and elevation in art? Greatness, elevation—these words in no wise apply to the British artists of the past century. They possess a studied simplicity

which quickly degenerates into monotony; they are profuse in narrative subjects, producing thereby literary rather than artistic impressions. Their good points, however, of which they possess some, are entirely their own. Thus their genre painting gives proof of careful observation; in landscape their skies are very successful—this is one of their great features—and so close has been their study, that they might fitly represent the shifting motion of the clouds, and varied aspect of the heavens. We must not forget that they also number among them some celebrated portrait painters, and that this is one of the most difficult branches of art.

But although the English school is later than any other, and consequently enriched by the experience of the past, it bears no evidence of any serious efforts. Up to the year 1850 it produced remarkably little, and originated still less.

Even its very independence does not proceed from a true source, but rather from caprice. It is true that it casts all tradition to the winds, but not so much in order that it may carve out beforehand a settled course for itself, and persevere in it, as that it may truckle to the individual and eccentric tastes of its artists. This has little to do with that highest and noblest quality in art—originality. Turner himself, with all his brilliancy, with all his impenetrable gloom effects of light, fails sometimes in that grand serenity which distinguishes a great master; he, like his countrymen, knew little about the composition of a picture. It was only intense study, and a persistent concentration of

all his faculties upon one of the many forms of expression at which an artist may and ought to aim, that saved him. Above all, he was saved by his unparalleled genius.

Finally, the most beautiful fragments that the mind of man can conceive, taken by themselves, will never be anything but extravagant and singular productions, compared with works in which beauty permeates the whole, and where harmony exists even in mediocrity. Such works are no doubt less startling, but they will succeed in not only attracting but retaining an enduring attention, and this just because they do not give the impression of a mind utterly devoted to one object. I am not here eulogising the commonplace, which is to me detestable. My thoughts are fixed on the most illustrious—Raphael, for instance, who follows the law of general effect rather than personal feeling. For my own part, I prefer the passionate and vehement style rather than even serenity; my tastes have more affinity with Rembrandt than with Raphael.

It may be noticed that those who have so devoted themselves to a special object in their study of art have been self-made men, who with over-weening ambition have raised themselves from the humblest station of life. They find that their own system is unique, but that it may be placed within the range of everybody. They forget that the only true road to simplicity and truth is by the often ignored road of science, by means of which individual genius is carefully drawn forth. No better path than this exists. Take, for instance, that marvellous genius Albert Dürer, equally great in

science and feeling. English painters do not seem to understand that knowledge constitutes the only infallible basis in art.

Knowledge, a thorough knowledge; the mind that is thereby strengthened and governed can not only express itself with accuracy and exactitude, but can also comprehend the reason for its precision. What greater delight can there be than this?

There are some rare pictures which give the impression of perfection; one feels that the painter has fully carried out his ideal. For the causes which we have just given, there are none of this order belonging to the English school. The best we can say of them is that they possess a germ of the ideal which the spectator must develop for himself, taking refuge in his own fancy if he would find enjoyment in them.

Painting in England during the first half of the nineteenth century—I do not speak of landscape—is clever, often full of talent, certainly forced, but at times original, though it is altogether wanting in genius. Or at least if it has any it is either in so small a degree, or has so little affinity with French feeling, that we can scarcely appreciate it. British art, up to the date to which we have arrived, possesses the same characteristics as its own country; it is hard and stern, and consequently destitute of grace. In it we recognise but little charm, and it is with difficulty that we enter into its spirit.

Second Part.

The Modern School.

1850—1882.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGINALITY OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

As has already been said, the first exhibition of English painters in France took place in the Avenue Montaigne in 1855. For the French, it was a revelation of a style and a school, of the existence of which they had hitherto had no idea. Whether owing to its novelty, or the surprise it occasioned, or, indeed, to its real merit—whatever may have been the true cause, most certain it is that the English, until then little thought of and almost unknown abroad, obtained in France a great success. They became completely the fashion, as many will remember. Let us now examine the reason for this. In the French school there has been a growing inclination for temperate colouring, and to eyes accustomed to this and also to the harmony existing in the masterpieces of the French collection, it must be confessed that the

impression received in scrutinising the works of the English galleries in the three great French Exhibitions of 1855, 1867, and 1878, was startling and unexpected rather than pleasing.

In strong contrast to the calm and peaceful situation of the galleries, far removed from the noise of the crowd, were the pictures with which they were hung, so loud and striking in tone were they. At first such a blaze of colour was quite dazzling. Having slowly accustomed ourselves to them, or else resolved to bear the shock, let us examine, we said, some of these pictures more closely. Once more we find ourselves at a loss to enter into the spirit of this painting which apparently exhibits so little pre-arrangement. Here there is no central subject to be discovered; an important theme is muddled up with subservient parts and detail, the canvas is too big for the frame, and a thousand other audacities are committed, which to us seem tremendous blunders. Most assuredly we are in the presence of a foreign school of art. This fact cannot be doubted, as in many other galleries, where one must be acquainted with leading characteristics in order to distinguish the nationality. Not only does it at once strike the eyes that these painters are not French, but in every possible way the artists take pride in demonstrating most unmistakably their British origin. Their subjects are entirely English, their characters are all English, the drapery in which these are clothed, the glass from which they drink, the knife which they use, the furniture around them, everything is of English manufacture; it is all local

and peculiar to the insular soil and genius of Great Britain.

Nothing can break through this peculiarity of the English people. Their private galleries, the richest in the world, become daily more valuable by the addition of the noblest works of ancient continental art; but this in no wise affects the exclusiveness of the British artists. It would seem as though their studios were closed by a portion of the Great Wall of China. They keep up a continual continental blockade, but it is against themselves. European art is a sealed book for them. They are, and insist on remaining, English.

This leads us to a reflection.

At the expense of this exclusiveness, for which I do not blame its artists, although it seems at times to be driven to excess, the English school has become a truly national art. In visiting collections of modern French works, and the annual Parisian salons, has it never struck you that, although more than two-thirds of the nineteenth century have run their course, they have as yet left no particular trace of French art by which to recall to future generations the age in which we have lived? Only within the last ten years have French painters, and of those only a few, condescended to represent their own period. Doubtless there will be handed down to posterity a true record of the times of the Restoration, of the government of July and of the two Empires, but it is most certainly not in modern French pictures that future generations will find any trace of this record; they will be obliged

to have recourse to the caricaturists, Gavarni and Daumier, the true painters of the times, and to the illustrated periodicals. Suppose, on the other hand (which may God forbid!), that in the course of centuries civilisation should complete one of those fearful turns of the wheel, of which history gives so many examples; and that, as in the case of such refined and cultivated nations as were the Persians, Egyptians, and Greeks, our Western civilisation should sink into utter nothingness; what testimony would the French have left of themselves to the unknown races who may then wield the sceptre of the world? Apart from the glory of their arms, alas! their military life, future ages will know nothing about the French, because they did not care to leave any trace of themselves. Judging from the relics of their art, they will consider them a whimsical people, sometimes living after the Greek fashion, sometimes after that of the Italian renaissance or the drawing-rooms of the eighteenth century, but they will never imagine that they have ever led an original life, peculiar to themselves. And the future archæologists and authors who wish to compile a history guided by the remnants of past ages, must they leave a blank page when they treat of the nineteenth century in France?

It may be said, "Let the future take care of itself, as far as we are concerned!" Certainly; but this is setting very light store by ourselves; and even if such humility and indifference might be excused in individual cases, the same rule does not apply to a great nation.

Such is the opinion in England. Do not imagine that I exaggerate the effect which a prospect of the future might exercise on the development of art; I am well aware that, ordinarily speaking, one lives in the present and not for posterity, and that a constant contemplation of that possible state of annihilation, more or less remote, of which we have just spoken, would be enough in itself to benumb completely the action of a nation. India's example, and Europe in the year 1000, are instances of this. But still I think no harm would be done if our painters would make still further way in the path of close observation and truthfulness, which they have studiously avoided since the time of Louis David, that is to say, since the end of the last century up to the present time. From this point of view, and in spite of anything that may offend us in the work of her artists, we cannot but envy England the advantage she possesses in having a national art. In this advantage she is almost solitary in Europe at the present time.

Her exclusiveness is natural to the Northern mind, and particularly to the Saxon nature, which the English still retain in all its integrity under the outward polish effected by a general refinement of manners. The Latin origin of the French, and their habit of generalising, prevent them from expressing their actual life in art with the same direct energy and tenacity. Does this show greatness or weakness on their part? They always leap with a bound into the abstract; minute detail is irksome to them; they

cannot enter into the spirit of it, and it wearies their patience. It may be that the French would be powerless to convey a true idea of every-day life, with its luxury and profuse lavishness, which they readily set down as barbarous. They suppress most positively and completely all incident in favour of general harmony; instinctively and from choice they subordinate detail to the ensemble, the real to the ideal, the individual to the typical, which they call high art. This is perfection.

But in these noble strivings, in these refined speculations, the French are gradually minimising personal initiative, and giving too much importance to exceptional intellects, by slavishly following their lead, and repeating to satiety the formula of art which they have illustrated, and which seems to approach nearest to their ambitious dreams. Thus, inspired and incomparable masters, like Phidias and Raphael, become for the French the originators of a dull and crushing routine. They are like bright beacons radiating pure light, but in their shadow lie lurking all the emptinesses and tedious ostentations of conceit, the follies and hypocrisies of pedantry. Here work the manufacturers of sensualities, who pass off their voluptuous wares under the label of "beautiful," and stigmatise as "ugly" everything which discards the pleasing, the pretty, the graceful, and the voluptuous, and prefers rather the emotions of the mind of man, the terrible, the strange, or simply the naked truth.

In its very principle English art is the exact reverse of our own. The one school entirely rejects

the laws which govern the other. Can we say that the Latin style is superior to the Saxon? I have always held that it is, but I should not now dare to insist upon it, and, indeed, the question seems to me inapplicable for discussion. We have compared them in order to gain a correct idea of their points of antagonism; it would not be fair to judge them from the same standard. They cannot be weighed in similar scales, because they belong to such different orders of expression. Indeed, they possess nothing in common save their implements, canvas, colours, and brushes.

It is not, then, to pass judgment on these pictures that we are going to examine them, but to satisfy our curiosity. In thus doing we must try to set aside our natural tastes, influenced to so large a degree by tradition and education, that we may explain, if not admire, this art to which they are violently antagonistic.

For a time it is necessary that we should entirely give up our long-cherished inclinations, and devote ourselves to the study before us with the impartiality of the chemist, who systematically and unconcernedly analyses the most repulsive compounds in his laboratory; or employ the patience of the scholar, who laboriously examines all the functions and dissects the structure of some unknown monster.

And a singular monster is this art, now under criticism, which by its very quaintness bewitched the French when they saw it for the first time in 1855. One may well say that it has no relationship with

any class of great painters of the beginning of the century, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, or Lawrence, and it can even claim no connection with Turner. Perhaps some slight influence may have been exercised by Hogarth or Wilkie ; but no, there is nothing more than a semblance of affinity. These artists may be judged by the ordinary standard ; although they possess certain well-marked characteristics, they have their origin in the Dutch and Flemish schools, and, artists like them, take the same view of art as they do. English modern artists, on the contrary, with some rare exceptions, issue from no source but themselves. Their painting has sprung up from British soil, like those monstrous and various growths which appeared in succession on the earth's surface in the first ages. These efforts of a gigantic power, ignorant of its capabilities, could neither keep an even balance nor measure their own energy, and so threw out extraordinary offshoots which were in direct contrast to one another. At first sight one feels inclined to ascribe the expression of so much that is singular to declining powers, but there we are plainly wrong ; a dissimilarity certainly exists, but so far from there being any decline, this new style may be the commencement of a revival.

If it be true, as we have stated, that the habitual style of the French is in such direct opposition to English painting, with its harsh colours, its unequal composition, and its exclusive subjects, how can we account for the great success it obtained in France in 1855 ? I fear that I shall be scarcely able to explain

this peculiar phenomenon without shocking the sensibilities of some of my readers, and so before entering further on the subject I beg to offer them my apologies.

Human nature possesses the power of assimilating and reconciling all contradictions; we will not here inquire if this fact testifies to the breadth and strength of our judgment, or whether we should mourn over it as a weakness; for us it is enough that it has always been the case. With regard to questions of art this attribute betrays itself most ruthlessly in the French nation. In a former chapter I have shown how this people are subject to a Latin influence, both naturally and from force of education; how their tastes incline them to prefer those works which are borrowed from Greek statuary and Italian painting, and which are admirable, although of a general character. We shall be able to see, if we go to the root of things, that this worship of the so-called ideal is for the great majority a very platonic affair, and one that is powerless to enforce great sacrifices.

From their earliest youth the French have been taught that this Southern art was the most elevated in character, and so the belief has grown upon them; they love to talk of it, and boast of their devotion to it, but in reality their *régime* is less severe, and their tastes less cultivated. Their idols, though greatly revered by them, are consecrated, as in the hymn of Lefranc de Pompignan.* They talk with veneration of Glück's noble recitatives and exquisite strains

* "Sacred they are, for they rest undisturbed.

in the "Alceste" and "Orphée," but they delight to hum the foolish refrains of the "Orphée aux Enfers," the "Grande-Duchesse," the "Timbale," or the "Fille de Madame Angot," if, indeed, they do not descend to absolute inanities caught up at *café* concerts. They stifle a yawn in the midst of eulogising a performance in the classic style; they accord great respect to the Théâtre-Français, although it is quite empty when tragedy is given, but they throng in dense crowds for the comedies of Dumas *fils*, the refined intrigues of Victorien Sardou, or the buffooneries of Labiche. I am not calling public opinion to account for its double-dealing, but I wish to show that past ages have handed down to the French a severe creed rather than a genuine love of its sublimity. I cannot help observing that there is more formality than conviction in their admiration for high art.

Let us penetrate a little farther into our study of French tastes in all their complexity. We have discovered that the people possess two, of most opposite character, which yet exist side by side, the one an affectation, the other a genuine liking. In the former case, both faith and choice lead to elevated forms of art, often very little understood, and looked upon *in petto* as wearisome, but nevertheless glorified and extolled; in the other everything appeals to a lower sense; its objects are frivolous, ingenious, and easily understood, while the nature of its interest, simplicity, its passion, or guiding motive entirely consign it to a lower range of intellectual faculties.

In opposition to this frame of mind, in which the majority of spectators study works of art, there are also some inconsistencies to be remarked in the tastes of the critics, who constitute the minority. They generally fly to an opposite extreme, and look for nothing more in a statue or in a painting than mere beauty of form, without caring for the æsthetic feeling, which is the moral value of the work. But just because they are so familiar with productions of a healthy style, it sometimes happens that they get bewitched and carried away by the unexpected; it may be by a feigned simplicity, by a real or affected absence of all cunning, or by a species of awkwardness, which is practised by most of our modern painters, and which gives them a reputation for marvellous dexterity.

After having pointed out these leading characteristics and diversities of taste in French society, nothing is easier than to explain the success of the English painters in the Montaigne Avenue Gallery.

In 1855 French critics were carried away, first of all, by the singularity which is so characteristic of English art. They found a completely new and unexpected style, and, in their leniency, rather resembled children, who like to munch away at sour and unripe fruit.

They were also struck by the small and narrative element of this style, a literary rather than an artistic attraction, which had the power, then as well as in 1867 and 1878, of exerting its charm on the crowds of visitors.

The people will probably never be cured of their liking for what the French people, with their Latin ideas, cannot but look upon as an erroneous view of the object of art. As for the minority, if they do not change their opinions, at any rate their first enthusiasm will subside, and they will satisfy themselves by carefully examining—as we are going to do—the typical works produced by a conception of art utterly different to our own.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

OUR attention is first attracted by a small group of artists. They are a school within a school, or rather they were, because they have succumbed to the same fate as most small confederations. United for a time by an unanimous idea, by the glowing belief of youthful ardour common to all, they formed a courageous but fanatical little band. Their leader was an eminent man, full of fire and energy, amounting even to violence, who strove with his whole soul, his fortune, and his peculiarly eloquent pen, to work a revolution in the existing style of art. The flame of this enthusiasm at length died out, yet, when first ignited, how bright and vivid was it! The strange little community was dispersed; and why? It followed, no doubt, the ordinary course of similar societies, which generally fall to the ground on account of the varied and illusory nature of human ideas, which, as in this case, cruelly mislead some of the members. But enough of this for the present.

The apostle of the new school soon appeared. This was the illustrious RUSKIN. Emboldened and upheld by his constant exhortations, the new school

marched forward in their new path, proud and steadfast in their convictions. What was their aim? It would require a volume to answer this question and to discuss the matter. But we will try in a few words to explain their high and noble object, and at the same time to point out the error into which they fell. The movement was such an important one, that, even after thirty years, it exerts a decided influence on the English school and on decorative art in England, so that we must certainly dwell on it, and strive to understand it as clearly as possible.

The new school ascribed to art, in direct terms, a distinctly moral purpose. Some of them thought to gain this object by representing, in as minute a style as possible, subjects in historical art, possessing a most precise and accurate character. Others proposed to attain their end in landscape painting, by carrying out faithfully the smallest details, and most insignificant particulars of the special spot in nature chosen by the artist. In both cases, in history and landscape, the system was one of microscopic analysis driven to the utmost extreme. By so strict a scrutiny they hoped to become closely united and incorporated with Truth, the beginning and end of all morality.

A noble illusion, indeed, and one demanding our highest respect! It was thought out by the deeply philosophical mind of Mr. John Ruskin, an art enthusiast, who warmly advocated the cause, and formulated its teaching.

It will be noticed that I do not participate in the universal but entirely erroneous belief that the origin

of the movement was to be ascribed to Mr. Ruskin. I do not think that, at the time the school was founded, any of its first members had read his admirable works, and certainly he was personally quite unknown to them. It was only after the display of their pictures at two or three annual exhibitions that the great writer generously came forward as their champion against the furious criticisms of the English press. This moment was a red-letter day for the society.

From his earliest youth Mr. Ruskin, by his deep and comprehensive feeling for sculpture and painting, was drawn, in spite of himself, towards a thorough study of works of art; but on the other hand the tendency, no less strong, of his philosophical mind led him to reduce every object of his study to a system, and arrange it methodically from his own point of view. Had he been less enthusiastic, a tranquil work on the philosophy of art might have satisfied these conflicting tastes; as it was, he imbued it with all his fervour.

A mind of this stamp, endowed with so much strength, activity, and faith, was bound to make converts. With cogent reasoning he laid bare and waged war against the folly that employed skill and manual dexterity in substituting formality for truth; and in this there was a great deal that was true. The only fault in the system, so far, was the severe inflexibility with which it was carried out. Mr. Ruskin, with a logic like that of Proudhon and Rousseau, advanced boldly from one inference to another, to the farthest bounds of the principle laid down. His extremely

daring opinions led him to look upon Raphael as the first traitor to religious art, which had been understood and represented in all its sublimity by his predecessors. As he was the first traitor, so, according to this view, was he also the first apostle of the illusory style, an apostle only too well imitated by his disciples of every school, and faithfully followed in the path in which Mr. Ruskin can see nothing but posturing and beautiful deceit.

Hence it was that the name of *pre-Raphaelites* was adopted by this little band of reformers, who possessed firm faith in their views, although their enthusiasm was somewhat youthful.

A section of our romantic school has also entertained fainter aspirations of the same kind. In painting, sculpture, and architecture we have also had our pre-Raphaelites. In the last of these three arts we could mention eminent men who have made use most splendidly of similar systems. As far as painting and sculpture are concerned, the movement was not of serious moment, nor was it based on any very clear or elevated principles. The ornamental painting of the mediæval ages was all that it concerned itself with, and it never entered into the spirit of early art at all. It was a fleeting excitement which came to nothing, and was promptly given up. In Germany, too, a similar movement was started by Overbeck, and has not yet ceased.

The English, on the contrary, sought with almost fanatical eagerness to apply their opinions, and bring them to perfection. They had been already attacked

by Parisian ridicule, which had announced, through M. Prudhomme, that "art is a priesthood." But they did not laugh. To them their mission was an earnest matter, and they established something approaching to a military order, an order of knight-templars on a small scale, fighting for the regeneration of art in the midst of unbelievers. The religious and even mystical element of the pre-Raphaelite school entered, not only into the works, but into the very life of its followers. They separated themselves from the world, worked in solitude, the feeblest of them for some time tried a cloistered life, and at the time when their austere enthusiasm was at its height, that is, in the earliest days of their union, they added to their names below their pictures, as a sort of confession of faith, a distinguishing mark, the three letters P. R. B.—Pre-Raphaelite Brother. Now, however, the three letters have disappeared, the church is dissolved, and the flock scattered. A few of them, although solitary cases, have held firmly to their convictions, and have struck out from time to time the most diverse styles, mingling with the pure doctrine their own personal feeling. Let us study them at their work.

Does any one remember the singular picture exhibited in 1855, entitled "The Light of the World"? It represents our Saviour, lighted by nothing more than the faint gleams from a lantern, advancing through the darkness of the night; bending under the weight of a glorious crown of gold interwoven

with thorns, He proceeds, like a divine Diogenes, knocking at various doors, in order to discover the dwelling of the righteous. It is a curious conception, bold in its delicacy of scheme, but in no way repulsive. Far from that, indeed, it is imbued with extraordinary religious feeling, a deep sense of melancholy, and, as it were, a softened refrain of that bitter sadness which affects us so powerfully when we read of the Passion. In this work we see the most faithful carrying out of pre-Raphaelite principles and doctrines; the artist was HOLMAN HUNT. Later on we shall discuss a new work by this painter; but I have only spoken of his picture "The Light of the World," painted now some time ago, in order to give an example of the peculiar manner in which pre-Raphaelitism interpreted the sacred writings through the medium of art. This was not an isolated case, nor one peculiar to Mr. Hunt. In the English gallery in the Champs-de-Mars in 1867 there was a picture by MR. W. H. FISK* pervaded by very much the same spirit; it represented the last evening of Jesus Christ at Nazareth.

* WILLIAM HENRY FISK, historical painter, was born in 1796 or 1797 at Thorpe-le-Soken, in Essex. He was by far the senior of the pre-Raphaelites, of whom I feel convinced he never knew any. Until the latter part of his life he was only a second-rate painter of historical subjects. I believe that he then became converted to the pre-Raphaelite doctrine, merely by seeing the productions of the school, whose rules he afterwards quietly strove to follow; unless, indeed, the painter of "The Last Evening," &c., was a son, very slightly known, of the artist, who died November 8th, 1872, at Danbury, in his native county.

Our Lord is standing on the terrace which forms the roof of the humble dwelling where His youth was passed after the return from Egypt. The time has come when He must leave the seclusion of this peaceful home with its family life; the hour has arrived for action, trials, and sacrifice. Under the clear cold sky studded with stars, His forehead encircled by a halo, He communes with Himself, and with His heavenly Father, foreseeing with Messianic vision the sublime task which He is to accomplish. His human nature struggles with His divine will. The Saviour already endures in anticipation the agony on the Mount of Olives, whilst at His feet life calmly reposes in slumber.

In this work the artist shows himself as far removed as Mr. Holman Hunt from the conventional types which custom had adopted for the decorative style, and which it imposes upon artists who represent Catholic subjects. Do not, however, for an instant suppose that the devotional character was therefore lessened in the work of the pre-Raphaelite painters; far from it! But they affirmed that the beautiful and ideal forms which the genius of Raphael had conceived were of too mechanical an order, and that the works in this style, which clothed the walls of our churches, were so easy of execution as to call forth no personal effort or religious enthusiasm on the part of the artists. Entirely on this account, therefore, and in the name of their faith, they systematically dispensed with such forms. One would think they might

have discovered a fresh interpretation of the Old and New Testament characters without opposition to the Roman school. They might, by the ideal though pagan beauty of their delineations, types, and draperies, have awakened a sense of the divine, and

FROM "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."—*W. Holman Hunt.*

have stirred the religious emotion by the contemplation of sublime conceptions, all the nearer to the divine because they are vague, general, and far removed from the realities of their surroundings, and as remote from distinct individual types. Far from it; whether in the symbolism of Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World," or in a representation of events looked upon as true, as in Mr. Fisk's "Last Evening of Our Lord at Nazareth," we observe the same earnest

desire to restore with perfect accuracy, in the most minute details, an appearance of truth. What am I saying?—appearance is their aversion—I ought rather to say, absolute truth. They adhere to the historical reality of events in order that they may interpret the letter and the spirit, but above all, they strive to arrive at the truth of the spirit through the letter.

In spite of the astonishing fervour and wonderful patience with which they have persevered in their style, we believe that they have strayed far from the right path, both in their character of artists, as we have already stated, and as followers of a faith, by the frailty of a system which will not bear examination. We shall presently return to this question. The multitudinous historical documents which they set in opposition to established form, and even to imagination in the religious interpretation of art, this vast collection of precise details all melt away if one of them can be disputed. You wish to represent the facts as they really took place, and you appeal to the actual truth of the representation, in order to help you to awake, in the soul of the spectator, the deep feeling which the sight of the facts themselves would have called forth. But this very assumption on your part is enough to raise in us a spirit of inquiry and criticism. Shall I be accused of over-rating the aspirations of the pre-Raphaelite school in order to gain an easy triumph over them? Read these lines by Mr. Ruskin, which are, I should think, sufficiently convincing:—

"All the histories of the Bible are yet waiting to be painted. Moses has never been painted; Elijah never; David never (except as a mere ruddy stripling); Deborah never; Gideon never; Isaiah never. What single example does the reader remember of painting which suggested so much as the faintest shadow of their deeds? Strong men in armour, or aged men with flowing beards, he may remember, who, when he looked at his Louvre or Uffizi catalogue, he found were intended to stand for David or Moses. But does he suppose that, *if these pictures had suggested to him the feeblest image of the presence of such men*, he would have passed on, as he assuredly did, to the next picture, representing, doubtless, Diana and Actæon, or Cupid and the Graces, or a gambling quarrel in a pothouse, with no sense of pain or surprise." (*Modern Painters.*)

I will not refer to the violent attacks on the past in this paragraph; one must make allowance for the passion of a strong belief in views which are so greatly indebted to Mr. Ruskin's warm partisanship, I had almost said his generous fanaticism. And, besides, in these days of indifference I can easily excuse such passion, and honour it even in its excess and consequent errors. In this quotation we only have to do with the principal and doctrinal phrase, which we have italicised.

Once informed that pre-Raphaelitism can place before our eyes a veritable representation of the action or person that it undertakes to show us, we feel that we must make sure of the actual truth of the interpretation, before allowing ourselves to be impressed

by it. Let us grant, for instance, that Mr. Fisk has found the true house in Nazareth in which Christ lived; that he himself stood on the terrace and gave us a faithful picture of the scene viewed by the Messiah on that night. But in such a case all inquiry becomes justifiable, and we are not so easily satisfied. What document is there to support the truth of this subject? What was the state of the weather on Christ's last evening in Nazareth? We can well imagine that long watch of anxious forebodings, but where was it spent by Christ? On the terrace, or inside the house? Was He really clothed in that blue and red striped garment of so unpleasing a colour? Whilst I thus question myself, and suspiciously examine the matter, all emotion has fled, and thus the aim of the artist is frustrated. The task he has set himself, in taking historical reality for his subject, is too great to be accomplished, for no art or man of even the loftiest genius can grasp truth taken in so narrow a sense; besides, such a rendering too clearly gives matter for discussion.

The following anecdote passes a very fair criticism on the religious painting of the pre-Raphaelite school:—"Three or four years ago," writes Mr. Milsand in his excellent work, "L'Esthétique Anglaise," "all London was moved by a picture in which Mr. Hunt, one of the greatest artists of the school, had represented 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple' (1860). Certainly no enthusiasm could equal the trouble that the painter had given himself. Mr. Hunt had made a long

stay in Judea, in order to become acquainted with the characteristics of the country; he had given five years to the search and perusal of documents and literary science of every kind necessary to satisfy antiquarians, theologians, physiognomists, and to show to those who had made a study of Jewish stockings, that his stockings were faultless. But, alas! one cannot please all the world and his wife. A Jewish lady, after having carefully examined the picture, gravely remarked: 'It is very beautiful, only one cannot help observing that the artist is unaware of the distinctive feature in the tribe of Judah; his doctors possess the flat feet which belong to Reuben, whilst the men of Judah had a very high instep.'" After such a thrust, it would be cruel on our part to dwell on the pre-Raphaelite errors with regard to religious painting.

Let us proceed to the study of other works of this school, of which Mr. Holman Hunt is the truest and most distinguished representative. In 1867 Mr. Hunt, the painter of "The Light of the World" and "Jesus in the Midst of the Doctors," sent us a picture, entitled, "The Afterglow in Egypt." Judging by the place of honour that it occupied in the English gallery, and the exceptional care with which it was surrounded, the work was one of value. Quite alone in front of one of the entrance doors, on an easel draped in crimson velvet, stood the painting, covered with glass. This custom, which is adopted in England for very costly productions, possesses the drawback of preventing a clear view of the picture;

VALENTINE RESCUING SYLVIA FROM PROTEUS.—*W. Holman Hunt.*

but this consideration is slight compared to the thought of the injury which might be done to the work were the glass to break by accident. However, it was thus covered, in conformity to the owner's wish, and, in our neighbour's estimation, an amateur can pay no greater respect to a painting.

I must try, now that I am about to speak of Mr. Hunt, to avoid the epithet "singular," which too frequently recurs in the contemplation of pre-Raphaelite pictures; and yet it is the first word that one involuntarily utters in viewing a work executed according to the rules of this school. "The After-glow in Egypt!" What would one naturally expect from such a title? An extensive Eastern landscape, subsiding into shadowy twilight, whilst overhead the pale sky is lighted by the last gleams of the setting sun, which has just sunk below the horizon.

There is nothing of the kind in Mr. Hunt's work. A female figure forms his subject, some woman of noble birth, perhaps a wife of Pharaoh. In the stiff attitude of a bronze caryatid she stands on the bank of the sacred river, clothed in a copious garment of costly but sombre material, which entirely envelops her form in its black folds, with reflected lights of deep blue. Large rings ornament her ears, and chains of gold and coral beads encircle her neck. Is she a daughter of the Nile? or is she not rather some goddess of harvest, an Egyptian Ceres? Her dark head sustains the weight of a sheaf of corn, which she steadies with one hand, whilst in the other she holds an Eastern vessel of earthenware of

a bright light green colour, contrasting strangely with the dull complexion of her severe pale face. She is surrounded by flocks of pigeons, which come from all quarters, flying towards her in happy confidence. Anxious to obtain the food so generously granted them, they pick up, with their pink bills, the grain scattered on the ground at her feet; they rummage in the sheaf, burying their delicate little heads in it, whilst those which have eaten their fill ruffle up the bright feathers round their necks, until they look as if surrounded by a halo. Yonder glides the quiet water; silent and tideless it flows under its fair burden of large-leafed water-lilies. Wide plains, laden with ripe corn, stretch away in the distance at the foot of the purple mountains, tinged with the last rays of the glowing sunset. The picture is the presentment of the affluence and serenity of Nature left to herself.

Is it really that, or something quite different? These pre-Raphaelites involve themselves in such subtleties that one can never feel certain of their meaning. With their literary acquirements they ought, at least, to help us to decipher the signification of their pictures, if only by the catalogue.

This melancholy figure haunts me. I should like to solve the perplexing problem. Shall we try to find a new solution of the enigma? Princess and goddess, both have faded; and I am in the presence of the personification of modern Egypt. In the dull, black eyes, as frigid and lustreless as a lifeless coal; in the ominous stillness, and in these

trappings suitable to a slave or a courtesan, I find a symbol of Egypt, deposed from the splendour of her ancient civilisation, and fallen from her high, intellectual culture, with nothing left to her but what the fertility of soil, the waters of the Nile and bountiful nature continue to lavish upon her. Why does she turn her back to the river? except, indeed, it be to avert her gaze from the colossal remains of her former power lying ruined on the banks. Steadfast and gloomy, she stands under the weight of the heavy corn; steadfast and lifeless as a block of granite; her life has sunk to an animal, vegetating existence, with perhaps, in the far depths of her soul, a sparkle, a gleam of her former state.

I will leave to my patient reader the task of finding other solutions of this problem, which may easily be done with a little imagination; and exactly therein lies the fault of this emblematic and ideal style of painting; it possesses the slight defect of being at times unintelligible, or, what comes to the same thing, it may bear as many contradictory interpretations as there are interpreters.

But in studying Mr. Hunt's work it is astonishing to mark the amount of detail that enters into his execution. Every tiny flower or grain of wheat, every feather on the birds as well as those fallen from their wings, each scale of their claws, the minutest lines of the woman's face, the most insignificant details of the work, every part is carried out with a patience, care, and finish which would challenge the finest and most delicate imagination of Lilliput. Here we see the

most splendid—or most foolish—illustration of the principles so eloquently laid down by Mr. Ruskin. As I have already said, it is a system of microscopic analysis driven to the utmost extreme.

Do not imagine that this carrying out of detail, which appears to us so extravagant, was based on nothing more solid than a fancy of one of the heads of the school, or a particular skill possessed by the artist. It is due to quite another cause, and, far from taking its rise from a whim or from simple dexterity, it is grounded on a very decided philosophical view. And really, so lofty is the aspiration, and so firm the conviction these painters entertain, that we have no right to treat the matter otherwise than with the utmost respect in criticising their views.

Its theory is governed by two ideas: a hatred of forms, appearances, and pretences, and a noble, passionate love of truth. They do not follow the Latin idea, and think that an artist's vocation is to please, but they look upon him as a man of higher ability than others, a prophet whose mission it is to set forth his own exalted revelations of nature's manifestations which have been granted him for this purpose.

"To handle the brush freely, and to paint grass and weeds with accuracy enough to satisfy the eye, are accomplishments which a year or two's practice will give any man: but to trace among the grass and weeds those mysteries of invention and combination by which nature appeals to the intellect; to render the delicate fissure, and descending curve, and undulating shadow of the mouldering

soil, with gentle and fine finger, like the touch of the rain itself; to find even in all that appears most trifling or contemptible fresh evidence of the constant working of the Divine power 'for glory and for beauty,' and to teach it and proclaim it to the unthinking and the unregarding; this, as it is the peculiar province and faculty of the master-mind, so it is the peculiar duty which is demanded of it by the Deity." (*Modern Painters.*)

How remote this is from well-known and authorised theories of art! I do not pretend to justify it, for it wanders beyond the limits of art, but how it stirs one's soul! How singularly the pre-Raphaelites mingle the ideal with the real! for with their lofty ideas they quite worship Truth!

There are only two artists in the history of French art whose views in the least coincided with those of the pre-Raphaelites, and even then it was in no conscious manner. Of these two, who both died but a short time since and were nearly contemporary, one was De la Berge, who, it is said, among other eccentricities of the same sort, made a preliminary study of all the tiles on the roof of a house, which he was going to paint in one of his pictures. The other was a poor unknown artist, Léon Bonvin, who put an end to his miserable life in 1865. He left some very valuable water-colour paintings, in which he takes the simplest subjects, such as field flowers of all kinds, clumps of bushes and tufts of grass springing from the brown earth; all these he renders with the greatest faithfulness, whilst his artlessness of style, peculiar to himself, enables him to rival and surpass those whose works are

effected with the greatest skill. Théodore Rousseau, a master of modern landscape, who in his early years painted with a great deal of fire and spirit, and threw into his productions the heat and passion of youth, appears, in the calmness and deeper feeling of his later life, to have reached a style somewhat analogous to pre-Raphaelitism. His former admirers, particularly those who advocated the importance of adhering invariably to prescribed forms, and who feared anything like boldness of innovation, were for a time much perplexed by Rousseau's later works. I merely notice the affinity without criticising the fact.

To return to the pre-Raphaelite school and Mr. Hunt's pictures, I will not further discuss their guiding principle ; I will even admit, for the sake of argument, that it is correct, and may be applied without any inconsistency to art (although this I cannot believe), and that it does not defy the rules of painting. I will grant, if necessary, that an artist is just as much at liberty to stir our emotions by a precise and detailed representation as by a broader view of reality. The chief point is that the work of art should awaken in us this feeling for truth. But, unfortunately, that is exactly where they fail, and this constitutes my principal objection to the reforming tenets of the pre-Raphaelites. They may try their best, but, in a totally contrary direction, they remain as incapable and as far from giving a faithful representation of truth as our painters.

It may be that they succeed in gathering together the elements of truth in their infinity of detail, but the

appearance of reality is always wanting to complete the faithfulness of their productions; they never arrive at a life-like harmonious *ensemble*. We sacrifice detail to general effect, and they neglect general effect for detail. Who shall say which is best? Thus in this Egyptian figure; nothing can exceed the patience which has been devoted to the execution; every tiniest particle is represented to infinitude, but the main feature is entirely missing; by which I mean life. I could pass over the extraordinary combinations of cold, harsh colours; it is all dull and hard. Is it truth to represent a landscape without any atmosphere, and a body without projection? What does it signify that every smallest detail of that body is present, if, when finished, it fails to convey the general appearance of life?

It is all very well for the botanist to show us the dried flower in his herbarium, and let us handle all its different parts, the stamen, the pistil, and the corolla; all this will give us a very poor and imperfect idea of the living flower itself.

The question is whether an artist's province consists in showing us the anatomy of life, which is nothing less than death, or the appearance of life? Once reduce the question to this form, and there can be no further hesitation on the matter; we are forced to pronounce judgment against the pre-Raphaelites.

And it is thus the matter lies, if not in theory, certainly in the study of their works. We have discovered it in Mr. Fisk's religious picture, and in Mr. Hunt's symbolic work, and we now observe the same

thing in a homely interior by MR. ARTHUR HUGHES,* "After a Day's Work."

The subject is full of grace and poetic fancy. The father, a sturdy collier just returned from the dark depths of the mine, has reached the threshold of the little house where rest and domestic comfort await him after his toil. The tools are hastily thrown aside as he stoops towards the small fair child in white, who extends her little arms towards him. The elder sister, a little bigger, stands patiently by awaiting her

* Like Mr. W. Fisk, MR. ARTHUR HUGHES does not, strictly speaking, belong to the early pre-Raphaelite school; he was born in 1832, and was therefore as much too young to be a member as the former was too old. Nevertheless, the cultivation of his great talent, of so pure, tender, and sound a character, was undoubtedly the result of the pre-Raphaelite principles, and no true member would refuse to acknowledge him as one of themselves. At the age of twenty he exhibited an "Ophelia," painted with admirable feeling, of which we give a sketch. In 1854 he exhibited at the Royal Academy: "The Eve of St. Agnes;" in 1856, "April Love," a masterpiece; in 1863, "On the Seashore;" in 1864, "The Font," and "Silver and Gold;" in 1865, "The Reaper." At Paris he exhibited "Good Evening" and "After a Day's Work," in 1867; "The Convent Boat," in 1874; "Uncertainty," in 1877; "The Neighbour's Death" and "The Property Room," in 1878; "The Sailor's Leave-taking," in 1881; and "The Coaster's Family," in 1882. The same year the artist exhibited, at the Grosvenor Gallery, a picture on the old Norman song :—

'L'été est venu,
Chante haut, coucou !
L'herbe croit, les prés sont en fleur,
Et les bois renaissent de nouveau."

Or as it is in the old English version—

"Sumer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing Cuccu !
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu. '

As may be seen, this talented artist is not too lavish with his works, and has not succumbed to the fatal rage for exhibiting.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.—*Sir Noel Paton.*

(*See p.* 206.)

turn, for she is sensible enough to understand that the first attention must be paid to the smallest and feeblest, and that she will not be neglected. The contrast between the rough exterior of the miner and these delicate little figures, with their rosy complexions, curly hair, and white dresses of babyhood, is most pathetically set forth by the artist; he has treated the subject with true feeling, and not in a sentimental manner. It is a work of healthy tone and powerful imagination. In it we find the same marvellous amount of detail, and the same want of life as in Mr. Hunt's work, which is executed in light colouring, whilst the other is in dark and sombre tints. Without seeing the picture one can scarcely form any idea of the fastidious care with which Mr. Hughes has finished each mesh of the tool-basket, every little bit of dead wood scattered here and there on the ground, every brick of the cottage, all the veins and markings of the leaves on the hedge of the narrow garden, and even the separate threads of the miner's corduroy clothes. The artist has implicitly followed the rules of the school:

"The whole function of an artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record." (*The Stones of Venice.*)

A perfect theory often ruined by imperfect practice.

OPHELIA.—*Arthur Hughes.*

And, indeed, in striving to fix and analyse the particular character of every object, one invests them with too much importance compared with that due to the human figure; they cease to be conformable to general effect. So much for the intellectual point of view. As regards the artistic aspect, the works themselves prove that, so far from enhancing the desired impression of the picture, such accuracy and faithfulness in detail serve to deprive it of all nobility of character. Nothing remains, indeed, in the mind of the spectator but a very decided though slowly acquired impression. These pictures, after having been once seen and studied, are for ever imprinted on the memory.

Mr. Ruskin imputes to truth of detail, studied in a scientific manner (for that is really his idea), artistic qualities which it does not possess; he seems to me in direct contradiction with the evidence of facts when he asserts that this precision of detail is requisite and necessary in order to acquire the simplicity, seriousness, and harmony which characterise the general effect of natural scenes.

I am sorry to be obliged to repeat that in the pre-Raphaelite paintings the result is exactly the reverse.

We get on very slowly in our scrutiny. The opportunity, however, so rarely presents itself of thoroughly studying a style in such diametrical opposition to our own, that I may perhaps be pardoned if I make free use of it.

The members of the pre-Raphaelite school did not

all devote themselves to the same carrying out of *minutiæ* that we have already observed in the pictures of Messrs. H. Hunt, Fisk, and W. Hughes. In the circle of men whose sympathies connected them with the original men, there were many possessing very independent minds and characteristics.

All the followers of pre-Raphaelitism were agreed on one fundamental point, which was the base and groundwork of the mission they wished to accomplish. With the idea that art had adopted an entirely wrong course ever since the sixteenth century, they chose utterly to ignore and discountenance all its manifestations belonging to the intervening period. They wished to take it up exactly where it had been left by Raphael's predecessors, and immediately before it had been led astray, according to their view, into paths of craft and beautiful deceit by a man endowed with genius, although of a corrupted order.

Thus retracing their steps to a common point of departure, each one strove, in his own manner, to turn the style of art back into the paths of Truth. The means they employed to forward this end were very different and varied, according to their distinctive temperaments.

With some the search after Truth revealed itself, whether in history or nature, by a painstaking though somewhat petty effort to represent each and every smallest constituent particle of material reality. We have already observed the qualities and failings of this system. We will now proceed to examine some other works produced by the reforming tenets

laid down and agreed upon by the whole pre-Raphaelite society.

I must beg my reader to aid me in this study by once more striving to recall the impression left on his mind by the English gallery of the Montaigne avenue in 1855. Unlike a large number of other foreign artists, our neighbours do not habitually send their paintings to our annual Salons, so that characteristic works gain importance from their very rarity, and we cannot afford to neglect any. For this reason, necessity obliges us to refer to the Exhibition of 1855, if we wish to understand and appreciate truly the productions of a staunch partisan of the pre-Raphaelites, one who, at the period of which we write, shared the success of Mr. Hunt and of Mr. Millais, an artist of whom we shall speak at length farther on.

There will assuredly be no difficulty in recalling either SIR NOEL PATON'S name or picture. His subject, the "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,"* in which

* SIR NOEL PATON, who was elected painter to the Queen for Scotland, in 1866, and knighted in the following year, was senior to the pre-Raphaelites by about ten years, and had already gained a reputation in 1850. His two pictures of "Oberon and Titania" ("The Quarrel," and "The Reconciliation"), were painted before this date. But the extreme sympathy which he showed the new school, as well as his scrupulously detailed execution, have caused him to be regarded as a pre-Raphaelite. The movement certainly had an influence on his later works, and to it he owes his admirable custom of faithfully following nature in the landscapes which form part of his splendid fairy works. We are fortunately able to give here one of his most important productions, "The Fairy Queen," as vivid in imagination as "The Quarrel," and which aptly gives an idea of the inexhaustible and charming fancy of the artist.

they are represented with their fairy train, is taken from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The same ardent love for truth which is shown by his pre-Raphaelite friends in reproducing every detail and particular of actual existence, is manifested by Sir Noel in his earnest endeavour to give a faithful interpretation of the poet's beautiful fancy. He has given just as much skilful manipulation and earnestness to the representation of Shakespeare's fairyland as the other painters have bestowed on the world of reality. As in so many of his charming works of later date, borrowed from fairy lore, the artist rivals the great poet in the caprice, roguishness, imagination, and diversity which he throws into his painting.

We will not speak of the defects in execution, the harshness of colour, and inaccuracy in drawing; let us only strive to keep the beauty of the impression which this charming picture created in our minds. Certainly, it has more to do with the literary and poetical tendencies of the school than with its severely veracious principles. And thus Sir Noel Paton, who was at that time a friend rather than a true disciple, often deviated from its precepts, but he later decidedly embraced its fundamental doctrine of absolute realism.

Not that he even then adopted the pre-Raphaelite rule in its strictest sense, entire truth or nothing, because this rule necessarily involves a close adherence to actual forms, especially of external fact. But he gave up the fancies of pure imagination, and henceforth took his subjects from mankind and modern life.

To this order belong his two pictures, "In Memoriam" and "Home."

In "Home," neither the theme nor the painting are of a grand character. A poor soldier, mortally wounded, has just reached his home, and sinks down on a chair, tended by his mother and sweetheart, to whom he has only returned to die. I will not dwell upon the work, although in it the expression of pain is both well conceived and well carried out. It recalls to our mind the sentimental painting of the French painter Tassaert, a garret, a mother on her death-bed, a beautiful daughter, poor, but virtuous. Such subjects form an easy means of stirring emotions, but do not so easily raise a true feeling for art in the public mind. I decidedly prefer Sir Noel Paton's other picture, a memorial of one of the most cruel episodes of the numerous Sepoy mutinies which have agitated British India.

Here we see a large company of women of all ages; some far advanced in years, young girls, and mothers with their infants, who, maddened with terror, have taken refuge in an old ruin. Invaded in the midst of their luxurious life, they have fled from massacre, hunted from one street to another, until at last they have blindly thrown themselves into the shelter of these four crumbling walls. The door, which might have hidden them from the sight of their pursuers, is broken in; the window has no fastening. Any moment they may be overtaken and forced to undergo the most horrible atrocities and torments, death, and worse than death. There stand this poor

defenceless band, huddled together, with dishevelled hair, panting from their flight, whilst, straining eye and ear, they tremble at the slightest sound of approaching footsteps. The agony of the last moment is depicted in their horror-stricken countenances.

In this work the tragedy is true, deep, and real, very different from the sentimentality of "Home." And even if the subject did not demand a more artistic feeling, the style of the painting is superior—even in some respects to the execution in "Oberon" and the "Fairy Queen."

Let us make clear, however, what we mean by this superiority. Sir Noel, in changing his subjects, also changed his style. He made a nearer approach than any of his friends towards the primitive simplicity at which they aimed, even partly adopting its subdued and by no means inharmonious colouring, some of its distinctive features and modes of delineation and outline—in short, the characteristics of that early art.

Judged according to the taste and training in our own country, "In Memoriam" appears to be a less questionable work than those of the artist's pre-Raphaelite friends, and yet, shall I admit it? although it is less singular, and in no way offends against the prevailing taste, I regard it as inferior in merit. One observes in it none of that passion for truth which charms us in Holman Hunt, in spite of his faults; its individuality is lessened. I seem to find nothing in this painting but a recollection of early art dressed in modern garb, an imitation of its characteristics rather than a following out of its principles and system. Many artists in

France have gained honour and renown by pursuing a like method. But there is this difference, that in this case the artists have been taught that the farthest limits in art have been reached by the old masters, and that no one could do better than follow in their footsteps. With this theory individual idealism has been discouraged. Those who did not hold a similar opinion, and who ventured to believe in the possibility of improvement, have been made to suffer for their independent way of thinking. Our artists therefore, are only following an established rule when they place themselves in the wake of a chosen master. But on the part of a pre-Raphaelite, a reformer, professing the views of truth and sincerity with which we are already acquainted, such a course is contemptible, and presents a most decided contradiction of ideas; he has degenerated into the superficiality denounced by the school. And so in imitating the well-known form of early art without entering into its spirit, I repeat that although Sir Noel Paton's picture offers less subject for discussion, it also seems to me less worthy of interest; he has voluntarily forfeited his liberty.

There is another rather important mistake that we are obliged to notice, not in the execution, but in the composition of Sir Noel's picture. I have already described the scene that he represents, the helpless group of distracted Englishwomen, crowded together in a ruin where they vainly seek concealment; but I said nothing of the advancing band of armed men that are seen through the openings of the door and

window. I think every one will agree with me when I say that, in obedience to dramatic feeling in its most rudimentary sense, the sight of these men ought to add to the excitement. "The sepoys!" is naturally the cry which would escape from every mouth. But such is not Sir Noel's idea; doubtless he was anxious to spare the nerves of his fair and tender-hearted spectators, and so instead of sepoys he has introduced the red coats of the Scottish soldiers. A pleasant but a decidedly commonplace conclusion, by which the work is both enfeebled and stunted; all the terror therein depicted is a mere delusion, and the drama terminates in the happy and paltry manner of a trashy three-volume novel.

This is a gross mistake. What shall we say of the circumstance, that when this picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, the sepoys were represented in the place that they ought to occupy? So far from exculpating the artist, does not this rather serve to deepen his error? Sir Noel Paton reduces his noble tragedy to a melodrama by this unfortunate modification.

It would not require more than two days' work on the part of the artist to restore his picture to its former tragic greatness, by the alteration of the figures in the background, and we should strongly advise him to follow this course, if the opportunity presents itself, by his again becoming possessor of the painting. The whole interest of the appalling subject rests on this important centre.

Let us say, once for all, that Sir Noel Paton has

not continued in the style of painting which we have just discussed. He has since returned to his representations of Shakespearian fancy. In 1878 he exhibited at Paris a Caliban listening to a chorus of sylphs.

The illustrious poet, D. G. Rossetti, who is also an eminent painter, and was one of the representatives of early pre-Raphaelitism, has not exhibited even in London since he was quite young. His rivals at that time were Mr. F. Madox Brown, whose works have never been seen in any French exhibitions, and two artists, already well known in France, Mr. H. Hunt, who has ever remained a firm adherent to the principles of the little school, and MR. MILLAIS, who sent to the Avenue Montaigne Exhibition of 1855 three important and deservedly distinguished pictures: "The Order of Release," "The Dove's Return to the Ark," and "Ophelia." We had not then seen his beautiful "Huguenots," and "Black Brunswicker." Among those who saw the three first-mentioned pictures, none will forget the mingled sensations of aversion and fascination which they exercised on our minds by the peculiarity of their conception and their extraordinary execution.

These works were in direct opposition to French views of art in their unaccustomed mode of thought and treatment, and yet we remained spell-bound by their very singularity and the striking originality of their composition. We were not less puzzled by their diversity of subjects. The artist appeared in the three separate garbs of realism, mysticism, and romance. The first picture, "The Release," is in his

OPHELIA.—*J. E. Millais.*

realistic character. In it he represents a red-coated gaoler with three-cornered hat, half opening the heavy prison door to let out a poor miserable Scotsman, accompanied by his young wife, who carries in her arms a charmingly fair and ruddy child. In "The Dove's Return" he adopts the mystic style, where he depicts two young women, whose drapery savours of the Middle Ages in its bright deep colours like old stained glass, receiving the panting dove in their fond and reverent hands; and, lastly, in "Ophelia" he deals in romance, where the Shakespearian maiden, with her sweet smile of distraught reason, yields herself a prey to the deep green water, fringed with luxuriant vegetation. The wonderful part of these pictures is, that, although the artist represents with faithful accuracy every smallest detail, this circumstance does not take away in the remotest degree from their marvellously life-like appearance.

When we again had the opportunity of studying Mr. Millais at the Exhibition Universelle of 1867, he seemed to be passing through a crisis. He had certainly wandered away from his youthful convictions, and was not quite so sure of the efficacy of his early system. This painter, who had formerly put so much fervour into the minute representation of his subject, the light and shade, and even the lines and knots of a straw in the "Dove's Return," now treated with the breadth of decorative painting the landscape which played so large a part in his two pictures, "The Sower of Tares," and "The Romans Leaving Britain." No one would have imagined, without

being told, that they were by the same hand. They have nothing in common but a poetical aspiration, which gains its end in the two styles by very different means.

In a recess of the high cliffs facing the sea a

THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER.—*J. E. Millais.*

Roman soldier, already clothed in armour, passionately clasps to his breast a young girl, one of the dwellers on the coast. Her regular features and earnest deep eyes speak of a proud sorrow; her long loose hair floats on the sea breeze. From the bottom of the cliff at their feet sound the last Roman trumpet calls; on the waves may be seen the swelling sails of the galleys. The moment of parting has arrived, the

parting for ever. The force of expression and passion, which are life-like and striking, give to the soldier and British maiden a certain nobility of character; but regarded from an artistic point of view, the work is exceedingly feeble. Sky, sea, and ground are painted in a tame, spiritless manner, very different from that careful and earnest study of nature which was observable in the landscape of "Ophelia," in 1855.

"The Sower of Tares," in which dramatic effect alone is sought, betrays the same carelessness of execution. At night-time, under a dark and lowering sky, intersected by livid tints which are seen reflected with sulphurous gleams in the dark river below, moves with sidelong pace the enemy of mankind. His appearance is sinister, and as he advances he scatters handfuls of tares on the ground already sown with wheat. Slimy reptiles start from the earth at his approach, the wolves rivet their cold, glittering eyes on him as he passes, and all kinds of evil animals follow in his train. The artist has taken great pains with the principal figure, but all the rest is carried out in the trivial style of operatic demonry.

A far better work than this, and one in which we recognise some of the original qualities which had formerly so attracted us in Mr. Millais, is a picture whose subject, as well as its title, is taken from "The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats. This poem, founded on a very old legend, has been most faithfully followed out and rendered by the artist. Keats's heroine, Madeleine, had learnt that at mid-

night on the Eve of St. Agnes, young girls might receive the "soft adorings" of their unknown loves,

THE ORDER OF RELEASE.—*J. E. Millais.*

"If ceremonies due they did aright,
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily-white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire."

With her heart full of the thoughts of love with which she had been occupied throughout the winter's day, the pensive Madeleine suddenly leaves the brilliantly lighted hall and gay company, and, under the charm of St. Agnes, hastens to her own chamber. The taper which she carries in her hand is extinguished as she hurries along, and, when she reaches her room, her only light is that of the moon, which shines through a window

"diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
* * * * * * * * * *
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeleine's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross, soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven.

Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled."

This work possesses the disadvantage of being

almost unintelligible to any one who is not acquainted with the poem which inspired the artist. Indeed, the spectator unaware of the subject might turn away from this fair lady disrobing herself in the moonlight, and think the picture slightly wanting in delicacy. It is not sufficient to be merely acquainted with the legend; in order to appreciate the minute precision of the painter, the exact words employed by the poet must be studied, otherwise one will be at a loss to understand why so much pains is taken to follow out this or that detail, which was, no doubt, a matter of great importance in the artist's eyes; the rose-tint, for instance, which is cast from the window on Madeleine's hands. The artistic effect of the picture is correct and striking, and the impression created is truly poetical, but Mr. Millais enters far too much into detail with this narrative subject.

The artist was too gifted to waver long between ancient convictions and the new course which he had hitherto sought without success. The love of nature, forming the strongest characteristic of the pre-Raphaelites, seemed to have deserted him, and I do not think that he was, at this time, so strongly drawn towards dramatic and poetical ideas as formerly. "The Romans Leaving Britain," and "The Sower of Tares," were executed by a feeble hand, which was only roused to a little of its old vigour in "The Eve of St. Agnes." We could not but feel anxious about the career of this artist, who had so interested us in his individuality. He seemed in imminent danger of falling into the follies of the old historical style, of which there are so

many miserable specimens in the English galleries. Such disregard of execution and unfaithfulness in representation as one there sees cannot but reduce any work of art to the degraded level of a mere mass of colour; the possession of poetic feeling and noble aspirations are not sufficient in themselves for pictures of this order. Let us follow Mr. Millais in his last change of style.

The crisis did not last long.

"The Crown of Love," exhibited in London in 1875, reminded one slightly, in feeling, of the "Romans Leaving Britain," only the painting had regained its substantial flesh and blood character, without losing any of its poetical attributes. The subject was borrowed from George Meredith's beautiful poem:—

"Oh, might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair princess of France!

"Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touched the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

"Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won—
And she was won in death!"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The pre-Raphaelite, who had formerly so strictly followed the rules of the school, that the faithful carrying out of detail had been almost an infatuation

for him, had now freed himself from so slavish a yoke, without losing the respect he bore it, or failing to recognise the worth of the system. Since that time the years have rolled on, carrying the master, step by step, to a fuller realisation of his artistic aspirations. Mr. Millais' ten pictures exhibited in the Champs-de-Mars did not give a true estimate of his high talent and many-sided powers, which enable him to treat all branches of art with a like facility and superiority. There were no productions to be seen representing him in his impressive, heroic, and imaginative styles. However, we must remain satisfied with the opportunities that have been afforded us of studying his works.

The chief place in the large panel, where most of Mr. Millais' pictures were hung, was occupied by a splendid portrait, that of a "Yeoman of the Guard" in the Tower of London. Gravely seated, with his walking-stick in his hand, the yeoman, whose breast is ornamented with numerous medals, maintains a most dignified bearing, although arrayed in the singular costume of a beefeater, one of those gorgeous uniforms, the remnants of a bygone age, which have been preserved, alike through centuries and revolutions, at Windsor and the Vatican only. With the exception of the black hat, surrounded by a tri-coloured ribbon, the whole costume, coat, breeches, and leggings, is of bright scarlet cloth.

Mr. Millais has rendered this unmitigated blaze of red with extraordinarily powerful effect, and, indeed, he excels in such daring attempts. The gaoler's red

coat in "The Release" was the first example;

A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.—*J. E. Millais.*

another was given in 1875, when, in a portrait of Miss Eveleen Tennant, he painted the young girl in a vivid

red dress. In the yeoman's portrait, the gold and dark blue of the waist-band, shoulder-belt, and ornamentation round the coat, the different shades of white of the buckskin gloves and goffered ruff around his neck, the black of the hat, and the dark brown background, on which one sees, sharply delineated, the blue steel of two halberds, all serve by their contrast to throw up more brilliantly the predominating scarlet.

The old yeoman's face, taken in three-quarter view and fringed by a short white beard, is executed in a manner which might seem clumsy beside the skilful manipulation of our French painters. But the execution, which at first sight appears wanting in firmness, on closer inspection shows such a knowledge of the management of flesh-tints, that, setting aside the ordinary method, it reproduces in a wonderful manner the various tones of which the drawn and wrinkled skin of an aged face is composed.

To those who know how to appreciate it, the "Yeoman of the Guard" conveys a valuable lesson in faithful rendering. "Hearts are Trumps" was the original title given to a picture containing the portraits of three sisters who are seated round a table. Mr. Millais has succeeded, apparently without any effort, in maintaining a soft bright harmony in this work; and the flowers, the summer toilettes, all three alike, the sombre light, and the clear atmosphere, all serve to set off the charming young faces, whose fine brown eyes are turned towards the spectator.

MR. J. SANT'S picture of three sisters grouped

together in a pretty and natural manner, is in the same home-like style, though executed perhaps with less science. It is called "The Early Post." Two of the girls are standing, one reading a letter aloud, whilst the other greets the contents with a smile which displays her ivory teeth. The third sister, who is seated, rests her chin on her hand and turns her soft looks towards the spectator. In spite of some inaccuracy of drawing, it is a charming representation of the unassuming grace of maidenhood unconsciously portrayed in its ease of home-life.

To return to Mr. Millais' work. It is with reluctance that I see myself obliged to pass over so quickly several other portraits: those of three more sisters; of the Duke of Westminster; and of Mrs. H. L. Bischoffsheim; all very perfect in execution. We now come to fancy works: "Yes or No?" "The Gambler's Wife," and "The North-West Passage."

English artists like to excite public curiosity by seeking ingenious titles for their pictures. This habit is, however, owing to something more than a mere humorous whim; there is the evident desire that the question may be answered by the decisive expression on the faces of the principal characters. "Yes or No?" plainly sets forth the truth of this statement. "Yes or No?" Will the young girl accept the proposal of the lover whose letter she has just received, and whose photograph she holds behind her back, as if to prevent it from exerting an influence on her decision. As answer to this question "Yes or No?" a question to her of the most vital importance, as the portrait

demonstrates, the artist replied first in 1875, with the same brevity, by "No!" and again in 1877, after having thought it over once more, by "Yes!" in which he at length unites the two lovers.

"The Gambler's Wife" is a very little picture, most nearly approaching the French style in its execution. It represents a young wife in the morning musing over the cards which her husband has crumpled up in his agitation and thrown down on the gaming-table, after incurring terrible losses. This picture will always be a favourite with our painters, because it is in accordance with their accustomed ideas in its sustained harmony of tone and colour. For my own part, I prefer those works more characteristically English in style, and particularly "The North-West Passage." Here may again be remarked the persistent ambiguity of the title, which would seem to denote a landscape; however, if the name is obscure the picture is not. What a sweet and pleasing subject! and how pathetic in its portrayal of filial devotion! The father, an old sailor, is seated at a large table covered with unrolled charts, in an unpretending room, through the window of which is seen a glorious calm sea. Opposite this veteran of the wars are suspended various flags, some French among the number, which mingle their bright hues as glowing reminders of deeds of bravery, when death has been nobly met and foes vanquished. On the floor lie some old log-books with discoloured bindings, some of them spotted with mildew, from one of which a beautiful young girl is reading aloud,

seated at her father's feet. The old sailor, whose heart is more in the past than the present, complacently sips the grog dear to every English tar, and listens, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the account of one of his campaigns, no doubt the most daring of all, the one which has given its name to the picture, "The North-West Passage." In 1882 the illustrious ex-pre-Raphaelite gave us two most attractive portraits of ladies whose charms are only enhanced by the simple style in which they are painted. These are the daughter of Charles Dickens, who was first married to the brother of Wilkie Collins, and Mrs. Perugini, whose beautiful head is finely portrayed, although her dress is somewhat sketchy. But the picture that most attracts our attention is that entitled "The Youth of Sir Walter Raleigh," painted in 1869, and exhibited in 1870 at the Royal Academy.

The scene is laid on the sea-shore, where young Raleigh and his brother listen with eager attention to the wonderful accounts of a sailor who has touched at every port. He tells them of the regions of the sun, and of the lands of enchantment in the East; he shows them some embroidered Indian work and parrots' feathers; and they in their childish imagination wander in this world of fancy, traverse the Eldorado, enter the palace of the Aztec kings, and the Inca temples, ornamented with massive golden suns. They come upon secluded spots containing hidden treasures, where Indian captives seek concealment, and where spring the fountains of eternal youth. Raleigh little foresees the block and the scaffold

awaiting him in the future. His one dream at present is to sail for that glorious land, Westward Ho! The figures stand in full sunlight, which brings into relief the numerous small details in the foreground. This picture savours of the old tendency of the school for the representation of minutiæ. The execution, although brilliant, is rather hard, and is made up in great part by small, fine touches. We cannot here linger to discuss the qualities that the master has forfeited in forsaking his early convictions, or the merits he has acquired in adopting a broader and more expeditious style. We can only congratulate ourselves on the opportunity we have had of seeing one of the principal works of this artist, whose name is foremost at the present day in the English school.

In thus following Mr. Millais through his various phases, we have lost sight of the origin of pre-Raphaelitism. We must retrace our steps.

We have sought to demonstrate by the works themselves the tenets of this little band of artists, who so completely separated themselves from the rest of their fellows. We have seen how the pre-Raphaelites spent a great amount of talent and most earnest endeavour in striving after their ideal of sincerity, reality, and truth; certainly a very noble as well as an attractive aspiration from an intellectual point of view, but unattainable, or, at least, one that has never yet been attained. With regard to MR. D. G. ROSSETTI,*

* DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, poet and artist, was born in London in 1828, and died suddenly at Birchington-on-Sea, near Margate, Sunday, April 9th, 1882. We cannot hope, in these few lines, to render justice

DANTE'S DREAM.—*D. G. Rossetti.*

we find ourselves no better off than most amateurs, for we have never seen a single work of his. This artist has, indeed, never sought public fame. Is this fact to be ascribed to austerity, or is it the indifference of high genius to popular opinion? Whichever it may be, he is certainly as well known as Mr. Millais, Sir Noel Paton, or Holman Hunt in the art-world. Mr. Rossetti's works, comprising a certain quantity of drawings and pictures, were only once publicly viewed during his lifetime, in 1856. He was then aged twenty-eight. From that time until 1883, when an exhibition of his pictures was held at Burlington House, none of his productions had been seen, and yet the reputation that he has gained in spite of this exclusiveness proves how great has been his influence on the inner circle of his friends.

to this highly-gifted man, who was eminent both as a poet and a painter, but we trust more fully to accomplish this end in our "History of the pre-Raphaelite School in England," which work is now in progress. We are, however, able to give a list of his paintings, which was sent to us by D. G. Rossetti himself, only a few days before his death, with the latest edition of his beautiful Poems, Ballads, and Sonnets (2 vols.; Ellis & White). Here is this list: "Dante's Dream," a picture lately bought by the Liverpool Gallery, and a sketch of which is here given; "The Seed of David," a triptych in Llandaff Cathedral; numerous subjects taken from "Dante's Vita Nuova"; "The Salutation of Beatrice on Earth and in Eden," a diptych; "La Pia (Purgatory), Francesca da Rimini," a water-colour diptych; "Beata Beatrix," "Beatrice," "Tanto gentile e tanto onesta appare," "La Donna della Finestra." Most of the other subjects have furnished themes to the artist for poems: "Venus Verticordia," "The Beloved," "Sibylla Palmifera." "Proserpina," "Fiammetta," "The Day Dream," "La Bella Mano," "La Ghirlandata," "Veronica Veronese," "Dîs Manibus," "Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Astarte Syriaca." The subject of "The Blessed Damosel" was taken, on the other hand, from one of D. G. Rossetti's earliest poetical works.

I must now mention two men who, without actually following pre-Raphaelitism, border very closely upon it, Mr. Madox Brown and Mr. Burne Jones. The first deals more largely than any other British artist in dramatic art. The second, with regard to colouring and intensity of mystical imagination, is the greatest master of the English contemporary school.

MR. MADOX BROWN very rarely exhibits his pictures to the public. In 1865, however, at 191, Piccadilly, there was a collection of about a hundred of his pictures on view, among which were "The Last of England," and his most celebrated production "Work," on which he was engaged for twelve years. This great painting, containing much philosophical and social purport, is as much the work of a moralist as of an artist, and quite opposed to the Latin spirit. We much prefer his earlier pictures of 1845 and 1855, "The Virgin and Child," "Cordelia's Portion," "Cordelia and her Sisters," some fine landscapes and portraits, Scriptural illustrations, cartoons and stained windows for St. Oswald's Church at Durham, and also his "Haidée" of 1882.

Mr. Madox Brown's style may be too abstruse; perhaps it is at times too closely allied with the earliest Italian Renaissance and Botticelli in his tragic "Entombment," or again it may receive too direct an inspiration from the poets, but at any rate, it removes us far from the common-place familiarities of every-day life.

Besides, it must be remembered that this great artist was never more than a friend of the pre-Raphaelites,

THE EXPULSION OF THE DANES FROM MANCHESTER.—*F. Madox Brown.*

and never adopted their æsthetic exclusiveness; had he done so, and adhered to the rule of never painting except from the living model, could he have ever painted his "King Lear"? He has always allowed his imagination full play, and has never restricted himself to any formula. His style changes with the greatest facility according to the subject under treatment. This is such a rare and extraordinary quality, that we give here as illustrations three subjects of the most different orders: the devotional style, as in "The Widow's Son;" the historical, with singular power of gesture and expression, as in "Cordelia's Portion;" and the grandly heroic, as in the cartoon on which the intrepid artist is now at work in the Town Hall of Manchester. This production is the crowning feature of a fine artistic career. The cartoon here given is one of Mr. M. Brown's frescoes, "The Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester." Notice the expressive gesture with which the Danish officer shakes his sword just as he is passing through the gate. Cannot one hear his swaggering words? Does he not seem to be saying, "It's all very well, but we have not done with one another yet?"

British painters do not usually seek their themes for heroic works from ancient mythology, but from the legends of their own poets.

This most justifiable form of art-inspiration is ably represented by MR. EDWARD BURNE JONES. In 1878, one of Mr. E. B. Jones's three pictures was hung among the oil paintings, and the other two, for no

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON.—*F. Madox Brown.*

THE PARTING OF CORDELIA AND HER SISTERS.—*F. Madox Brown*

apparent cause, were placed among the water-colours. The latter, indeed, possessed just as much force and vigour of tone as the first, and were as highly varnished, so that with their glass coverings, and placed, as they were, in a false light, it became almost impossible to properly estimate their merits. Besides, it must be generally admitted of all English painting that the mode of treatment is not a matter of rule, as in France; there are no restrictions; the means count for nothing as long as the desired end be obtained. Is the final result satisfactory? Very well; one can wish for nothing more

I know that we have equal peculiarities. I neither praise nor blame, but merely state truths. To my mind, Mr. Burne Jones's work gains a singular importance from the fact that he is the only artist whose high gifts in designing, arranging, and colouring are equal to his poetical conceptions.

In his three works, "Merlin and Vivien," from Alfred Tennyson's poem; "Love among the Ruins," and "Love the Doctor," it is his style (a style somewhat overdrawn, it is true) which alone constitutes their peculiar and exceptional merit. This style is composed of very perfect drawing, a keen faculty of imitation and expression, which vary much in these three works, rich although rather dark colouring, and a faithful carrying out of the most minute and insignificant details; a tiny floweret, a bramble, a door post, as well as an exact delineation of an eyebrow or of a nail on the delicate naked foot of a woman. The value of any work is necessarily

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.—*E. Burne Jones.*

greatly increased by the feeling it exhibits and its poetical interpretation, when allied to this devotion to truth and a lofty imagination. But how many of our young French painters, alas! without consulting truth, vainly strive to acquire these qualities by following the traditions handed down from one generation to another. I must, in addition, mention, among the great works of Mr. Burne Jones, his "Laus Veneris," "Song of Love," "Day and Night," and "The Four Seasons." This style of art is not the less truly poetical in feeling because it is thus imbued with a deference to reality. Its artists are true poets in painting, and are closely connected with their literary brothers, Swinburne, W. MORRIS,* and D. G. Rossetti. To this class I must also add Mr. Albert Moore, who exhibits at the Grosvenor Gallery, painter of the "Saphyrs," a picture representing a young woman in ample flowing drapery with a turban on her head.

Fortunately, after many years of struggle, the English public has at length entered into the spirit of this artistic and poetical movement. The success, although doubtless greatly resulting from the works themselves, is also largely owing to the spirited writings of Mr. John Ruskin.

* WILLIAM MORRIS, besides being a very eminent poet, and author of "The Earthly Paradise," is also an artist of considerable merit, or rather—to use an appellation which he himself prefers—a craftsman, who has exercised a powerful influence, and worked a wonderfully happy alteration in decorative art and taste in England. This poet-artist has just published an artistic work of great importance: "Hopes and Fears for Art" (Published in 1882: Ellis and White).

CHAPTER III.

PRE-RAPHAELITE LANDSCAPE.*

THE first name on our list in this chapter is that of MR. J. C. HOOK. He is not only a landscape painter, for he usually gives the most prominent position in his pictures to figures, which are always rendered with great care. But although they show much originality,

* By the term "pre-Raphaelite landscape" we mean the style containing that striving after fidelity, the causes of which we have already examined. However, in order to avoid misinterpretation, we will give an exact list of the original pre-Raphaelites. They were seven in number :—

1. WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, artist.
2. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, artist, R.A.
3. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, artist and poet.
4. THOMAS WOOLNER, sculptor, R.A.
5. JAMES COLLINSON, artist (he painted two tolerable pictures, "The Charity Boy's Debut," 1850, and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," 1851 ; and, after an eventful and chequered career in a lower form of art, he died in the spring of 1881).
6. FREDERICK GEORGE STEPHENS, artist (he has given up painting and has become an eminent critic of English art).
7. WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, the brother of D. G. Rossetti, a literary critic and distinguished writer. (He commenced his career in 1850 by contending for the new school in a little work entitled "The Germ.")

there is a certain want of skill in his drawing, and a heaviness in execution which lead me to prefer his landscape to his genre painting—this is why he is placed among the class whose works we are going to study.

Mr. Hook is remarkable for the superiority of his sea and coast pieces, in which he decidedly excels.

CRABBERS.—*J. C. Hook.*

Of his works I have chosen one for illustration, "Crabbers;" but of his many pictures the most popular have been "Trawlers," "From under the Sea," and "Sea Urchins." His "Trawlers," with sunburnt complexions, are in the forepart of a boat, which is rapidly making its way towards land. They have raised the heavy pots, set during the night, and now turn out their contents before landing. The fish, dripping with water, and gleaming with colour and

light, are huddled together, a living mass, on the deck, which forms the foreground of the picture.

Another subject chosen by Mr. Hook is more original. A jutting cliff diminishes the height of the canvas, and throws into perspective the vast waste of green waters, studded with white sails. Three miners, clothed in sacking, and wearing huge hats, in one of which is fastened a still smoking candle-end, have just been brought up by a submarine tunnel from the bottom of the sea. They are seated in a narrow railway truck, which runs on a sharply descending line of rails leading into the tunnel. The men are received on their arrival by the wife and child of one of them; but these figures are of feeble and heavy execution, and although they may heighten the interest of the picture, they certainly do not add to the merit of the work.

The best of Mr. Hook's three pictures, at present under notice, is incontestably that entitled "Sea Urchins." These are two children, two veritable urchins, who are being rocked up and down by the restless waves on a buoy, while, line in hand, they occupy themselves in fishing. The action of the boys is charming, and the sea is splendid in its force and beauty, fringed by its long surrounding sweep of coast, which is broken here and there by deep inlets. This picture possesses one advantage over the others —of a somewhat negative character, it is true, but which adds to the effect of the work—the artist has so managed that no sky is visible, and, as he is not happy in cloud-scenery, this is no loss.

We have already shown that the pre-Raphaelite principle in landscape consists in faithfully carrying out the most minute detail of reality, instead of following conventional forms. According to this idea, a landscape painter's vocation deals fully as much with science as it does with art, and, judging from the style of their pictures, the artists should be sufficiently well instructed to be well acquainted with the geological constitution of the soil, the characteristics of the ground, and the special distinguishing features of the vegetation growing on the spot of earth which they have chosen to represent. Sometimes they are successful. The learned M. George Pouchet, who gives as much attention to artistic subjects as he can spare from the other studies which occupy his time, told me, many years ago, how much he had been impressed, when in London, by the sight of a painting of the pre-Raphaelite school. He went with Richard Owen, the celebrated anatomist, and one of the cleverest men in England, to visit a collection of paintings of a special style belonging to another illustrious man, Mr. J. Broderip. In the midst of these zoological and anthropological designs he perceived one of Holman Hunt's pictures, "The Hireling Shepherd" (1852), and, in point of fact, this painting did not appear in the least out of place among its surroundings of technical observations. Its accuracy of detail was only equalled by its intensity of sweet expression. A young shepherd is smiling to see the joyful surprise lighting up the face of a young girl by his side. The cause of her astonishment is a moth,

with widespread wings, which he gives her. M. Pouchet recognised the butterfly as the Sphinx known as the "death's head." He was well acquainted with all the plants growing at the lover's feet, and particularly a splendid "geranium robertianum." And yet, in spite of all this interesting minutiæ, the canvas was comparatively small (about 47 inches long and 31 in width). Within these restricted dimensions the subject had been treated with an excessive attention to detail and scrupulous exactitude. Such precision ought to impress us most profoundly as the work of a school which strove to cast aside commonplace formalities and authorised theories in order to return to a sincere and noble study of nature, represented in a strictly scientific manner.

As I have already remarked, there may be, perhaps, in this a misapprehension of the true vocation of art, but the very error is noble. Although the whole system of pre-Raphaelitism is in direct opposition to the æsthetic principles of Latin nations, and might possibly lead our artists into sad difficulties were they seriously to take it up, still—taking into consideration its utter disinterestedness, and the scrupulous care and thoughtfulness of its followers—I can never join in the contempt and ridicule which it has awakened in French amateurs and painters. The first have lost the power of admiring, and the others that of executing works needing careful observation and patient manipulation, while all that is offered in the place of these are hasty, superficial productions, engendered by indolent minds.

MR. LINNELL'S "Cornfield," and MR. VICAT COLE'S picture, with the poetical title "Summer's golden Crown," are both curious instances of the zealous care bestowed by some English painters on the representation of reality. But the painting which affords the

THE WINDMILL.—*John Linnell.*

finest example of this scrupulousness, and also of firm execution, is that of a "Plot of Barley in Berkshire," by MR. CHARLES LEWIS.

From the furthest extent of the plain one sees a sweeping sea of barley, rising and falling by the action of the breeze in graceful waves, which flow on till they reach the opposite boundary; flowering

grasses, poppies, and cornflowers intermingled with the long bright stems, impart an added brilliance to this restless ocean of undulating gold. A flight of partridges cross the field, damaging the crown of the harvest in their anxious flight, by weighing down the bending ears of heavily-laden barley. Hills, covered with cultivated ground and thick woods, rise in the distance in a gentle ascent towards a summer sky, whose dazzling blue is flecked with light, misty, floating clouds, whilst innumerable wild birds wend their course in flocks, and are lost to sight in the bright heavens.

This work is very different from the productions of those who pretend to be artists before they are observers; who, having conceived an ideal to start with, try to express it and their personal feelings, using Nature as a means to this end, instead of striving to represent Nature herself for her own sake. Mr. Lewis, with striking originality, takes an entirely different course; he is humbly content to resign his personality in the interest of a living reality, which appears to him powerful enough to stir his spectators' feelings. There is no dramatic feeling in his works, no passion, no sentiment. He forgets himself in his subject, and with perfect obedience to Truth and steady patience in its rendering, he succeeds in a simple sincere representation of Nature. Such is the case with the picture we have been considering; in it we look, as through an open window, on to the smiling country in its sunniest aspect on a bright summer day.

Mr. Millais, in whose many-sided talent landscape is of course included, again claims our attention. Sometimes, as in "The Fringe of the Moor," he follows in Turner's steps, by attempting to show us all the iridescence of light; sometimes he gives himself up to a gentle melancholy over some ruin, whose

THE DAY'S DECLINE.—*Vicat Cole.*

deserted chambers have become the home of all sorts of wild vegetation, recalling Campbell's beautiful lines.

"Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been."

CAMPBELL.

Sometimes again, as in "Chill October" and "Over the Hills and Far Away," his painting is characterised

by a width of subject, combined with a most learned and careful study of detail.

After Mr. Millais, Mr. Vicat Cole is the artist who most faithfully portrays twilight hours, summers in their prime, the glorious breadths of English landscape, as it is MR. JOHN BRETT, who best represents the sea, cliffs, and rugged rocks of Land's End in Cornwall.

MOUNT'S BAY, CORNWALL.—*John Brett.*

As I have already remarked, it is Mr. Ruskin who, by his writings and lectures for over thirty years, has developed the art-education, not of the artists, perhaps, but certainly of the English public.

Mr. Ruskin's mind is of an inquiring and original cast—a little saddened, perhaps, because his aspirations have not always succeeded in their aim, and those who most sympathise with him have not understood art exactly in the light in which he would place it before them. He forgets that although intellectual

culture may greatly encourage genius, it is powerless to develop it when there is no existing germ. Now there has been no artist in England possessing genius since the days of Turner,* by which I mean to say, no man gifted in any eminent degree with emotional faculties combined with the executive skill necessary for art.

The characteristic feature of Mr. Ruskin's art formula appears to me to be this: To observe the measure of internal life contained in nature's productions, and to bear in mind that the external shape developed from it corresponds to this degree of vitality, and is only, so to speak, its representation and interpretation.

Without entering into the more technical portion of Mr. Ruskin's works, which constitute their true originality, we will strive to convey some idea of his philosophy by giving a few quotations from his writings. One of his passages runs thus:—

"What infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher. In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence—the characters which enable him to live on it safely and to work with it easily. In all these it has been inanimate and passive, but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given

* This is rather too hard upon us, my good French friend. There has not been, and will not be, another Turner, but we have had some clever fellows among us since, who would have made a good deal more of themselves if they had better minded what I said to them.—J. R.

to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change, but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being, which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age without its regret." (*Modern Painters.*)

Here is another passage taken from the commencement of his work on "Cloud Beauty":—

"We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth and the passion and perishing of mankind. But the heavens also had to be prepared for his habitation. Between their burning lights—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being, which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude. Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapour."

This great poet and artist has, by his wonderful writings, opened up an extensive field of interest in England by cultivating in the higher classes a

refined taste for Nature in every particular in her grandeur or simplicity.

"When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave."

"We have," says Mr. Escott, in his admirable book on England, "thanks to Mr. Ruskin, learned to replace the conventional by the results of that reverent study of Nature which the author of 'Modern Painters' has done more than any man living to promote. He it is who has taught those whose lot is cast in these latter days not only to love Nature, but to discover a world of subtle and infinite beauty in her simplest, lowliest aspects."

All these views of Mr. Ruskin may be found developed in the ten chapters on "Vegetation," in which the outward form of plants is dwelt upon with a very thorough knowledge of physiological vegetable science. In this work the plant is considered in the light of a person endowed with will and instinct, producing its outward forms after a continual struggle with the vicissitudes of life. And so the exterior production, far from growing from the outside, springs from the model of the interior life and nature of the plant. If this method be applied to the study of the passions of men, we understand Shakespeare's

and Dickens' wonderful insight into human character; they unfolded what they found in their own souls.

The four chapters on "Cloud Beauty" conclude Mr. Ruskin's series of landscape studies. Throughout the course of the whole work we find the application of developed theories. Certainly such a system of criticism possesses both novelty and originality.* And thus the art-student finds in Mr. Ruskin's works an elevated moral education. No set form or preconceived ideal is prescribed for him. Work, study, observe, constitute the sole injunction. . . . And besides this, his mind becomes impressed with a deep and wholesome detestation of all that is false.

* In addition to the works we have just mentioned we must name: "Lectures on Art," delivered at Oxford in 1870; and the later volumes: "Aratra Pentelici," "The Eagle's Nest," "Ariadne Florentina," and "Val d'Arno," "The Two Paths," "Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (New Edition, 1883), and "The Art of England," "Six Lectures Delivered at Oxford," 1883.

NOTE BY MR. RUSKIN.

The reader will please remember that I am not the Editor of this book—else I had not allowed these lengthy notices of myself—but since they are here, I must take leave in this second edition, first curtailing them a little, to add this one observation to M. Chesneau's last sentence, that although a good deal may, I hope, be picked up from the books by a general reader to improve his mind, no art-student will get any moral education from them whatever who does not obey their directions as a code, and not merely those he happens to approve of; and further, that of this code the foundational precept is the use of the pencil-point throughout life, for all detailed study of landscape, in direct opposition to the common practice of making slovenly sketches in colour. The test of an artist's "morality" is his management of the dry point.

J. R.

CHAPTER IV.

LANDSCAPE AND RURAL LIFE.

WE have already spoken of English landscape in our study of pre-Raphaelitism, but we must now return to the subject in order to mark the distinction between the pre-Raphaelites and other landscape painters. They both possess one quality—that is a deep love of nature; but the expression of this sentiment differs fundamentally in the two cases. The first, as we have said, and shown in many ways, strive their utmost to give a reverential, almost devotional, representation of nature with every smallest particular. The sublimity of creation reveals itself to their eyes by delicacy of construction; in the flowering grass, for instance, with its light firm blades and tiny feathery bloom, as much and even more than in the grand accumulations of rocks and mountains, rearing their lofty summits above the highest clouds. The pre-Raphaelites seek the closest union with Nature. Other painters, on the contrary, place Nature in a secondary position to their art. In her grandest moments, and in her sublimest display of power, they see nothing more than a magic spectacle, exhibiting to them splendid effects of light, colour, and form; they do not think of studying her

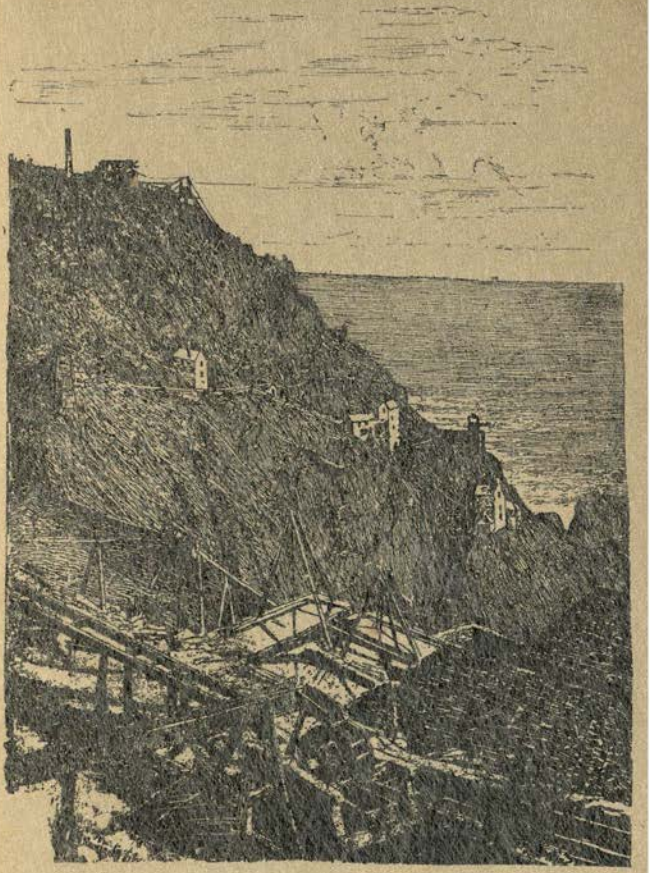
for her own sake, and as food for meditation. The two schools have equal rights. If our established ideas on art incline us to prefer the second, pre-Raphaelitism gathers adherents among those men who enter into the sweet and homely charm of country delights.

MR. MACALLUM set himself a difficult task in striving to reconcile these two extremes. With this idea he sought to unite exactitude of detail to a certain breadth of effect, in which he has often succeeded. His mode of treatment is both simple and easily explained. The picture is arranged with large masses of dark colouring, so disposed as to form good contrasts. Then, concentrating his attention on the principal subject of the painting, the central theme, either through its peculiar character or by the management of the light, he handles it with the most minute execution of detail, analysing it so strictly that one is misled with regard to the other parts of the work, which are, nevertheless, left in their rudimentary state, and recall the sketchiness of Cozot. Mr. Macallum's peculiar system was deserving of special mention, but he possesses other claims of interest on the French public, as he often exhibits in the Champs Elysées. We have not forgotten his grand oak, with its imposing branches, standing out so clearly from an overhanging cloudy sky. It was one of the finest landscapes of the Salon in 1867. Mr. Macallum also sent a view of the "Gorge aux Loups," taken in the forest of Fontainebleau, to the Exposition Universelle. In it could be seen the same striking effect obtained by a seeming

exactitude of detail based on a species of optical illusion skillfully arranged by the artist. With regard to special effect, I ought to mention, among oil paintings, one which creates a great impression on the spectator. This picture, by SIR GEORGE HARVEY, is "Evening Calm," in the silent and lonely Scottish Moors.

But it is particularly among the works of water-colour painters that we must look for effective landscapes. Who can fail to admire the "Turf Cutters," "Snowdon," and "Darley Cemetery," by the late DAVID COX? These productions, vibrating with movement and life, in which one sees so plainly the effect of the gusty wind, here driving great clouds before it, there sweeping the ground and blustering up the mountain's steep ascent, concealing and revealing by turns the silver face of the moon on stormy nights—these impressive representations of nature remind us of the best works of Paul Huet, the French master, who has best succeeded in interpreting his extensive observations of such poetic beauties. And again, think of the waters of the Mediterranean, lashed into fury and turbulence by the north-west wind, in MR. J. BRETT'S water-colour painting; then look at MR. SEVERN'S picture of the grand action of the huge waves, eternally rising and falling, on whose restless bosom one sees the broken reflection of the bright stars; and lastly, MR. WHITTAKER'S paintings of enormous mountain torrents, bounding through masses of rock between snow-crowned heights. After observing all these works, who can fail to entertain a

very high opinion of an art which, with such slight



MINES OF BOTALLACK.—*Edwin Edwards.*

resources, can yet stir our feelings, and so ably

present to our sight such magnificent views? The same impression is gained from MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S splendid and life-like etchings.

But it is only within the last few years that Landscape could properly be considered as forming a style of its own in the modern English school. Under that name it had previously no existence. Nature of itself did not suffice as a motive of art. It was a frame, and a frame only, for some definite action, in which the human element monopolised exclusively attention and interest.

But now, and especially since the French Exhibition of 1878, under the influence of the great French landscape painters—Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, Daubigny—a young school has sprung up, pledged to divorce for ever Landscape and Narrative. Of these youthful artists, MR. MARK FISHER is the one whose talent, considerable in itself, has the most in common with the French, the least with the English school. There is in his art—see, for instance, his "Meadow Pastures"—so skilful a blending of Jacques Daubigny and Troyon, that we are almost inclined to think it too skilful. However, a careful examination of these fine studies of animals, so full of learning and sincerity, soon reconciles us to an art that belongs to the whole world, and to a talent that has no fatherland.

CECIL LAWSON (d. 1882) and ALFRED PARSONS, two of the young leaders of this movement, are, on the other hand, completely English, and this is, in our eyes, no slight merit. It is true they have

almost entirely taken away the human figure from landscape, and aim at arousing our emotions only by the sentiment which natural scenery awakes in us; but it is at any rate with the nature with which they are familiar that they ask our sympathy.

I may add that in their interpretation of nature they exhibit to a considerable extent their own peculiar states of mind, somewhat romantic in the case of Mr. Lawson, keenly appreciative of grace of form in Mr. Parsons.

There is, however, an English artist who is perhaps more essentially English than either of the last mentioned. I mean MR. EDWIN EDWARDS, so well known and so highly honoured in France. His pictures of sea-side villages, cliffs, harbours, and forest-glades, are masterpieces which combine daring simplicity of composition with extraordinary knowledge of drawing.

I know nothing which appeals to one with such intense reality as his little country towns, with their high street in the foreground and the sea behind; his harbours, with their great ships riding at anchor; or his parks in winter, with their sturdy trees, the branches of which make filigree patterns against a snowy sky. I forgot to mention that Mr. Edwin Edwards is an etcher, and not a painter; but, of course, every lover of art knows this. No other artist in the English school, except F. Walker, can invest reality with such an aspect of greatness.

A prominent place among the landscape painters of to-day must be assigned to MR. R. W. MACBETH,

POTATO HARVEST IN THE FENS.—*R. W. Macbeth.*

a young master of the Scottish school. He is most successful in representing such rustic scenes as the "Potato Harvest in the Fens" and the "Return from St. Ives Market," while his pictures of fishing villages are admirable. He has also won considerable distinction by his etchings.

"The sight of active life has something in common with our inward impulses, with the law of our being, and therefore never fails to create in us an agreeable sensation. Although the movement may be unintelligible to us from many points of view, we generally

quit it with better powers of sympathy and energy, a lighter heart, and a strengthened mind."

In this beautiful thought of a philosopher and true lover of nature, one who, in addition to his keen powers of observation, possesses the serious views of a moralist, we find the explanation and justification of the sympathy for landscape which exists in the people of our time. I will say more—M. Jules Levallois, who in writing these few lines, referred only to Nature herself, has in them clearly and distinctly demonstrated the high morality of Art.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

THIS chapter will be but short. Historical painting, or that which we so designate in our classification of styles, has only had very feeble representatives in the English school. The greatest masters in British art, Gainsborough, Reynolds, &c., were never historical painters. Their splendid portraits, and even their original works, were not overlaid by that spirit of sham mythology, heroic, pseudo-Greek or Roman, which has animated French painters for half a century, and which some people still regard as essential to the highest form of art. English attempts in this style have always been deplorable; they do not even possess the qualities of science and drawing which were at least acquired by the pupils of David, in spite of their want of feeling for the historical and antique. Efforts of this order have been very exceptional in young English painters, and their results have ever been such as to greatly discourage those who entertained the idea of following in their steps.

What is there, for instance, in Mr. Poole's chief work? The title is extraordinary: "Philomel's Song on the Shore of the Beautiful Lake"; but that is all.

A PASTORAL.—*Sir F. Leighton.*

Imagine a medley of every sort of style taken from different masters; combine the works of Poussin, Le Sueur, Guido, and Titian, awkwardly and feebly copied, the one clumsily blended with the other, and strive to picture the effect of such imitations, executed, I will allow, with some ingenuity of imagination. MR. PAUL FALCONER POOLE, R.A. (1810—1879), is nevertheless highly thought of in England.

In a country which has never had any feeling for the grand style, SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, the present President of the Academy, is certainly its worthiest representative.

Born in 1830, Sir Frederick Leighton exhibited his first Academy picture, the "Procession of Cimabue's Madonna," in 1855. In 1869 he was made a member of the Academy, and since 1878 he has been its President.

Among the many pictures which he has exhibited during the last thirty years may be mentioned "Odalisque," "Helen on the Ramparts of Troy," the "Pastoral," an engraving of which we give here, the "Music Lesson," the terrible "Clytemnestra" watching for the return of Agamemnon from Troy, "Phryne," "Wedded," and "Cymon and Iphigenia."

Sir Frederick has also shown himself a sculptor of ability, and his heroic "Athlete Strangling a Python," exhibited in 1876, was bought for the nation by the Chantrey Fund.

But perhaps his greatest success has been gained in the field of purely decorative art. "The Lovers of Syracuse" and the "Daphnephoria," an immense

frieze representing the festival which the youth of Thebes held every nine years in honour of Apollo, are excellent specimens of his work in this style ; and worthy to be ranked with them are the two frescoes illustrating "The Arts of Peace" and "The Arts of War" respectively, which he has designed to decorate the South Kensington Museum.

The same commendation, and with greater sincerity on my part, is due to MR. WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, painter of some large ornamental works for a palace, which contain some fine subjects very suitable to architectural purposes.

To this school of classical forms, vague, indefinite, and without a trace of local colour, belong MR. G. RICHMOND'S "Song of Miriam," MR. E. J. POYNTER'S "Festival," and MR. F. SANDYS' "Medea," works typical of the talent of these artists, and of the lofty ideas which inspire them.

Mr. E. F. BRITTEN has also worked the exhausted mine of antique subjects, but has introduced into his work an element quite fresh to the English school, namely, the kind of contemptuous familiarity which in France ensured the success of such musical buffoonery as "Orphée aux Enfers." His dances of nymphs and other heroic and mythological subjects are treated with lively talent, but they seem to be taken from an operetta of Offenbach.

To similar, but less frivolous methods, MR. ALMA-TADEMA owes his success. He assuredly possesses, or at any rate aims at, far greater earnestness, and always tempers his fancy with some feeling of respect.

But his underlying principle is the same. He invests antiquity with the familiar gait, gestures, movements, and attitudes—I might almost say, with the words, sentiments, and thoughts—of to-day. As a protest against the false dignity and commonplace stiffness which the impotent pedantry of Academies has introduced into their formal dramas and heroic poems, Alma-Tadema has, in a manner, put the antique world into slippers and dressing-gown. He represents his heroes as walking, sitting, rising, drinking, eating, and talking, not as the characters walked, sat, rose, drank, ate, and talked in the theatre of Talma and in the tragedies of Lebrun, but as we ourselves walk, sit, rise, drink, eat, and talk.

The consequence of this is, as far as Mr. Alma-Tadema is concerned, that he endeavours with untiring patience to represent his figures as they really were in life, and to place them amid surroundings which really belong to them. His whole work is, indeed, an accurate illustration of "Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities," and ought to delight the minds of archæologists. What he has not seen he infers, with wonderful ingenuity; it may be an armchair of marble, a round table, as in the "Sappho" of 1881; a maulstick, as in the "Painter's Studio" of 1878; a flight of steps on the quay, as in "Down to the River" of 1879; or a revolving stool, as in the "Sculpture Gallery" of 1875. Added to this ingenuity, he has a taste for curious perspective, and delights to place his figures in strange corners of his canvas, cutting them off with the moulding of

the frame, and only allowing the end of a nose or the corner of an eye to be seen.' When, besides all this, his wonderful qualities as a painter are taken into consideration, it will be easy to understand the success which Mr. Alma-Tadema has obtained, not only with the populace, but with all true lovers of Art.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS is fifteen or twenty years older than either of the two artists I have just named. He was born in London in 1818, and exhibited at the Academy for the first time in 1837, and in 1843, at an exhibition of drawings which took place at Westminster, he obtained a great success with a "Caractacus," a success soon confirmed by his "Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes."

This led to a commission for a "St. George and the Dragon" for the Houses of Parliament, and for a great fresco representing the "History of Justice" for the hall of Lincoln's Inn. He was elected in one year (1867) successively an Associate of the Academy, then an Academician, a proceeding of which no other example is to be found in the annals of the Royal Academy.

Up to this time, however, Mr. G. F. Watts had given no indication of a higher ambition than of a painter, sufficiently well instructed, who plies his trade honestly and paints excellent portraits. But during the last ten years he has produced works of a curious loftiness of aim. He is the only painter of the English school who has treated the female nude

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.—*G. F. Watts.*

simply from the point of view of style, and with no other object than to realise its purely plastic beauty. His mythological work, entitled "The Three Goddesses," only aims at showing simultaneously the front, back, and profile of a woman. Side by side with this calm and powerful study of the nude, Mr. G. F. Watts exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 his "Love and Death," one of those complicated and laboured compositions, in which the plastic element is overpowered by the subject, and which, according to the Latin conception of art, can only be regarded as errors. Many other works of the author, belonging to the same epoch, are open to the same objection; the "Genius of Evil," for instance, a figure leading a man by a chain of flowers through a bramble-thicket, and the "Time and Death." In this latter picture, the two figures are strangely cut off at the knee, the one by a segment of a terrestrial globe and the other by a fleecy cloud, while the tragic expression is so strongly accentuated as almost to amount to grimace. The same fault is noticeable in Mr. Watts's composition "Francesca and Paolo."

The finest work painted by the artist under the influence of these ideas, "Orpheus and Eurydice," is here set before the reader. It has true poetic feeling; but the exaggerated character of the drawing and its decidedly too sombre colouring take much of the charm from the painting, which is nevertheless both refined in sentiment and elaborate in design. With these reservations, the artist who produced "The Three Goddesses" and "Orpheus and Eurydice" is the only

Englishman who has an appreciation of the nude in art combined with the ability to portray it.

Among the pictures of the same order must be mentioned a powerful study done in Venice, a truly artistic work by MR. PRINSEP, entitled (I know not why) "Berenice." This picture was of a splendid

THE LINEN GATHERERS.—*Val C. Prinsep.*

woman, powerful in her beauty, and as fearless in her strength as some wild and graceful animal. Such was Mr. Prinsep's ideal, but of late he has become more realistic, and is satisfied to portray such simple figures as "Linen Gatherers" and "Gleaners."

MR. E. LONG could not altogether avoid the nude in representing the subject taken from Mr. George Swayne's "Herodotus," "The Babylonish Marriage Market," which was exhibited in London in 1875. It is marvellous, however, with what refinement of modesty this somewhat awkward theme is treated.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE'S "Daniel in the Lions' Den," so wittily burlesqued by Miss Paterson, is a finely conceived work. A part of this picture—the figure of Daniel—is really beautiful, like the principal figure in MR. GOODALL'S "Rachel and her Flock."

But above all, DAVID SCOTT, of the Scottish Royal Academy, is worthy of special mention. He

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.—*Briton Riviere.*

was born in 1806 and died in 1847. His first picture was exhibited when he was twenty-two years old, and, during the short period of the next twenty years, the work that he achieved was something considerable, both in point of quantity and also for its variety of subject. He liked broad, sweeping lines, had a vivid sense of colour and expression, and a great admiration for the nude, which he rendered very successfully.

CHAPTER VI.

GENRE PAINTING.

ENGLISH artists are generally censured by their critics for leaving unnoticed great historical events of the time, and devoting themselves to familiar street scenes and homely incidents. The general taste of the school has certainly run in this direction since the days of Wilkie and Leslie, but we cannot join in the accompanying reproach. In remarking the frequent representations among English pictures of bustling railway stations and racecourses, we must bear in mind how largely such excitement and activity enters into the life of the nation. And added to this, we gain a very perfect idea of ordinary home-life from the works of British artists. They do not even content themselves with constantly portraying family customs and manners, but go beyond this by striving to show the character of the person from the expression of the face. Their pictures often possess no other aim than that of admitting the spectator to the inmost soul and private thoughts of their individuals. Surely this is in itself a noble effort.

All these artists, with very few exceptions,

interest themselves in portraying the varied play of the human countenance. Unlike the Continental schools, they, as a rule, trouble themselves little about arrangement, drawing, or colouring, and, in their genre pictures, the interest attaching to the subject and the expression are all that they study. In this chapter, devoted to physiognomists, nearly every member of the English school might be studied; but I only wish to speak of those artists who have penetrated the farthest in this particular path, and who, by giving themselves up so exclusively to the study of expression, have required of their branch of art the utmost and even more than it has the power to yield.

Some of these painters prefer to draw their scenes from contemporary life, whilst others borrow subjects from history or fiction.

MR. ERSKINE NICOL, who belongs to the Scottish school, ranks among the very highest. He throws a singular asperity and vividness of fancy into his pictures, of which the scenes are usually laid in unhappy Ireland. Two of these are particularly striking—"The Rent Day" and "Both Puzzled." The latter represents a lowly, slovenly village-school. The master, poor wretch, whose moroseness equals his ignorance, fixes his stern and distrustful eye on one of his victims, an exceptional pupil. The child has just applied to him for the meaning of some word or phrase which he is quite unable to give. As bewildered as the boy, the angry schoolmaster fancies he has been caught in a trap. This un-

pleasant thirst for knowledge which he finds himself unable to satisfy is excessively distasteful to him, and it is much to be feared that the birch-rod will settle the matter, and extricate them from this position in which they are "both perplexed."

"The Rent Day" is like a page from one of Balzac's works, one of those many scenes in our hard modern society, when Fortune's favoured few in their haughty insolence take pleasure in exposing to public gaze the hidden wounds and humiliations of those on whom she frowns. The nobleman's steward is going the rounds with his subordinate to collect the rents of the large estate. As impassive as instruments of torture, these Jacks-in-office receive with superb indifference the banknotes of one, the crowns and shillings so hardly scraped together of another; they turn a wilfully deaf ear to the excuses and pleadings of the poor widow for a little delay, and, utterly regardless of the lowly reverences and salutations of the poor people who have already paid their debt, they think of nothing further than of obtaining the due amount, and use their sharp eyes merely for scrutinising the banknotes. At first sight one is most struck with the comical side of this picture. It is amusing to see the play of the different countenances, the attitudes assumed by these poor beggars, and the haughtiness of the collectors; the dilapidated hats, with their dirty rims, and the threadbare patched coats, are inimitable. On a closer observation it will be seen that the artist has been equally successful with the mental deformity of the scene, and that the

outward state of circumstances is a fitting emblem of the soul's impurity. Like Figaro, one laughs at it for fear that one may weep.

Besides having worthily carried out his idea, the painter, in spite of some harshness of tone, possesses the exceptional merit, for an Englishman, of being a true artist and skilful in colouring. Those eccentricities of composition, which are so frequent in English painting, are happily absent in Mr. Nicol's works.

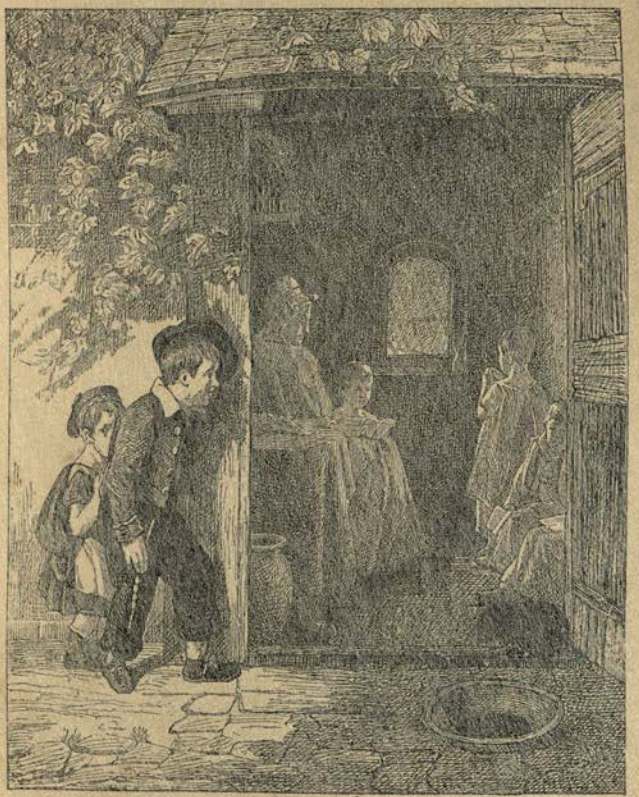
The feature at first most observable in MR. HENRY O'NEIL'S picture "Eastward Ho!" is his utter disregard of arrangement and balance in the crowds of persons composing his subject. The scene takes place on the steps of a man-of-war, of which the gigantic tarred sides form the foreground of the painting. The deck is thronged with soldiers, who have been allowed, up to the last moment, to receive their friends on board, many of whom they will never meet again. But now the word has been given and the final parting must be made. Mothers, wives, and sweethearts linger weeping on the steps; one more kiss is snatched; one more shake of the hand is exchanged, and the last tearful greeting is uttered by look or voice. It was a happy idea of Mr. O'Neil's to place the figures in an elevated position. By this means their gestures, as they stand on different degrees of the steps, are much more natural and wonderfully life-like and correct in expression. Besides this, the artist has had the courage to remain true, both in feature and costume, to the rough, coarse

type of character he has chosen. This sincerity extends itself to marvellous coiffures, faded tartans,

MISSING.—*Hubert Herkomer.*

checked handkerchiefs and washed-out dresses. He has entirely set aside grace and elegance, and by his

very truthfulness and powers of observation, he renders his picture intensely pathetic. It may not be a fine



THE TRUANT.—*Thomas Webster.*

work in our acceptation of the term, but no one can deny that both the theme and its treatment are

affecting. This subject inspired MR. HUBERT HERKOMER to paint its counterpart in 1881. The picture—one of his best—is called "Missing." It depicts the arrival of the surviving crew of the lost *Atalanta* at Portsmouth, whilst the friends of those who where aboard hurry to receive the members of their family who have just landed, and to know the worst.

MR. THOMAS FAED, although he, too, likes to represent humble life, is less impressive than Mr. Nicol and Mr. O'Neil. He prefers to paint homely, pathetic, or industrial scenes. Thus in his picture called "His only Pair," a young mother is seated mending the torn trousers of her son, a little pickle who is sitting with naked, dangling legs, waiting for the repairs to be completed, so that he may resume his game. Another picture, "Both Father and Mother," represents a poor widower with two children. Yielding to his little girl's entreaties he ceases for a moment from his work, takes her between his knees, and attempts, with motherly skill and patience, to push her small rosy fingers into a pair of gloves. The delight of the petted child, as his rough hands so delicately perform the task, rejoices the cobbler's heart. The artist exhibits much talent and tenderness in the rendering of this scene.

In MR. THOMAS WEBSTER'S* "Village Mates," one is reminded of Wilkie's humorous works. Every

* THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A., genre painter, was born in 1800, and died in London, July 8th, 1882.

name in the village is conjured up by the busy brains of the old folks, while their tongues wag in a ceaseless flow of gossip, scandal, and irony. But the only merit of this work rests in the cleverly caught expression of these old cronies, and one cannot but remark in Mr. Webster's picture the abuse of a style which becomes wearisome and absolutely exasperating unless treated with a masterly hand. It is however very impressive in feeling, as, for instance, in "The Truant."

What we complain of in most of these English pictures is, that a too great importance is paid to facial expression. Look at that group of persons, standing apart in a Spanish circus, during a bull-fight; how savagely they yell and roll their eyes! Leaving the object of all this wild uproar to the spectator's imagination, the artist, MR. BURGESS, who is nevertheless decidedly talented, has thrown all his skill into representing a collection of inflamed countenances hideously distorted by bloodthirsty excitement. The painting is called "Bravo! Toro!" As a study it may be remarkable, but as a picture it is horrible.

MR. MARTINEAU'S work, "The Last Day in the Old Dwelling," falls into the same error. It has for subject one of those scenes of domestic grief, whose detail, with all their sad pathos, are so constantly and perfectly described by English novelists. Nothing, however, better proves the divergence that ought to exist between literary and artistic representations. An old lady is delivering up the key of the home,

where she has passed her life, to the new proprietors, who, with very little consideration, noisily take possession of their new domain. One of them unfeelingly laughs as he raises a glass of champagne on high. Fancy, if one were forced to spend any length of time opposite this picture continually gazing at that grinning face! The strongest brain would be unhinged before a week was ended!*

English artists too often thus ignore one of the most important rules of artistic decorum; they constantly portray scenes and expressions of violent

* ROBERT BRAITHWAITE MARTINEAU, genre painter, was born January 19th, 1826, in London. He received a University education, and had begun studying for the law, when at the age of twenty he entered a School of Art; two years later he was admitted into Mr. Holman Hunt's studio. In 1852 he exhibited a very fine picture, "Nell and Kit," the subject of which was taken from Dickens (Kit's writing lesson in "The Old Curiosity Shop"). His execution was slightly heavy in consequence of his very short sight. So great was his desire for perfection, that he devoted ten years to painting "The Last Day in the Old House." I have already mentioned the danger that exists in adopting subjects which are too problematic and literary for painting, and no illustration will better prove this than my own misinterpretation of this picture, a mistake that I have intentionally retained in this work. The gentleman who laughs so heartily is meant by the artist to be the son of the house, who, after having squandered the family fortune, in a spirit of bravado raises his glass and drinks a last health to the ancestral portraits. R. Martineau was engaged on another picture, which was being painted with as much care and precision as his former works, "A Young Girl Defending a Poor Jew against the Populace," when he died of heart disease, February 13th, 1869. The small number of his productions is owing to the excessive pains and lengthy time which he bestowed on each. In spite of the fault we find with him, Holman Hunt's pupil was undoubtedly a fine artist, possessing deep feeling for beauty, and a sense of dramatic expression in its highest degree.

agitation, which are in their nature essentially fugitive. And it is not only painters of real life that are open to this blame, but also those of the historical genre and narrative style, such as MR. F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., who has painted the horrible Corsairs throwing dice for their prisoners; and MR. A. ELMORE, also an R.A., but whose picture, "The Tuileries (June 20th, 1792)," has nevertheless certainly extended the limits of bad painting and false sentiment. It is impossible, without seeing this work, to form an idea of its miserable execution, extravagant drawing, loud colouring, and random lights, scattered hither and thither on the canvas without rhyme or reason. Two other pictures by Mr. Elmore, "At the Convent," and "On the Brink of Error," though slightly better in execution, are just as feeble and poor in feeling. MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON decidedly bears the palm in this branch of art by his accuracy, expression, and dexterous execution, in which he far exceeds all other English physiognomists. But then—whether it be a matter of commendation I know not—his pictures are very slightly if at all English in style. There is nothing about them which proclaims their nationality, as has been observable on occasions when they have been placed in French and Belgian galleries, or among works from the Düsseldorf school. Does this argue that the expression of talent is very much the same in all countries? or may it not rather be, as I am disposed to think, that through a careful study of contemporary schools, Mr. Orchardson has enriched his

own peculiar style by taking somewhat of theirs, and thus, although his talent is individually distinctive, his pictures are more conformable to the artistic principles of the Continent than to those of his English fellow-artists.

At any rate, the result is in every way satisfactory, and Mr. Orchardson's pictures, "The Challenge," and "Christopher Sly" (1867), met with the speedy success they deserved in our country.

"The Challenge" is taken from Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," and is very charming in its witty gracefulness.

A comical rogue, dressed entirely in canary-yellow satin, doffs his hat, and, with a low bow, presents the challenge on the point of his sword to a scholarly cavalier, whose study is disturbed by this unseasonable intrusion. An old man in a dressing-gown, his fellow-student, has hastily risen, and, with his hand on the cavalier's arm, strives to prevent him from taking in serious part such an unwarrantable and impertinent challenge.

It will scarcely be necessary to remind the reader that Christopher Sly is the chief character in the drollery which serves as prologue to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

One can see that Mr. Orchardson thoroughly enters into the spirit of the scene by the intelligence with which every group is arranged and every face animated. The representation of this burlesque is well within the powers of his flexible and lively talent. The attitudes are true and of great precision in

THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS.—*W. Q. Orchardson.*

drawing ; the expression of the faces is ingenious, and carried out with refinement, droll without extravagance, and grotesque without coarseness. Lastly, in spite of a certain poorness of touch and meagreness of execution, the general effect is splendid in colouring, and as harmonious as the wrong side of an old tapestry. Many exquisite pictures of a later date, such as "The Queen of the Swords," "The Antichamber," and "Hard Hit," have established Mr. William Quiller Orchardson in the highest position as a genre painter.

The group of artists whom we are now about to study have no organised tendencies, nor any very characteristic originality. They are nearly all painters of narrative subjects ; their British origin is not ostentatiously displayed, and their works might well be placed among those of the French school, according to their various degrees of merit, without any great difference of style being apparent.

The most eminent of these painters is MR. PHILIP CALDERON. In "Her Most Noble, High, and Puissant Grace," he gives us an example of his pleasing imagination, combined with a gentle touch of irony. The subject is a little girl of about five or six years of age decked out as a princess, who solemnly marches through a double row of respectfully bowing courtiers.

Another picture, of much sterner character, represents the members of the English Embassy at Paris, gathered together in their big hall, standing spellbound and pale with suppressed fury as they witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Through the

closed window, which admits a cold light, they gaze on the fearful scene, while with knitted brows they grasp the hilts of their half-drawn swords, and long to rush forth into the fray. The whole expression rests in the attitudes, and, considering the style and the subject, it is well rendered. But we must not suffer this occasion to pass without protesting against the necessity that exists, both in the case of this picture by Mr. Calderon, and in that of other English artists, for reference to the catalogue, without which the painting remains unintelligible. We cannot too often impress the fact that a picture, as a complete work in itself, ought to be able to explain itself. Genre painters make a mistake in limiting themselves to the narrow bounds of historical anecdote, scenes from tales or dramatic themes, and this mistake occurs more frequently in the English school than in ours.

It is only fair to add as a mitigating circumstance that the English people are much more literary in their tastes than we are, and as a rule are well acquainted with the different publications that are or have been in circulation, so that historical and fictitious characters are more likely to be known to them than they would be among ourselves. British artists do not trouble themselves about any other country than England, and their pictures very seldom leave their own island. They are therefore always certain to be understood, and this constitutes their excuse—or at least it explains their tendency to represent special subjects.

If Mr. Calderon by some clever arrangement

could have let us see some incident of the massacre his picture would have had a general signification. By a slight indication, such as white crosses worn by the Catholics, it might have been recognised that this slaughter was perpetrated on the fatal night of St. Bartholomew. But this was not a matter of much moment; every spectator, although he might never have known this terrible page in our history, could not have failed to understand the agitation which stirred the depths of these men's souls; he could have entered into their wrathful indignation, and would have been well aware that their sympathies were with the sufferers. The picture would have possessed an essential quality in any work of art—it would have explained itself.

And, indeed, it must be granted that the masters of ancient schools, even the less important Northern masters, have always faithfully followed this rule of generalising works of art. Putting aside Scriptural scenes, known and understood by everybody, they never represent special subjects. Think of the works of Rembrandt, Terburg, Metzu, &c. Here we have a "Concert," there a "Conversation," or a "Philosopher's Study;" but the "Concert" is for all time, and is not one particular concert. The same may be said of the "Conversation," which depicts the charm and sweet familiarity of friendly intercouse, rather than any precise interview; and again, it is the expression of philosophic contemplation in a general sense that we are shown, and not any especial philosopher in meditation. Certainly, the details of these works, their

surroundings and times, tend to connect them with a definite period, and they are very remote from those ridiculous generalisations and insane ideals prescribed by ill-educated followers of æstheticism; but in the old masters' admirable works, the general and the particular combine to form a consistent whole. The representation of the painter's thought cannot remain a matter of doubt to anybody. Besides the artistic impression which it conveys to connoisseurs, the painting assumes a definite meaning to the most ordinary mind.

Let us remark, once for all, that rarely do English artists follow this rule, which I look upon as a fundamental principle of genre painting.

Thus MR. HAYLLAR takes for the subject of his picture, "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache," and MR. FRITH, an incident in the life of one of Buckingham's servants named Claude Duval. This man left his master's service in order to become a highwayman. One day his gang stopped a splendid carriage full of high-born ladies, and commenced operations by robbing them of £300. But the rogue, yielding to an extraordinary whim, offered to restore the money and also the liberty of his noble captives on condition that the youngest and prettiest among them, whom he should name, would dance a minuet with him. The artist has chosen the moment when the lady is complying with these singular terms. The work is slightly feeble, but the expression of the different faces is finely depicted. One cannot, however, but own that a picture, requiring such a length of explanation, is not worth regarding

unless it be a masterpiece of execution, and in any case its enigmatical character could scarcely fail to take from the permanent merit of the work, even were it of a much finer character than it really is.

Mr. Powell Frith, although he has not given up his humorous treatment of the historical genre style, has lately gained a certain reputation for his popular scenes—"The Derby Day," and the "Railway Station"—the worst painting that can be imagined. The engraving, however, strongly throws up the action, fire, and spirit of the work, which causes amusement by its lively character in spite of the ponderous style which it displays. "The Derby Day" gave MR. C. GREEN* the idea of his very expressive water colour, "Here they are!" which reminds one of Mr. Burgess's "Bravo! Toro!" painted fifteen years before. This is no plagiarism but simply a coincidence. There are other painters who take pleasure in representing crowds. MR. F. BARNARD, for example, whose singular picture of "Saturday Night in Seven Dials" shows the wonderful activity in trade which is caused by the entire cessation of everything of the kind on the next day. MR. L. FILDES, again, who reminds us of our G. Doré in his picture "Casuals," which brings to our notice one of the striking miseries of the London poor.

The failing to which we just now drew attention is less noticeable in a very remarkable water-colour painting by MR. F. WALKER, whose death occurred

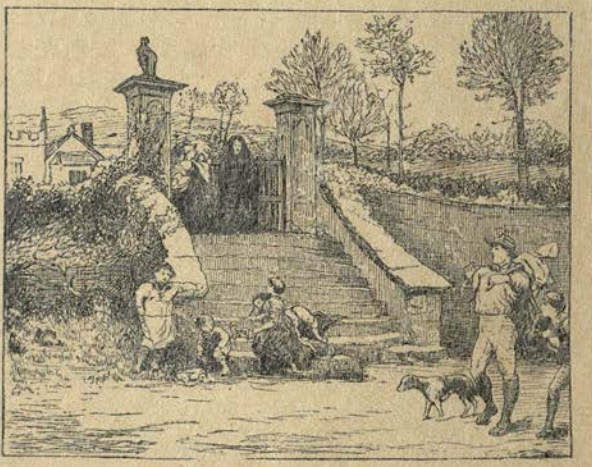
* The painter of the charming picture "The Neighbours," which is here given.

in 1875 when he was still but young. Although his subject is drawn from one of Thackeray's novels, it is easily understood. The sentiment of the picture is quite general enough in character to create a vivid impression, even though certain details may escape our

NEIGHBOURS.—*C. Green.*

observation, and we may not have seized the entire meaning of the artist. We see the inside of a church, and a young father with his beloved little daughter. We do not require to know more, for the principal theme is thus perfectly comprehensible to everybody. What can it signify, indeed, to us that another artist, poet, or writer may have treated the same subject by

other processes—that a novel has been written, in which a hero named Philip plays the chief part, and attends Divine Service under special circumstances, into which there is no necessity to inquire. And, indeed, I cannot help feeling annoyed with such a mere



THE OLD GATE.—*F. Walker.*

smattering of information ; even the knowledge of the whole tale would afford me no more satisfaction, for we can never succeed in finding an exact analogy between two such dissimilar representations of inner feeling. It is only action which can be expressed freely and extensively by different artists.

Frederick Walker died at the age of thirty-five. His fine picture, "The Old Gate," portraying great depth of feeling, is still fresh in our memories. It

FRONTISPIECE TO SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD III."—*Sir John Gilbert.*

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was sent with ten of the artist's water-colour paintings to the Exposition Universelle for 1878. These were all marvels of grace, refinement, and execution.

Another water colour worthy of mention, "The Passing of Arthur," is by MR. EDWARD HENRY CORBOULD. As a matter of fact the subject is taken from the poet's description of the last battle, but to no one can the issue be doubtful. The three weeping queens, the shadowy forms in prayerful attitude, the dark, lowering sky, the pale, immovable young form, all plainly tell of the death of a hero, and a death which not only crushes men's hearts with grief, but for which the very elements seem to express their sorrow.

This most important principle of generalisation appears to me to be very well followed in "The Venetian Council," a water colour of slightly heavy execution, but beautiful in colouring, and with a pleasing variety of action and attitude. The painter, SIR JOHN GILBERT, has very often drawn his inspirations from Shakespeare, and with most satisfactory results. The same rule is observed in the quizzical works of Cattermole—the first English water-colour painter who become known in France, a contemporary and friend of the artists of our romantic school—and in another water colour by MR. T. R. LAMONT, entitled "Wearied to Death." In this interior, the master of the house, an aged man, is gossiping with the old priest standing before the fireplace, who has dropped in to spend an hour with his friend. But there is nothing in the least degree amusing or interesting in their discourse to the young wife, whose back is turned to the two old men,

and who is wearied to death of their society, of the tedious piece of work on which she is everlastingly

BEFORE HIS PEERS.—*J. Pettie.*

engaged, and of her life generally. This carries us back to what I have already said; in spite of particular details, everybody can enter into the idea of the chafing effect of a dull, petty existence on a young woman of ill-

balanced mind. It is the same weariness experienced by Mme. Bovary in Gustave Flaubert's *chef-d'œuvre*.

As a last instance of a picture in the genre style well thought out and arranged, I will mention an English oil-painting, "The Arrest for Witchcraft," by MR. JOHN PETTIE. Whether or not the witch be a real sorceress is beside the question, but no one's interest can fail to be excited by the spectacle of the poor old woman, led off by soldiers and followed by the shouting and execrations of the crowd. In the distance one sees two crafty philosophers, who, with a bantering air, countenance the angry dealings of the mob, although they are sceptical as to the reality of the victim's magical power. Mr. Pettie is not always so happy as in this picture. As a rule, he aims at high dramatic effect, and only attains mediocrity. But some of his portraits are fine.

The different pictures that I have mentioned are some of the best of that style in the English school, and I have shown in how far they fail to follow the conditions which seem to me of the utmost importance in genre painting. To my mind, another of their great defects is that they exhibit no sort of distinctive originality either in conception or in execution.

This is the fault we find with the painting of an English artist, renowned in his own country, SIR FRANCIS GRANT.* His picture of Marshal Viscount Harding withdrawing from the field of battle at

* SIR FRANCIS GRANT was born in 1804, elected an Academician in 1851, and afterwards President. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake he was knighted in 1866, and died in 1879. His most

Ferozeshah recalls too vividly the style of Horace Vernet. The same want of originality may be remarked in MR. WELL'S works and in MISS THOMPSON'S second-rate military pictures.

Fortunately, however, Sir Francis Grant has painted some excellent portraits, and we must mention particularly the small full-length likeness of Mr. Higgins. His model stands before an easel, intent on the examination of a painting, whilst a little dog plays at his feet. The execution is simple and graceful, and, although a little careless, the work is both pleasing and of fine quality. The dog is painted by the illustrious animal painter Sir Edwin Landseer.

We cannot speak too highly of MR. JOHN LEWIS'S Eastern interiors. They are marvels of patience and detail, and are much admired in England. This artist began his career by some wonderful animal studies, which show singular faithfulness, a faithfulness which is a great artistic merit when carried to such a high degree. His works are indeed of rare worth.

Of the younger school of British artists, MR. E. J. GREGORY is one of the most interesting representatives. He attempts all and every style, and dips into every branch of art. The same enthusiasm which inspires him to undertake the most difficult tasks leads him to study the lowliest objects. One canvas exhibits the carefully executed portrait of some man, another a

celebrated portraits are those of Lord Clyde, Disraeli, Lockhart, Sir Edwin Landseer, Earl Derby, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Macaulay.

head of St. George finely carried out. Here we have numerous drawings of a humorous and satirical nature, or again, such a picture as the peculiar production entitled "The Dawn," in which he has striven, with singular daring, to represent the extraordinary effect of daybreak making itself apparent in a brilliantly lighted hall, where a ball is drawing to its

DOLES.—*C. Gregory.*

close. The first pale blue streaks of the rising dawn give a very wan appearance to the poor artificial light, which throws its yellow gleams on all surrounding objects, and communicates a ghastly effect to everything, not excepting the belle of the entertainment and her partner, who cannot escape its baneful glare. It is the eccentric fancy of a young artist, who appears as capable of altering his style as he is fertile in fresh and varying ideas.

His namesake, MR. C. GREGORY, is also a talented artist, as is well proved by his picture "Doles." Possessing much in common with Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. Hubert Herkomer yet ranks above him by the higher importance of his work. His painting, "The Last Muster," met with as great a success in Paris both from artists and the public as it had obtained at the

THE LAST MUSTER.—*H. Herkomer.*

Royal Academy in 1875. In the chapel of the Chelsea Hospital, ornamented with colours gained from conquered foes, the old soldiers attend the Sunday morning service. They are seated on several rows of seats in varying postures, which have all been carefully studied by the artist, and rendered with characteristic accuracy. In the centre of the picture are two pensioners, one of whom anxiously grasps the feeble hand of his companion, who is dying. For him this is plainly thus the last muster on

earth. Hence the somewhat enigmatical title of the picture.

The work is finely treated with a breadth of execution quite unusual in the case of our neighbours. Mr. Herkomer has exhibited later paintings of a different nature, although not less interesting. Of

SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.—*A. Hopkins.*

these we may particularly mention "At Death's Door," an excellent work with an affecting subject. The second picture which he sent to the Champs de Mars in 1878, "After the Toil of the Day," though a piece of poorer execution, and his water colours and drawings gave a very correct idea of the charming manner in which he is able to portray popular subjects. Some of

LEAVING HOME.—*F. Holl.*

these are to be seen in the *Graphic* Gallery, among which may be particularly mentioned "The Passage of the Weir," a work full of activity and grace; another, "The Women's Asylum," is a masterpiece of movement and keen observation. The artist later used this subject in a picture exhibited in the Salon of 1880.

There are still a few more works worthy of special

REJECTED.—*Marcus Stone.*

remark: "Signals of Distress," by MR. A. HOPKINS; "Leaving Home," by MR. F. HOLL, which would assuredly be noticed if it were sent to one of the Salons, even though it were by an unknown artist. The scene is laid in the third-class waiting-room of a railway station. On a bench are seated four persons, one of them a young soldier, who unaffectedly resigns himself to the leave-taking. His attentions are divided between the woman, who overwhelms him with her last tender farewells, and his father, an old

man, who, with eyes red with weeping, sits silent in his grief. A little apart from this group is a nice-looking, neatly-dressed young girl, probably some clergyman's daughter about to commence the hard experience of a governess's life, who counts out on her lap the small sum of money left to her after her ticket is paid for. As sentimentality is not allowed in French criticism, my excuse for entering into all these life-like and affecting details must be that everything in this work by Mr. Holl, drawing, colouring, and arrangement, even to the last technical particulars, are admirable.

"St. James's Park," a water colour, by MR. G. J. PINWELL, whose career, full of promise, was cut off by death in 1875 when he was only thirty-two years old, is deserving of the same commendation. On one of the benches in the park sits a man thoroughly worn out in his fight for life. Although he is decently clad, his pale, wan features tell of the mental anguish he suffers from his deep poverty, as well as the severe physical agony caused by a fast of forty-eight hours. Beneath his gaze lovers softly converse, and an epicure brushes by the poor famished creature as he passes with the game he is carrying home for dinner. The irony of the picture is acute. Mr. Pinwell might well have illustrated Thomas Hood's celebrated "Song of the Shirt," and indeed I wonder that this poem has not more frequently furnished a theme to English genre painters.*

* M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN, son of the eminent man whose loss is still so deeply felt in literature, has made a faithful translation of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

This poem, which so pathetically described the keen misery suffered

These striking contrasts of worldly position are often to be seen in English pictures. The painful circumstance is called forth and plainly stated, with-

SNOW IN SPRING.—*G. H. Boughton.*

out ostentatious demonstration, but still in all its cruel intensity. For instance, England is a country

by the poor sempstresses of the lower order, excited the most vehement compassion for them throughout all England. The "Song of the Shirt" agitated all classes of society, and the movement was universal. Many charitable institutions owe their origin to this cause. Its effect was so powerful and so long-lived, that when Thomas Hood died some years later, it was decided that the finest tribute that could be paid to him was to engrave on his tombstone the simple words: "He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'"

abounding in large families, and therefore to have no

SONS OF THE BRAVE.—*P. R. Morris.*

children is looked upon as a great sorrow. Many

artists have striven to introduce this feeling into their pictures in a more or less ingenious manner. Among others MR. MARCUS STONE, the painter of "Rejected," represents in another work "The Widow," a lady of high standing, dressed in mourning, who, in solitary state, sadly views from a distance the caresses lavished on a strong young navvy by his wife and

SCHOOL RE-VISITED.—*G. D. Leslie.*

little ones. How many other sweet and pleasing subjects of the same kind, designed to show forth the charm and happiness of family life, we should have to mention as works of the English school, if only the execution of the pictures were equal to the scheme.

There are some young masters, however, who certainly rank above the average—G. H. BOUGHTON, "Snow in Spring;" E. H. FAHEY, "He never Came;" P. R. MORRIS, who studied under Holman Hunt, but who has since devoted himself to a less severe

system of art, as may be remarked in his charming painting, "Sons of the Brave;" and lastly, MR. G. D. LESLIE, painter of the exquisite picture, "School Re-visited." A graceful young lady, in pretty walking costume, has come to visit the school from which she has been emancipated for two or three years. All the remaining schoolgirls of her time have gathered round her; those who were then the "little ones" have now become the "elder girls" in their turn, and, holding their hands, she makes them recount all their school episodes, whilst her sweet face lights up with pleasure as they recall the experiences of the past when she was yet among them.

All these painters possess decided and distinctive talent, as well as a habit of careful observation, but they do not care, as a rule, to exercise these qualities for anything more than domestic scenes. Women, young girls, and children are always placed foremost in their pictures, and the painter never loses an opportunity of investing them with every possible elegance or refinement consistent with truth and their surroundings; so that whether the scene be laid in the open country or in town, these bright, varied, and life-like paintings resemble so many chapters of a prettily-written novel.

CHAPTER VII.

PAINTING IN WATER COLOUR.

IN less than a century the English school of water colour has passed through three transitions. The stained drawing, to begin with, was nothing more than a simple wash of Indian ink, as may be observed in the works of the first artist in this style who is worthy of mention in the history of English painting. This painter, FRANCIS BARLOW, who was born in Lincolnshire about the year 1626, painted animals, and particularly birds, with a certain amount of taste, but his colouring was not equal to his drawing. At the end of the eighteenth century the masters in this branch of art were: "MICHAEL ANGELO ROOKER, A.R.A. (1743—1801), THOMAS HEARNE (1744—1834), and W. PAYNE (date unknown), whose painting consisted of a simple wash in brown or bluish-grey, brought to a state of more or less perfection by pen-work, such parts as the sky, water, and foreground, being done in lighter colour. But even here there are no bold tints to be seen; they are softened, like the wash itself, to a reduced tone, and there is certainly no great seeking after effects of light and shade in these works, still less a desire to imitate the true colouring of nature.

This broad, sober mode of treatment, rather pleasing, although shallow in character, was sufficiently extensive to allow of the representation of some few poetical subjects and certain artistic views. But in themes where figures play an important part, and in architectural designs, for which the style has been most used, the too strongly-marked pen-lines dispel all charm, and in any case the water colours of the olden time appear very tame to us in these days.

JOHN ROBERT COZENS (1752—1799), however, and THOMAS GIRTIN (1773—1802), the founders of the school, deserve particular mention, although the former never departed from his primitive, almost rudimentary, manner of painting, which causes his works to look very like coloured engravings. Thomas Girtin was the first to use colour, with the utmost wariness to start with, but attaining at length to some approximate realisation of nature's tints, under their most demure aspect, it is true, but still with artistic feeling. The same quality is to be discovered in the style of JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782—1842), an artist of a rather later date, who, by his soft and fanciful representation of nature, rises above many artists to whom fortune has been more favourable.

In figure painting JOSHUA CRISTALL (1767—1847) and HENRY LIVERSEEGE (1803—1832) both belong to the same early school of water colour; they each possessed an ardent imagination, although their lives and genius were totally dissimilar, and England owes to them an extensive series of works unequalled by any water-colour painters of the same period.

It is certainly not their artistic worth that attracts us in the works of the visionary William Blake (1757—1827), of whom we have already spoken. Both the drawing and execution in his productions are anything but good; their sole merit rests in the powerful imagination with which they are inspired, the marvellous fancy which can conjure up revelations from former ages, and dive into the mysterious depths of the human soul.

Although in his large oil-paintings Thomas Stothard (1755—1834) is as defective, from an artistic point of view, as W. Blake, it is quite a different matter with his water colours, which show much grace and refinement of feeling. One notices more particularly in his youthful efforts a fine open-air effect and a skill in catching transient beauties in which English artists, with the exception of Gainsborough and Reynolds, have been rarely successful. But Stothard often spoils his own work by a laboured fancy which leads him far from the truth.

Since the primitive Flemish and Italian masters, there has been no artist in the world who has shown such a deep sympathy with life and nature in all their extensive variety as J. M. W. Turner. His vivid imagination led him to a correct rendering of the most difficult colouring. As the result of his self-imposed mental discipline, as well as his long and patient studies, he at length arrived at a state of perfection in representing light in all its brilliance and intricacies which had never before been reached.

As I have already discussed Turner's genius, I will

here merely speak of him in his quality of water-colour painter. In his youth he studied with Girtin, and with him advanced the progress of the school from its first stages to a higher development. Turner seems to have comprehended, even at this early date, that a complete knowledge of drawing and form constitutes the very groundwork of art, and so, with that powerful will which is in itself a most decided proof of genius, and which he possessed in a greater degree than anybody else of his day, he devoted much of his time to sketches of nature with pen and pencil. His first works were executed in a kind of grey or brown monochrome, but one can already discover in them the power for representing wide extents, and that skill in the arrangement of masses which characterised him during sixty years of increasing work.

"Gradually and cautiously," Mr. Ruskin states in his excellent summary of Turner's career, "the blues became mingled with delicate green, and then with gold; the browns in the foreground become first more positive, and then were slightly mingled with other local colours, while the touch grew more and more refined and expressive, until it lost itself in a method of execution often too delicate for the eye to follow, rendering, with a precision before unexampled, both the texture and the form of every object."

One may say that Turner had entirely mastered his own system about the year 1800, and that he followed it faithfully for twenty years.

By this plan of treatment he was enabled, in a very complete manner, to represent form, width, and depth, which are the distinctive peculiarities of his work,

although now and then in his small productions may be seen a foreshadowing of that passion which took such entire possession of him for employing pure colour. Turner was able by his simple method to portray faithfully every kind of landscape. He never looked upon any theme as either of too high or too low a character for him. It is this that lends such interest to his art, and gives him the superb power of expression by which he depicted Nature in her endless varieties. Such is the intense and infinite sympathy which Turner appeared to have possessed for every kind of life at this period, that Shakespeare, in his own style, is the only man that can in any way be compared to him. He is attracted by the humblest and most insignificant subject, and throws his whole soul into its study, but then, on the other hand, there are no heights in grandeur and sublimity unattainable by him.

Having once conquered the delineation of form, Turner from henceforth gave himself up, with an equally determined fervour and keen observation, to the study of colour. The great technical knowledge which he had gained in his cultivation of form now helped him in this other path, and all those who have ever striven to copy nature truthfully will understand, by the results in his works, what tremendous difficulties he overcame, and with what refinement and accuracy his tints were chosen. He did not limit himself to colouring his drawings—which, indeed, is not an uncommon custom, and fairly easy to do—from this time his works were imagined in colour, and were executed in and for the sake of colour.

This would naturally lead him to change the choice of his subjects. From this time he preferred those themes which best lent themselves to fine effects of colouring. Sunrise and sunset—the tremulous motion of the lake in the glow of mid-day—ruins flooded in the soft, silver light of the moon, and the haziness of moonlit nights. It was now that Turner discovered that those masters, whose works he had most studied for form and composition, were unable to teach him anything more than he already knew about colour; that even from Poussin and Van de Velde he could learn nothing concerning the coloured radiance of light. The execution which distinguishes his second style is free, fine, and resolute, whilst its exuberance of rich and varied tones, its dislike to formality, and its constant striving after an ideal, seem to tell of the artist's lightness of heart and cheerfulness of mind.

Animation and deep thought, sublime harmonies, and an entire devotion to nature—these are the qualities that characterise his art even up to his latest years. Although the invention of such expedients as the sponge, eraser, and cloth for light portions of a work have been attributed to him, his execution was so firm, and yet so delicate, that he rarely needed to resort to them. Unlike GEORGE FENNELL ROBSON (1790—1833) and ROBERT HILLS (1769—1844), who made immoderate use of such means, he boldly applied pure colour, once for all, and thus gained the desired effect at the commencement.

Limited space will not allow more than a passing mention of his splendid illustrations, such as "Artistic

Journey in Italy," by Flakewell; "Illustrated Bible," by Finden; "Beauties of England and Wales," "The Coasts of France," "Annual Travels," "Southern Coast Scenery," and illustrations of the works of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Rogers, Milton, Campbell, and the beautiful "Liber studiorum." Most fortunately the English school of engraving was at its height in the time of Turner, and his finest productions were rendered in black and white under the artist's own direction, so that the original works, in all their exquisite delicacy, are known to posterity by means of these engravings.

To the same school of water colour belong John Varley (1778—1842), David Cox (1788—1859), Peter de Wint (1784—1849), Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding (1787—1855), George Barret (1774—1842), Samuel Prout (1783—1852), William Henry Hunt (1790—1864), George Cattermole (1800—1868), and John Frederick Lewis (1805—1876). These are men who, though possessing different degrees of merit, are all united in a sincere love of truth, a careful choice of subject, and a poetic feeling for nature.

COPLEY FIELDING, who was a friend of the French painter Delacroix, is perhaps the greatest artist after Turner for representations of breadth and atmosphere. He is unequalled in certain effects of mist, which are splendid in their mysterious expanse. Samuel Prout, whose method carries us back to the primitive style, has a particular liking for artistic beauties of an architectural order. Views of the cathedrals, castles, and market-places, which with much energy and patience he has sought out on the Rhine, in France,

Germany, Flanders, and Italy, have been extensively made known by means of engraving or lithography.

His work is more that of a designer than of an artist. I believe that many English people have had the love of travelling first awakened in them by taking a journey through Prout's albums, and many have acknowledged, when standing before some noble edifice—say, for instance, the splendid Cathedral of Amiens—how deeply they were indebted to the artist for their own appreciative emotions.

DAVID COX resembles Prout in this power of exciting interest, but there the similarity ends. He is more like Constable in his bold, simple, and fresh style of colouring. If Prout has shown his countrymen something of Continental beauties, Cox ought to possess a deeper claim on their admiration, by the manner in which he depicts the grandeur and loveliness of their own land. In his poetical treatment of landscape he ranks very near Turner, although there is a decided difference between his singular audacity of style and the skilful delicacy of the great master. No one has succeeded in representing an ordinary cornfield, the humblest of huts, green forests, or great distances, in a more masterly manner, and at the same time with more simplicity.

For eminence in brilliant painting—not in landscape, but the genre style in which figures play so important a part—LEWIS and W. HUNT may be classed together. Just as in the case of Turner, their true sense of colour led them both to a simple, decisive manner, whilst their correct adjustment of light and

shadow imparts a largeness to their works, although the details are elaborately carried out. While Lewis was travelling in Spain and in the East, and was familiarising those at home with pictures of the Nile, and the general results of his observation, W. Hunt was devoting himself, with a skill hitherto unknown in any English artist, to depicting in all their brilliancy the fruits and flowers of his own country.

The Society of Painters in Water Colours dates from 1805. It was founded by artists who were ill-satisfied with the manner in which their works were received at the Royal Academy. Their exhibitions, of which the first was opened in Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, on April 22nd of the same year, took place later in Bond Street, then at Spring Gardens, and finally at Pall Mall East. The members on the foundation of the Society were: G. Barret, J. Cristall, W. S. Gilpin, J. Glover, W. Havell, R. Hills, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, F. Nicholson, N. Pocock, V. H. Pyne, S. Rigaud, S. Shelley, J. Varley, C. Varley, and W. F. Wells. The names of Girtin and Turner are not included in this list, for the first died in 1802, and the second was elected a member of the Royal Academy in the same year.

In 1831 a certain number of artists founded a Society of Painters in Water Colours (the New Society, as it was called in 1834), in consequence of the large number of water colour painters of repute who found themselves unable to obtain membership in the old Society. Their first exhibition was held in the spring of the same year in Old Bond Street. The members

of the foundation were: W. Cowen, James Fuge, T. Maisey, G. F. Phillips, J. Powell, W. B. S. Taylor, and T. Wageman. In 1863 the Society changed its name to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Up to the date of this change the following distinguished painters were among its members:—L. Haghe, W. Bennett, H. Warren, T. Boys, S. H. Corbould, T. S. Robins, D'Egville, W. W. Deane, Mrs. Coleman Angell, E. Duncan, Topham, and G. Dodgson.* After J. M. W. Turner, David Cox, Peter de Wint, A. V. Copley Fielding, George Barret, S. Prout, William Hunt, George Cattermole, and J. L. Lewis, we must name as second-class in the ancient school: G. Lambert, Paul Sandby, M. A. Rooker, F. Wheatley, T. Herne, J. K. Sherwin, F. Nicholson, J. R. Cozens, N. Pocock, T. Rowlandson, J. C. Ibbetson, D. M. Serres, E. Dayes, J. Glover, S. Howit, H. Edridge, J. Cristall, S. Owen, R. Hills, T. Girtin, J. Varley, J. S. Cotman, W. Havell, J. J. Chalon, W. Turner, L. Clennell, S. F. Rigaud, G. F. Robson, F. Nash, R. Westall, E. Dorrell, H. Liverseege, G. Chambers, G. W. Shepheard, J. M. Ince, W. Stanley, W. Oliver, S. Austin, G. Cruikshank, W. Arches, S. Cook, W. Bennett, J. D. Harding, C. Bentley, and S. Bough.

* Certain changes have recently taken place in the constitution of this Society; but although they are later in date than 1882, with which year this history of English painting comes to an end, it is convenient to note that in 1883 the Society removed to new galleries in Piccadilly, and threw open its Exhibition to outsiders. As an acknowledgment of the good work it had done, her Majesty was pleased to confer upon it the title of "Royal," and in 1884 conferred the further distinction of a diploma.

CHAPTER VIII.

CARICATURE.

THERE is no outward expression, be it in literature, sculpture, painting, or any other art, which more openly tells of a nation's character, and exhibits it to all eyes, than caricature. From its very nature it is incapable of misleading any one with regard to the tendencies of national temperament.

However great may be the attainment of intellectual culture in any land, or the outward propriety of its manners and customs, no amount of circumspection or worldly prudence has ever been able to check the declaration of unvarnished truth from the pen or pencil of the satirist, humorist, and moralist. In the case of the Latin races, the free scope of whose intellect was circumscribed and over-ridden by tradition, no academical consideration was able to effect this end, nor in other nations has any influence, whether religious or social, ever been strong enough to do so. Even the powerful English "cant" has entirely failed. Now, from whence does caricature derive its strength? From the fact that—little as it may appear to be the case, and although the artist may himself be unaware of it—it strives after a

certain ideal which is its beginning and its end, the source from whence it springs and whither it tends and which admits of no concession or compromise.

This word "ideal" has been so popularly misquoted, and so often applied to a tame, commonplace conception of insipid beauty, that it has thus been brought into disrepute to such a degree that one exposes oneself to ridicule in either writing it or referring to it. With this designation of the term I have nothing to do. Nor do I sympathise with Gebhart, quoted by M. Champfleury,* when he states that caricature springs from the ideal, for "if ugliness disgusts the artist, it is because it spreads a kind of shadow over the beauty the pure light of which shines in his own soul."

I do not believe in such a negative ideal, nor in such a discord between beauty and ugliness. These are subtleties of the metaphysical German mind, which are of no value. Ugliness, far from disgusting the caricaturist, very much interests him. If the case were as Gebhart thinks, would it not be a singular means to take for the dispersion of "the shadow spread over beauty," to devote oneself exclusively to the representation of ugliness? Now, this is exactly what is done in caricature. It neither sees nor

* See in the Notice, page 11, of "L'Histoire de la Caricature sous la Réforme et la Ligue, de Louis XIII. à Louis XVI." By. M. Champfleury. (1 vol. in.-18, Dentu.) This lately-published volume completes the author's extensive work on this subject, one which would possess particular attraction for a mind so powerfully impressed by any form of sincerity in art, a quality which alone renders it original, expressive, or worthy of history.

demonstrates anything but ugliness in all its stages, commencing at the simply ludicrous, and culminating in the horrible. One finds at its two extremes the monster and the simpleton—Caliban and Jeannot.

Gebhart's mistake arises from the perpetual bewilderment that exists in minds possessing no artistic sense between the object represented and its own representation. How often must it be repeated that the beauty or ugliness of a work of art has nothing to do with the beauty or ugliness of the model, and that the most repulsive being or the most frightful monster may yet furnish the theme for a masterpiece! Think of the fawn's head, with its inimitable grimace, its sensual senility, which could never have been modelled by any other hand than that of Michael Angelo. Think of the sublime specimens of Leonardo da Vinci's grotesque productions. Think of the whole work of Rembrandt, in which no single beautiful face can be discovered; and of that of the poetical Albert Durer, so complete a specialist; and the incomparable nightmare forms invented by Goya's genius and by the wonderful artists of Japan!

To pretend that all these masterpieces are meant to show their author's hatred of ugliness is not only a paradox, but blindness; that entire and singular blindness which veils the pedantry of German ideologists.

Ugliness is a fact, and, like all other facts, a medium of art.* It is in this alone that the caricaturist

* "Nature is but a pretext; art, elevated by the individual, is the goal," such is the opinion constantly affirmed by a celebrated French

deals. Caricature, then, has its very decided ideal, approved, defined, and peculiar to itself, which is nothing more or less than truth. Only, instead of following the pagan aspiration, and thus striving to attain a pure, faultless, abstract beauty; instead of suppressing the incidental for the greater harmony of the human form, the caricaturist deliberately exaggerates the incidental in order to get a greater variety of types. Just as in the case of the idealist of beauty, he, too, alters the personal reality, but not to tone it down; quite in a contrary spirit he enlarges and draws out its individual peculiarities, and by generalising them he makes the truth therein comprised all the more striking.

This is the reason why caricature is the truest interpretation of a nation's habits and tastes. If this be the case we must infer, after studying English caricatures of the last century and a half, that the ancient fierceness of the Anglo-Saxon nature, if not really weakened, is at any rate wonderfully softened in character.

This change has gradually but surely crept on from the times of Hogarth to Gillray and Rowlandson; from these to John Leech, and again from Leech to those of our own day. Some recent publications

artist M. Jules Dupré, "Why does one speak of a *Van Dyck*, a *Rembrandt*, without mentioning what the picture represents? The reason is that the subject is of minor consideration, and that the painter, the creator, is alone of importance. Or to give another example. One often says, *Bête comme un chou*, but no one would think of saying, *Bête comme un chou, peint par Chardin*. This is because the subject is elevated by the treatment of the artist."

will enable us to follow this singular progression very closely.* Caricature, which took its rise in England from the political and religious dissensions of the Reformation, was anything but timid in its first appearance, but, on the contrary, violent, coarse, and licentious; still, it was rarely indulged in in the times of Charles I., for although bishops and Presbyterians, Roundheads and Cavaliers, waged a ceaseless and unscrupulous war, and exchanged the most spiteful satires and venomous slanders, the best among these productions are done by a foreign hand, as the good drawing evidently proves. The artists were probably Dutch. England at that time had no art. This is sufficiently shown by the engraving accompanying the pamphlet entitled "Roaring Boys," by Suckling, and which is reproduced in Thomas Wright's† "History of Caricature." For over a century it was Holland, by whose satirical fancy England was diverted during the time she was agitated by the excitement of revolution in 1688, or engaged in the mad financial freaks in 1720, such as "The South Sea Bubble," corresponding to Law's speculative

* "ROWLANDSON, the Caricaturist: A Selection from his Works, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Famous Caricatures and a Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries." By Joseph Greco, Author of "James Gillray, the Caricaturist: His Life, Works, and Times." With about four hundred illustrations. Two Volumes. (London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1880.) See also in *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and the important collection of picture-books published in London by George Routledge & Sons.

† "History of Caricature, and of the Grotesque in Literature and Art." By Thomas Wright.

movement in France and the extravagance of the *rue Quincampoix*. This fever of gold and paper had the effect of bringing forth the first purely English caricatures—very miserable attempts when compared to similar Continental productions at that day.

And then came HOGARTH. When he was forty years old, and after he had long followed the calling of an engraver, he laid hold, in 1733, of the sharp weapon of caricature, which had been used hitherto in political controversies alone, and employed it to depict the manners and customs of his time. This was in itself a mark of genius. Thirty years later, when engaged by the unpopular minister, Lord Bute, he too entered the political field of battle and made a hasty attack upon the enemy, but for him the results were far from satisfactory. At the time of which we were speaking, however, 1733 and 1735, he published, one after the other, two large series of works, "The Harlot's Progress," and "The Rake's Progress," and ten years after, "The Marriage à la Mode," in six parts. They immediately met with an enormous success, and the English school was founded.

Hogarth's plan was to take a suite of subjects and to follow them up in carefully arranged progression like the acts of a comedy. He himself says: "My wish was to arrange my pictures after the fashion of theatrical representations." And again he utters the same thought—"I have tried to treat my subjects in the same manner that a dramatist would have done. My picture is my stage, my men and women the actors, who are required by means of certain postures and

action to represent a dumb show." He likes to moralise even while amusing, and takes in serious part the *Castigat ridendo.* "Painted comedy will surely be more convincing than numberless volumes of written comedy. This is what I have attempted in the series that I have produced."

I will not say that he succeeded in his moral endeavours, but most certainly, despite his heaviness of execution, and inaccuracy of drawing, no artist in the world has ever better portrayed attitude and expression with pencil—in other words, he gave a faithful representation both of face and action. Such was his skill and the harmony of his creations, that one can see as plainly as possible the different influences at work in his characters—covetousness, hatred, servility, suffering, stupidity, grief, madness, sensuality, terror, joy, and misery, both social and moral—all these we can discover in the ludicrous forms, the flattened or pointed skulls, the swollen, apoplectic countenances, or emaciated, bloodless cheeks, in the stout or thin figures, and in the persons deformed, twisted, and distorted by every kind of ill common to mind or body.

After Hogarth sprang some second-rate artists in something after his style. SANDBY, an inferior painter, whose hatred to Hogarth caused him to take up caricature, and carry out the merciless, though comical creations of his brain; JOHN COLLETT, Hogarth's pupil, and a witty satirist of the habits of his time; JAMES SAYER, who dealt solely in politics, and, upholding William Pitt, peppered Fox with sarcasm; H. W. BUNBURY, son of the baronet, who had a very

ludicrous and spirited manner of depicting equestrian subjects, generally choosing the mischances of horsemanship; WOODWARD, whose simple wit unaccompanied by rancour lent itself most readily to scenes of the lower middle-class; and many others, RAMBERG, DIGHTON, NIXON, NEWTON, BOYNE, COLLINGS, KINGSBURY, LANE, HEATH, and SEYMOUR. But there are some names requiring special mention, such as Gillray, Rowlandson, Isaac Cruikshank, and his son, "the glorious George," who were of much greater importance than the ordinary caricaturists.

In spite of its good drawing and true skilfulness of composition, GILLRAY'S work has ceased to excite any interest, particularly on the French side of the Channel, on account of the exclusive manner in which it deals in politics. What do we care nowadays about the struggles of Pitt against Fox and Burke, of Shelburn against Richmond? How can Thurlow's partisanship of Warren Hastings, the avarice of the royal couple, the awkwardness or even the folly of George III., affect us now? Such ephemeral details, which essentially belong to the local chronicle of small things, are useful only as affording slanderous notes in history, and they must thank the inherent curiosity of mankind alone that they have been suffered to outlive the publications of the time.

ROWLANDSON, whose attention was more or less directed to all conditions of men, was an artist of rather a higher grade. His work is interesting, because the root of the vices, passions, and absurdities that he

represented with so much talent, is yet to be found in the human soul. Some part of his youth was passed in France, at Paris, where he stayed with a French aunt, the widow of Thomas Rowlandson. He took some capital caricatures as reminiscences away with him: "Madame Véry, la belle limonadière," and the humorous reflections upon our cookery, "The French Ordinary," according to which every orthodox Englishman of the old school firmly believes that the famished French nation live on nothing but cats and frogs—nonsense of very much the same character as that which has given us our standard idea of the Englishman by Carle Vernet—the tall, lank Englishman with red complexion, hair, and whiskers, and thick lips showing long yellow teeth like the keys of a piano. Or, again, the short, dumpy Englishman, square and compact, greasy and bloated in face, with a small brimless hat on the back of his head, flourishing a light cane, or loudly swearing as he engages in a boxing encounter. This is all very well, but means absolutely nothing as far as practical observation is concerned.

It cannot be denied that artists have their own way of looking at things, and beyond the representation of those persons, scenes, and facts, familiar to them from their childhood, their judgment is little to be relied upon. I say this because I see how true it is in the case of Rowlandson, and how thoroughly he failed to take in or understand the artistic character of the French soldier, of whose very bearing and uniform he was ignorant. He does not stand alone in such mistakes, for the same remark applies to every artist

who paints foreign scenes, and thus we ought not to place too much confidence in their works. Take, for instance, the most renowned painters of Oriental subjects—Eugène Delacroix, Decamps, and Marilhat. If you imagine that you see the East truly depicted by their talented productions you are much mistaken. They can do no more than give you their idea of the East, which is confused in their minds with the prior conception formed of it by their more learned compatriots, and even though they may have the reality under their eyes, their representation of it is much more conformable to this conception than to the actual truth. Each of these painters give their own interpretation of the East, but none of them is the true one. Let us then pass on without troubling ourselves too much about Rowlandson's mistaken notions of the French.

This caricaturist is a master in portraying English customs—a theme in which he is in his element. He shows himself lenient to the poor and miserable, and merciless to swindlers and sharpers of every description: lawyers, usurers, hypocrites, and doctors. I think one of his best works is where he exhibits Dr. Clisterpipe, Paul Purge (Molière's Monsieur Purgeon), Sir Valiant Venery, Dr. Putrid, Abraham Abscess, Fred Fistula, &c. &c., gathered round the sick bed of a poor wretch. Not one friendly face appears in the whole company surrounding this poor creature, except that of Death, who shows himself in the background full of compassion and tenderness for the unhappy sufferer—therein lies the point.

Rowlandson lashes with an unrelenting hand all gamblers, free-livers, and libertines, and pitilessly makes game of the victims of gout. All eccentricity excites his ridicule; his music devotees swoon away with delight at the screams of a consumptive prima-donna, his admirers of tragedy weep with the most fearful grimaces over the persecution of innocence. Another time he busies himself with the ludicrous: "Trumpet and Bassoon" are two heads softly nestled one against the other, on the same pillow. The nose of the husband points like an obelisk towards the bed canopy, whilst that of the wife spreads over her puffy cheeks; their mouths are open, and display all their teeth, while together they chant a nasal duet, whistling, snoring, puffing, blowing, dreaming, like one of Daumier's worthy couples. He likes and strives after antithesis—not only such simple contrasts of form as stout and lean: a young wife and an old husband, a young husband and an old wife, a frisky horse and a thickset, short-breathed man—but antithesis in condition, like "Luxury" and "Misery:" "Luxury," the lazy delight of breakfast in bed; "Misery," the distress of the shipwrecked man, alone at midnight on the stormy sea, his only support a spar.

A great deal of Rowlandson's work is devoted to scenes of humble life: groups of sailors, rustic gatherings, in which he excels, fairs and markets, races, dog-fights, beggars, fishermen, woodmen, hunters, blacksmiths, labourers, children, stone-breakers, carmen, peasants in Millet's style, shepherds, oxen, Saxon horses with short tails, horsemen, post-chaises, river-

banks, barges and boats, quays with their crowds of workers, loiterers, and gossipers; pathetic scenes: "The Grandpapa," and "The Mariner's Family." Rowlandson also visited water-places, returned to the metropolis, and immortalised "The Cries of London," "The Miseries of London," and "The Theatres of London." He made very clever engravings on copper of the works of his rival caricaturists—by no means equal to his own, though he improved upon them—he illustrated Peter Pindar's* mock-heroic poems, also "The Sentimental Journey," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tom Jones," the different parts of "Dr. Syntax," "The Dance of Life" and "Dance of Death." His work was enormous; his swift, decided drawing is remarkable for its expressive gesture, and the life and charm which he gave to touch and outline, but except on rare occasions—such as a college scene finely done in Meissonier's style—Rowlandson is not happy in effects. I must add that this failing is observable in the whole school. In Paris Rowlandson acquired his great skill in drawing and his accurate knowledge of the human form ;† these valuable qualities with which he invested

* PETER PINDAR is Dr. Wolcott's *nom de plume.*

† "At the age of sixteen, he was admitted as a pupil to the Royal Academy of London, which had not long been established. He did not, however, immediately take advantage of this admission, for his aunt summoned him to Paris, where he commenced his artistic studies and gained great success. He was famed for his skill in sketching the human body from nature" (Thomas Wright). Rowlandson alludes to his youthful recollections in some of his works. In "Intrusion on Study" we see a young artist striving to hide the nude form of his female model with his pallet on account of an unexpected visit.

English caricature did not impair his spirit, fire or fun, and he owed to these acquisitions, I think, his sense of beauty and female grace, hitherto unknown in the art. Unfortunately he lost this gift as he grew older, and he returned to the coarseness of his predecessors, with occasional glimpses of his former elegance, as in the "German Waltz," a pretty scene from Werther. Herein he foreshadows John Leech, who was very shortly to reign pre-eminent in refinement and grace.

The fame of the two CRUIKSHANKS, Isaac and his son, "the glorious George," rests almost entirely upon a political basis. In the course of George's long artistic career,* however, he frequently encroached on the inexhaustible territory of every-day comedy, which had been so widely explored by Hogarth and by Rowlandson. "The Camp at Vinegar Hill" is considered his best work. He was the first who devoted a great part of his talent to the study of childhood, a path in which there is a decided preference shown in these days.

For twenty-three years (1841—1864) JOHN LEECH† quite made the fortune of *Punch*. His delicate, light sketches, always witty and ironical, although devoid of rancour, made this comic paper everywhere welcome, while, by his talented mimicry

* He died quite recently in 1882. He was born in 1794, and his earliest works bear the date of 1815.

† JOHN LEECH commenced his career in 1840, when he was twenty-three years old. He then brought out two comic grammars: "The Comic English Grammar" and "The Comic Latin Grammar."

of the manners, customs, and absurdities of the ladies and gentlemen of his time, he laughed down many a folly. No artist ever possessed such a gift for impromptu designs. In spite of his incessant contributions to *Punch*, amounting to about three thousand subjects, he also left a splendid series of street children, called "Children of the Mobility;" two large volumes containing 172 copper and steel engravings, mostly taken from his illustrations of novels which appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany" and in several other periodicals and publications, the chief of which are: "Christopher Tadpole" (containing 32 cuts), "Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks' Hunt" (102 cuts), "The Illustrated Journal" (12 cuts), "The Comic History of England" (1847—1848) in two volumes; "The Comic History of Rome" (1857), in one volume; numerous sporting books, *Punch's* pocket-books and almanacks, Christmas books by Charles Dickens, &c. &c.

The artist's whole work amounts to 5,000 sketches. I have already had the opportunity of speaking at some length of John Leech's fascinating genius, and it is always a pleasing task. When one views his elegant manner of drawing boys and girls, his vigorous and expressive touch for men and women, the charming beauty of his children, his keenness of observation, his animation in general effects, and intelligence in detail, and lastly—a quality so unusual in caricaturists—the distinctness of his subjects by well-defined action, one cannot wonder at the favour in which he was held during so many years. There was such a charm in his

pencil—so much originality and spontaneity; his fun was so pure and true, never even touching upon vice!

FROM "PUNCH."—*John Leech.*

"So, Charley, I hear you have been to a Juvenile Party?"
Precocious Boy: "Well, I don't know what you call Juvenile. There was no one there under five years old!"

His style was very far removed from Hogarth's barbarity and the coarseness of the early school. His young ladies and children are so delightful! How aptly could he reproduce the most trifling incidents belonging to all sorts of life, whether of the sporting or nautical description, or of the streets, markets,

FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."*—*John Tenniel.*

quays, public gardens, railways, balls, public-houses, pawnbrokers' shops, elections, or theatres; the different seasons and their fashions; every detail of social life in a great city, taken at its average point, in a condition neither very high nor very low—that is to say, middle

* By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

class and even humbler, but never descending to the vulgar. He hated affectation, and all customs and fashions that were prompted by bad taste, and were unnatural, pompous, or shabby, fell under his gentle censure. But his sarcasm was always merciful, and generally aimed at very small matters; even when he thought it necessary to probe deep, his lancet left no rankling wound. From first to last, he was English. His ideal of manhood is the courteous, refined, generous gentleman, chivalrous and self-denying as well as good looking. His favourite type of woman represents her as young, pretty, and attractive, of good figure, perfect health, and utterly devoid of affectation. She is by no means fast, but sets a certain value upon her beauty, and, under all circumstances, it is easy to recognise in her the thorough lady.

John Leech's contemporary, John Tenniel, and his successors, Charles Keene and George du Maurier, have long contributed and still contribute to-day to keep up in every country, where the English language is spoken, the reputation of the "immortal periodical."

JOHN TENNIEL'S natural bent is towards politics. He neither spares his own countrymen, whom he pitilessly censures—as, for instance, in "John Bull defends his Pudding"—nor does he show mercy to his neighbours on the Continent, and Rome and France, the Pope and Napoleon III., have felt the keen edge of his satire. His drawing combines in a wonderful way energy and incision of style with the highest moral expression. His outlines, traced with

remarkable fineness and skill, exhibit a type and character which it is impossible to forget, and of which we give an instance in one of the illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland." This appeals to us with all the brilliancy of a medal in high relief and the reality of something actually seen.

RICHARD DOYLE, the son of JOHN DOYLE (H.B.), is another friend and contemporary of Leech whom we cannot justly pass over in silence. This artist is neither a great moralist nor a great draughtsman, yet he possesses in the highest degree that humorous energy, that *vis comica* which is the essential quality of the caricaturist. He chooses as the object of his ridicule the manners of the middle classes. In his series of eighteen pictures, entitled "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe," he lightly satirises the balls, concerts, theatres, and races, which are recorded in "Mr. Pips his Diary;" while in the eighty pages of "The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson," he shows what three English citizens "saw and did in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy." Richard Doyle excels in broad humour, the humour of the country fair, the humour of Bobêche and Galimâfré, which never fails, however, to raise a good-tempered laugh.

CHARLES KEENE, who shares with Du Maurier the admiration of all readers of *Punch*, is, as Cham was in *Charivari*, a humorist rather than an artist. Drawing is for him merely a means of telling a tale, a kind of symbolic language, like the hieroglyphics of Egypt. He does not draw so much as write

APPEARANCES.—*Charles Keene.*

Plushington: "I say, Stodge, singular thing—your Landlady addressed me 'My Lord' when I asked if you were within!"

Artist: "Not at all, my dear Fellow. It's your Hat and Personal Appearance! If you don't mind, we'll encourage the Idea. It will give her Confidence in me, and—— Eh?" [*Plushington will be delighted.*

(From *Punch.*)

conventional forms, which he executes with a *chic* peculiar to himself. He starts with no preconceived theory of art, nor does he eagerly strive after truth; gaiety is what he aims at, and this is all that one asks of him.

DU MAURIER, on the other hand, unites the knowledge of a trained artist with the observation of a man of the world. What has been said of "Mr. Punch" himself may well be applied to him: "He is a historian of the time in which he lives. Future generations may look to his drawings, and tell to a nicety what the men and women of the present day are like, can recover the evanescent fashions, can learn the fashionable foibles, can tell how the great men of their time appeared to their humorous contemporaries, can hit to a certainty the leading characteristics as well of things as of men, for the success of his drawings is half due to the circumstance that there is always an element, large or small, of truth in the most outrageous of them."

But besides, Du Maurier is an admirable draughtsman, and yields to no one in the skill with which he renders the effects of light and shade, and takes advantage of the opportunities offered by wood engraving.

The softening modification of national character so apparent in the productions of Leech, Keene, and Du Maurier shows itself in a most convincing manner in the singular success gained by the late works of MR. WALTER CRANE, MR. R. CALDECOTT, and MISS KATE GREENAWAY. Messrs. Crane and Caldecott both commenced by addressing themselves to the

MISPLACED CHARITY.—*George du Maurier.*

On coming out of Church, General Sir Talbot de la Poer San-Grazul is so struck by the beauty of the Afternoon Sky, that he forgets to put on his Hat, and Lady Jones (who is rather Near-sighted) drops a Penny into it!

(From *Punch*.)

tastes of children. The first excited their wonder and interest by translating into the dazzling language of colour and form the "Tales of Perrault," "The Arabian Nights," and collections of well-known songs. The second devoted himself to illustrating familiar legends and nursery stories, such as "The History of John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built." Miss Kate Greenaway, prompted by a still deeper love for children, exalts the child as sole hero in her charming book "Under the Window." Unrivalled is the art with which, in a truly maternal spirit of tenderness, she portrays childhood in its ingenuousness, awkwardness, and touching prettiness—its baby-games, its walks full of discoveries, surprises, alarms, amazement, and enchantment; its feeble steps, its sensitiveness of the cold and its delight and rippling laughter in summer weather—in short, every impulse of its gentle little heart and amusing selfishness. Landscape plays an important part in the works of each of these three last-named artists; homely English landscape pleasantly and skilfully interpreted, of the rarest decorative quality; a quaint and exquisite adaptation of Etruscan, early Flemish and Japanese art to the national taste. Owing to the very slight number of combinations, their books are printed in colour. Great improvements have been made in this process between the time of Mr. W. Crane's "Tales of Perrault" and Miss K. Greenaway's last works: "Birthday Book for Children" and "Mother Goose." With one bound it has arrived at the position of a valuable art, affording a perfect rendering of nature

and producing pleasing and harmonious effects.* Is it possible that a still greater point of excellence may be attained? I know not and can scarce desire it. If such perfection were reached that the blended colours of oil painting were reproduced by this process art would gain nothing, that I can see, beyond a very inferior imitation, a mere still-life deception. One may very well rest satisfied with the results obtained, and the degree of mechanical skill so quickly acquired and formulated by Miss Kate Greenaway.

Dating from the honest but savage mirth of the coarse Saxon William Hogarth to the gentle smile of Miss Kate Greenaway in our own day, a century and a half has passed away. Can it, indeed, be the same nation which receives with such delight the playful, sparkling banter of her charming productions after having so rapturously applauded the bitter, cutting sarcasm of the other? But it is quite possible. Hatred of vice and love of innocence are but different expressions for the same feeling.

* When these words were written the author, like the rest of the world, only knew Miss Greenaway's talent from her illustrated books. He has since seen at the Ruskin school at the University of Oxford a whole set of original designs from the pencil of this charming artist, and has had an opportunity of comparing them with the engravings in colour which have been made from them. He can only say now that the reproductions resemble the originals as the light of the moon does the sunlight; they are a pale reflection.

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